RB217238

VELUT ARBOR ÆVO

Presented to the

LIBRARY *of the*

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

by

Joseph Pope

THE

CANADIAN READER,

DESIGNED FOR THE USE OF

SCHOOLS AND FAMILIES.

BY M. RANDALL, JR., ESQ.

STANSTEAD, L. C.

PRINTED BY WALTON & GAYLORD,
FOR THE PUBLISHER.

1834.

RECOMMENDATIONS.

From R. Spalding, A. M. Preceptor of Stanstead Seminary.

The Canadian Reader embraces a great variety of well selected and well written pieces, which, in my opinion, are peculiarly calculated to interest and instruct all who read it. From the fact that the pieces are of such a character as to secure the attention, and engage the feelings of children, I presume it may be used advantageously in the common schools of the country. I consider it therefore worthy of an introduction, and would cheerfully recommend it to the consideration of teachers and overseers of schools, and I would hope that it may subserve the ends which the compiler has in view in its publication.

R. SPALDING, *Precep. Stans. Sem.*

Stanstead, Dec. 27, 1833.

From Z. Thompson, A. M. Preceptor of Hatley Academy.

Sir, Since you put the *Canadian Reader* into my hands I have not had time to give it a careful examination, and as many of the pieces are new to me, I am not fully prepared to express my opinion of the work. I have, however, no doubt but that it will be an interesting and instructive book in families and schools.

Respectfully, ZADOCK THOMPSON.

From Hon. E. Peck, M. P.

Having examined the Canadian Reader, lately published, by M. Randall, jr. Esq. it appears to me to be a work which may answer the purposes for which it is intended, and is, in some respects, superior to those school books the places of which it is intended to supply.

Stanstead, 4th January, 1834. E. PECK.

From Rev. William Squire.

Sir, Having been requested to express my opinion of the "Cahadian Reader," I cheerfully state, that, so far as my very limited time has given me an opportunity of examining it, I consider it well calculated to interest the minds of young persons—to serve in forming a taste for reading—and to elevate the character by its moral tendency.

WILLIAM SQUIRE.

Stanstead, January 4, 1834.

From S. H. Dickerson, Esq. Editor of the British Colonist.

To M. Randall, jr. Esq.

Sir,—Having examined the Canadian Reader, give it as my opinion, that the selections are judiciously made, and well calculated to be useful, by combining interest with instruction. As it is designed, I think the work is well adapted for the use of private families and elementary schools. SILAS H. DICKERSON.

Stanstead, 4th January, 1834.

From I. Smith, Esq. Stanstead.

Dear Sir,—I have examined the Canadian Reader, which you have put into my hands, and think it may be highly useful in our primary schools. Yours,

M. Randall, jr. Esq. I. SMITH.

From Mr. Grannis, Trustee of Charleston Academy.

M. Randall, jr. Esq.—Sir, I have cursorily examined the "Canadian Reader," and as far as I have been able, from the limited time which the book has been in my hands, to determine, I am led to the conclusion that the selection has been judiciously made, and that the work may be instructive, interesting and useful to the rising generation, and in private families.

JOHN GRANNIS, *One of the Trustees of*
Charleston Academy.

From Doctor James Lull.

Sir,—I have examined a copy of the Canadian Reader, which you have put into my hands, and consider the compilation well adapted to arouse the latent energies of the mind, and as it contains a variety, which is instructive in moral, intellectual and religious principles, I think it may, with propriety, be recommended, not only to the attention of youth, but to every member of the community who is capable of reading.

Respectfully Yours, JAMES LULL.

Georgeville, January 2, 1834.

PREFACE.

In offering to the public a book, which the Compiler believes may be introduced into the Elementary Schools of the country for the use of small scholars, to good advantage, he has endeavored with much care and labor to select such pieces as would make the most lively and lasting impressions on the youthful mind.

It is a notorious fact that few of the reading books now made use of in the schools of the Eastern Townships, are adapted to the capacity of a majority of those by whom they are read. Many, it is true, contain a selection of well written pieces, the wisdom of politicians and speculations of philosophers, but notwithstanding they contain the most sublime ideas they are above the comprehension of many of the scholars who read them. The result of using books of this description, has been to embarrass the youthful mind, to contract and confirm the habit of reading without understanding what is read and of fastening upon the mind of the child the habit of indifference in relation to any thing he reads, which, in many instances, will continue with him through life. That this is an error in the education of children, none will deny ; for it is evident that the art of reading well is never acquired without reading *understandingly*. And whoever has watched the operations of the minds of children must have noticed the wonderful difference they exhibit while reading that which pleases them and which they understand, and when reading what is above their comprehension. In the former case, their feelings are enlisted and the ideas that are read are almost indelibly imprinted upon the tablet of their memory. But in the latter none of the powers of their intellect are awakened and but very few, if any, ideas are retained in their memory.

The Compiler has aimed to obviate so great and so lasting an evil. He has selected pieces that he is confident will both interest and instruct the reader, and such as are adapted to the capacities of all. He hopes that this book, which is now offered to the public, will not only meet the approbation of teachers, and be found useful in schools, but that it will be esteemed a valuable family book. Should these ends be accomplished, he will consider that the labor and expense of its publication has not been in vain.

The names of authors, or the sources from which selections have been made, are in several instances omitted, on account of the uncertainty of their origin; but in all cases where such knowledge could be obtained, credit has been given.

January 1, 1834.

CONTENTS.

	Page.
A singular Story,	55
Affectionate Daughters,	117
A Western Adventure,	157
Adam and Andrew Poe,	167
A glorious example of Washington,	180
Archbishop Sharpe and the Robber,	182
Amiable Traits in the Character of the Indians,	201
Algiers,	279
Buonaparte's Travelling Carriage,	54
Capture of Babylon, by Cyrus,	17
Curran's Ingenuity,	19
Capt. Van Halen's Escape from the Inquisition,	76
Curiosity,	186
Crowning the Wisest,	203
Choang and Hansi,	210
Catharina Alexowna,	230
Conflagration of Moscow,	271
Capt. Morrill's Visit to a Slave Ship,	206
Description of Jesus Christ, by Publius Lentullus,	152
Destruction of the Tonquin,	163
Execution of Henry Fauntleroy,	32
Estavan's Escape from the Inquisition,	98
Escape of Washington,	222
Female Constancy Rewarded,	126
Fate of Henry Hudson,	273
Female Generosity,	20
Invention of Letters by an Indian,	172
James V. in Disguise,	247
John, Duke of Bedford,	284
London,	149
Loo Choo Islanders,	177
Life of a Looking Glass,	214
Massacre at Fort William Henry,	69
Mr Bower's Escape from the Inquisition,	80
Mrs Fry,	291

Page.

Natural and Martial Volcanoes Compared, - 184
Nolhac, the Jesuit, - - - - - 111
One Reason for being a Christian, - - - 14
Preface, - - - - - - - - 3
Plague in Florence, - - - - - 28
Professor of Signs, - - - - - - 66
Prejudice Rebuked, - - - - 263
Remarks, on the Fundamental Principles of Good Reading, - - - - - - 9
Richard Baxter, - - - - - 30
Sir Matthew Hale, - - - - - 133
Superiority of Talent, - - - - - 221
The Noble Son, - - - - - - 22
The Lame Robber, - - - - 13
The two Apothecaries, - - - 142
The Doctor against his will, - - - - 38
The Methodist, - - - - - - 40
The Lottery Ticket, - - - - - 42
The First and Last Dinner, - - - - 58
The Tea Table, - - - - - - 113
The Barber's Ghost, - - - - - 118
The Anaconda, - - - - - - 120
The Heiress, - - - - - - - 128
The Pestilence, - - - - - - 130
The Last Loaf, - - - - - - 136
Temple of Jerusalem, - - - - 140
The Mother of Jesus, - - - - - 153
The Pioneers, - - - - - - 159
The Pet Lamb, - - - - - - 177
The Governor and Notary, - - - - 188
The Wild Girl, - - - - - - 199
The Witch, - - - - - - - 213
The Wheel of Fortune, - - - - 226
The Exile of the Allegany, - - - - 234
The Demon of the Closet, - - - - - 241
The Mysterious Wedding, - - - - 250
The Circle of Human Wishes, - - - - 257
Thaddeus Kosciusko, - - - - - 269
The Precipice, - - - - - - - 286
The Beginnings of Vice, - - - - 295

Page.
The Widow, - - - - - - - 299
The Hero of the Plague, - - - - 304
The Book of Nature, - - - - - - 305
The Whirlpool, - - - - - - - 307
Ulin's Leap, - - - - - - 155

INTRODUCTION.

REMARKS,

ON THE FUNDAMENTAL PRINCIPLES OF GOOD READING.

[*Extracted chiefly from Blair's Lectures on Rhetoric.*]

To read with propriety is a pleasing and important attainment; productive of improvement both to the understanding and the heart. It is essential to a complete reader, that he minutely perceive the ideas, and enter into the feelings, of the author whose sentiments he professes to repeat. If there were no other benefits resulting from the art of reading well, than the necessity it lays us under of precisely ascertaining the meaning of what we read, it would be a sufficient compenstion for the labor; but the pleasure derived to ourselves and others from a clear communication of ideas and feelings, and the strong and durable impressions made thereby on the minds of the reader and audience, are considerations which give additional importance to the subject.

Though a system of rules for the complete management of the voice cannot be given, and though much will remain for the living instructor to do, yet *some* rules and directions will be found useful to prevent vicious modes of utterance, to give the young reader some taste of the subject, and assist him in acquiring an accurate mode of delivery.

The first attention of every person, who reads to others, doubtless must be to make himself *heard* by all to whom he reads. Every person has three pitches in his voice; the High, the Middle, and the Low one. The high is that, which he uses in calling aloud to some person at a distance. The low is when he approaches to a whisper. And the middle is that which he employs in common conversation, and which he should generally use in reading to others. We shall always be able to give the most force of sound to that pitch of voice, to which we are accustomed in conversation. It should be a constant rule never to uttter a greater quantity of voice than we can afford without pain to ourselves and without any extraordinary effort. It is also a useful rule to cast our eye on some of the most distant persons in the company, and consider ourselves as reading to them. By the habit of reading when young in a loud and vehement manner, the voice becomes fixed in a strained and unnatural key, and becomes incapable of variety and true harmony.

But to being well and clearly understood, *distinctness of articulation* contributes more than mere loudness of sound. To this, therefore, every reader ought to pay great attention. He must give every sound which he utters its due proportion, and make every syllable and letter be heard distinctly. An accurate knowledge of the simple, elementary sounds of the language, and a facility in expressing them, are so necessary, that, if a learner is deficient, his progress ought to be suspended, till he has become complete master of them.

In order to express ourselves distinctly *moderation* is requisite with regard to the speed of pronouncing. Precipitancy of speech confounds all articulation, and all meaning; while, on the contrary, a lifeless, drawling manner of reading, which allows the mind of the hearer to be always outrunning the speaker, must render every performance insipid and disgusting. But the fault of reading too fast, being the more common, and when grown into a habit, being very difficult to be corrected requires to be most guarded against.

In the next place the reader must study *propriety of pronunciation*, or the habit of giving, to every word he utters, that sound which the best usage of the language appropriates to it, in opposition to broad, vulgar, or *provincial pronunciation.*

By *emphasis* is meant a stronger and fuller sound of voice, by which we distinguish some word or words to which we wish to attach a particular importance. On the right management of emphasis depends the life of pronunciation. If no emphasis is placed on any words, not only is discourse rendered heavy and lifeless, but the meaning left often ambiguous. If the emphasis is placed wrong, we pervert and confound the meaning wholly. In order to acquire the proper management of emphasis, the great rule to be given is, that the reader study to attain a just conception of the force and spirit of the sentiments, which he is to pronounce. To lay the emphasis right is a constant exercise of good taste and judgment. But care must be taken not to multiply emphatical words too much, and to use the emphasis indiscriminately. To crowd every sentence with emphatical words, is like crowding all the pages of a book with italic characters; which, as to the effect, is just the same as to use no such distinctions at all.

Tones consist in the notes or variations of sound which we employ. Emphasis affects particular words and phrases, but tones, peculiarly so called, affect sentences, paragraphs, and sometimes even the whole of a discourse. It is chiefly in the proper use of tones, that the spirit, beauty, and harmony of delivery consist.

Pauses or rests, in speaking or reading, are a total cessation of the voice, during a perceptible, and, in many cases, a measurable space of time. They are equally necessary to the speaker and hearer;—to the speaker, that he may take breath, without which he cannot proceed far in delivery; and to the hearer, that the ear may be relieved from the fatigue, which it would otherwise endure from a continuity of sound, and that he may have sufficient time to mark the distinction and meaning of sentences. Pauses in reading must generally be formed upon the manner in which we utter ourselves in ordinary sensible conversation. It is not sufficient to attend to the points used in *printing*—because these are far from marking all the pauses, which ought to be made in reading, and because a mechanical attention to these resting places has been one of the principal causes of monotony.

CANADIAN READER.

IMPORTANCE OF GOOD INSTRUCTERS.

Of the many useful occupations among men, there is perhaps no one more important than that of teaching children; and this work ought to be regarded not only as important, but truly honorable.

When instructers are well qualified for their employment, and are faithful in the discharge of their duty, it may be reasonably expected that they will be instruments of promoting the welfare of their pupils, both for this world and the world to come.

Self government is among the first requisites for a teacher. He who has not acquired the art of governing himself, is unworthy to be intrusted with the government of others.

A school should be governed by the laws of kindness and reason, and not by the laws of cruelty and despotism. When reproof or correction is necessary, it should be administered in such a manner, and with such a spirit, as to evince a sincere regard to the best interests of the child.

One of the first objects of a schoolmaster should be to gain the love and confidence of his pupils, by convincing them that he has a sincere desire to render them respectable, useful and happy.

The more evidence he gives that such is his real disposition, the less occasion he will find for severity in governing his school; and the more useful and happy he will be in his occupation.

THE LAME ROBBER.

In 1747, (says an English paper,) a man was broken alive on the wheel at Orleans, for highway robbery.. Not having friends to bury his body, the executioner gave him to a surgeon for dissection. The thighs, legs and arms of the unhappy wretch had been broken, yet on being examined by the surgeon, he was found surviving, and by the proper application of cordials, he was soon capable of speaking. The surgeon and his pupils, moved by the sufferings and solicitations of the robber, determined on attempting his cure; but he was so mangled, that his two thighs, and one of his arms were amputated. Notwithstanding this mutilation, and the loss of blood, he recovered, and in this situation the surgeon by his own desire, had him conveyed in a cart fifty leagues from Orleans, where, as he said, he intended to gain his livelihood by begging. His situation was on the road side, close by a wood, and his deplorable condition excited compassion from all who saw him. In his youth he had served in the army, and he now passed for a soldier who had lost his limbs by a cannon shot.

A drover, returning from market, was solicited by the robber for charity, and being moved by compassion, threw him a piece of silver. "I cannot reach it—you see I have neither arms nor legs, (for he had concealed his arm which had been preserved, behind his back) so for the sake of heaven, put your charitable donation into my pouch, and the Lord bless you." The drover approached him, and as he stooped, to pick up the money, the sun shining, he saw a shadow on the ground, which caused him to look up, when he perceived the arm of the beggar elevated over his head, and his hand grasping a short iron bar. He arrested the blow in its descent, and seizing the robber, carried him to his cart, into which having thrown him, he drove off to the next town which was near, and brought his prisoner before a magistrate.

On searching him a whistle was found in his pocket, which naturally induced a suspicion that he had accomplices in the wood. The magistrate, therefore, instantly ordered a guard to the place where the robber had been seized, and they arrived within half an hour after the attempted murder. The guard having concealed themselves behind different trees, the whistle was blown, the sound of which was remarkably shrill and loud: another whistle was heard under ground, three men at the same instant rose over the midst of a bushy clump of brambles and other dwarf shrubs. The soldiers fired on them, and they fell. The bushes were searched, and a descent discovered in a cave. Here were three young girls and a boy. The girls were kept for servants; the boy, scarcely 12 years of age, was son to one of the robbers.

The girls, in giving evidence, deposed that they had lived near three years in the cave, had been kept there by force from the time of their captivity, that dead bodies were frequently carried into the cave, stripped and buried; and that the old soldier was carried out every day, and sat by the road side for two or three hours. On this evidence the murdering mendicant was condemned to suffer a second execution on the wheel. As but one arm remained, it was broken by several strokes, in several places, and a *coup de grace* being denied, he lived in tortures for near five days. When dead his body was burned to ashes and strewed before the winds.

ONE REASON FOR BEING A CHRISTIAN.

I am a Christian, because the intrinsic excellency of Christianity points it out as a system worthy of my belief; because the laws which it prescribes, the spirit which it breathes, and the discoveries which it makes, are so admirably suited to the constitution and circumstances of man, that I cannot reject it.

The preceptive part of Christianity has been very generally approved. And how is it possible, that any one should seriously object to laws, which tend to correct the errors and reform the vices of human nature; and to exalt the character of man to the highest stage of moral perfection?

The writings of the Evangelists and Apostles, pour contempt upon all superstitious practices; and lead us to ascribe no value to any works, but those of piety and virtue.

They teach us to worship God in spirit and in truth; to love him supremely; to be grateful for his favors, and resigned to his dispensations; to trust to his mercy, and rejoice in his government.

They teach us to dismiss all anxious cares and apprehensions; and, having employed the means which infinite wisdom has appointed, to leave the event with infinite goodness.

They teach us to love our neighbor as ourselves; to forgive him when he has injured us; to bear with his infirmities, and to excuse his follies; to weep with him in his distresses;—when he is in want, to afford him our assistance,—and to do to him as we should think it fit and reasonable that he should do to us.

They teach us to love even our enemies, so far at least, as to abstain from revenge, and to render them offices of kindness when their circumstances call for commiseration.

They teach us to govern our appetites and passions, to be chaste, humble, temperate, pure, and as much as possible, to be like our father in Heaven, whose character is an assemblage of every natural and moral perfection.

They teach children to reverence and obey their parents; and parents to love, instruct, and provide for their children. They teach masters lenity, and servants faithfulness.

They teach the husband conjugal fidelity and affection; and the wife, the peculiar duties of her station, and the amiable virtues which adorn the sex, and bless the marriage union.

They teach rulers to exercise their authority for the public good; and persons in private life not to withhold honor and submission from those, under whose wise and just administration they lead quiet and peaceable lives.

In a word, the affluent and the poor, the prosperous and the afflicted, the aged and the young, may all find their duty in the sacred books; and the duties there enjoined, are such as the enlightened reason of every man must approve.

These sublime lessons of morality are found in various parts of the New Testament. They enrich the divine sermon on the mount. They are contained in the excellent parables delivered by Jesus Christ. I also find them in the discourses of the Apostles, and in their pastoral letters.

I may say, wherever I open the Christian volume, I find some direction, which, if properly observed, would render me a good neighbor, a good member of society, a good friend, and a good man! Is it then possible for me to doubt the divine original of a system, which furnishes such rules; and contemplates so glorious an object?

If the prohibitions of Jesus Christ were universally regarded, and his laws obeyed, what blessings would pour in on society! There would be no wars among the nations of the earth. There would be no oppression. There would be neither tyrants nor slaves.

Every ruler would be just, every citizen would be honest; every parent would be faithful to his charge; every child would be dutiful: the purest affection would recommend domestic life; and neighbors would be mutual blessings.

Under the dominion of Christianity, envy, pride, and jealousy, would give way to the most enlarged benevolence. Human nature would recover its dignity; and every man would reap the present reward of his own virtues.

The doctrines of the Christian religion furnish an additional argument in its favor. They are such as appear worthy of God, and answerable to the natural expectations of men.

The perfections of the Deity, his agency in the creation and government of the world, the conditions of his approbation, the consequences, and a future state of existence, are points, respecting which every reasonable being would wish for information. And it is a fact, that the New Testament throws divine light on all these articles.

Combining the doctrines and precepts of Christianity, I am led, then, to infer from them, the truth of the system. Because the former are so important, and the latter so beneficial; because the doctrines of Christ tend to make us so wise, and his laws so good, I am, in a manner, compelled to receive them as divine. Such is their supreme excellence, that I must ascend to Heaven for an adequate cause.—*Rev. J. Clarke.*

CAPTURE OF BABYLON BY CYRUS.

Among the events occurring in the history of this great kingdom, there are none more replete with interest and instruction than the circumstances which attended the death of Belshazzar. We are particularly struck with the manner in which this event is foretold in scripture, and the simple language, in which its accomplishment is narrated. Daniel relates so much of the history of the awful night which closed the reign and the life of Belshazzar, as is immediately connected with this subject, passing by the events which an uninspired historian would have siezed upon as best suited to excite the interest of his readers.—And we may remark in passing, that this is a characteristic of all the sacred historians. They never manifest anxiety to explain away apparent inconsistencies or to adduce extrinsic testimony to the faithfulness of their narratives. The sacred history stands forth in the simple majesty of truth, disdaining all human support, and reposing immoveably in the might of her own inherent truth. Science and history have done her homage, as they have partially unrolled the book of knowledge, (open to her view from the beginning,) and developed from age to age new evidence of her inspiration.

A comparison of the prophecies relating to the event which forms our present subject, with history both sacred and profane, would be interesting. This, however, it is not our purpose to make, but simply to adduce an interesting passage from Herodotus, a recent perusal of which has occasioned these remarks.

For a minute account of the awful scenes which occurred in the palace of Belshazzar, on the night of his destruction, we refer our readers to the fifth chapter of Daniel. The profligate monarch, secure in the protection of his massive walls, gave himself up on this occasion to unbounded revelry. A thousand of his lords, his wives and concubines, united in the scene of dissipation, and raised their hands in sacrilege against the Lord of hosts. The terrific vision which silenced their intemperate and profane merriment; the awful sentence written against Belshazzar upon the walls of his own palace, and its speedy execution, are circumstances upon which it is unnecessary to dilate. Let the reader examine them in the narrative of Daniel, and observe how well it accords with the account of Herodotus.

The writer informs us that Cyrus, having encountered the Babylonians in his march towards their city, defeated and chased them within its walls. He laid siege to it but the inhabitants anticipating this event had collected provisions and other necessaries for many years support, so that they sustained the siege without concern. Cyrus continued it for a great length of time, without making the least progress, or obtaining the slightest prospect of success. Thus baffled in his designs by the strength of the city, and the foresight of its inhabitants, he was brought into a state of great perplexity.

'Whilst in this state of anxiety,' Herodotus infoms us, 'he adopted the following expedient, either from the suggestion of others, or from the deliberation of his own judgment. He placed one detachment of his forces where the river first enters the city, and another where it leaves it, directing them to enter the channel, and attack the town whenever a passage could be effected. After this disposition of his men, he withdrew with the less effective of his troops to the marshy ground which we have before described. Here he pursued in every respect the example of the Babylonian princes; he pierced the banks, and introduced the river into the lake, by which means the bed of the Euphrates became sufficiently shallow for the object he had in view. The Persians in their station watched the proper opportunity, and when the stream had so far retired as not to be higher than their thighs, entered Babylon without difficulty. If the besieged had either been aware of the designs of Cyrus, or had discovered the project before its actual accomplishment, they might have effected the total destruction of these troops. They had only to secure the little gates which led to the river, and to have manned the embankments on either side, and they might have enclosed the Persians in a net from which they never could have escaped: as it happened, they were taken by surprise; and such is the extent of the city, that, as the inhabitants themselves affirm, they who lived in the extremities were made prisoners, before any alarm was communicated to the centre of the place. It was a day of festivity among them, and whilst the citizens were engaged in dancing and merriment, Babylon was, for the first time, thus taken.'

Xenophon, in the 7th book of his Cyropœdia, states that two deserters, Gadata and Gobryas, led on the Persian army to the palace. They entered the room where the King was, and found him standing in a posture of defence; but they soon despatched him and his associates. What a termination to a royal feast! How awful a manifestation of the displeasure of God against revelry and profanity!

Episcopal Recorder.

CURRAN'S INGENUITY.

A farmer, attending a fair with a hundred pounds in his pocket, took the precaution of depositing it in the hands of the landlord of the public house at which he stopped. Having occasion for it shortly afterwards, he resorted to mine host for the bailment; but the landlord, too deep for the countryman, wondered what was meant, and was quite sure no such sum had ever been lodged in his hands by the astonished rustic. After ineffectual appeals to the recollection, and finally to the honor of Bardolph, the farmer applied to Curran for advice: "Have patience, my friend," said the counsel; "speak to the landlord civilly, and tell him you are convinced you must have left your money with some other person. Take a friend with you and lodge with him another hundred in the presence of your friend, and then come to me." We must imagine and not commit to paper, the vociferations of the honest dupe, at such advice; however, moved by the rhetoric, or authority of the worthy counsel, he followed his advice, and returned to his legal friend. "And now, sir, I don't see as I'm to be better off for this, if I get my second hundred again but how is that to be done?" "Go and ask him fo it when he is alone," said the counsel. "Aye, sir, but asking won't do, I'ze afraid, without my witness at any rate." "Never mind, take my advice," said the counsel; "do as I bid you and return to me." The farmer returned with his hundred, glad at any rate to find that safe in his possession. "Now, sir I suppose I must be content: but I don't see as I'm much better off." "Well," then, said the counsel, "now take your friend with you, and ask the landlord for the hundred pounds your friend saw you leave with him." We need not add, that the wily landlord found he had been taken off his guard, while our honest friend returned to thank his counsel exultingly, with both hundreds in his pocket.—*Legal Advertiser.*

FEMALE GENEROSITY.

I was one evening in a mixed company of ladies and gentlemen, when the conversation happened to turn upon the subject of generosity. It was maintained by some of the gentleman, that it was more inherent in the male than in the female breast.—After many arguments on the subject, a lady related the following instance of generosity in a female.

"In the latter part of the French revolution, a young man, who was closely pursued by a body of gens d'armes, in the streets of Paris, stopped at a door in which there stood a young female, and requested concealment. There was no time to consider, as the soldiers were close at hand. She conducted him to a back building and locked him in. Scarcely had this been done when the soldiers passed.—As it happened, the very body of gens d'armes, who had pursued the young man, were invited by the owner of the house to take up their quarters for the night, and were put into a room in the same building in which the reufgees had taken shelter; and as they occupied the room next the entrance, he could not escape without passing where they lay. In this dilemma, the young woman resolved to extricate him, if possible. She waited until she thought the soldiers were all asleep, and then passing through the room without awakening any of them, acquainted the stranger of his peril, and told him that if he would consent, she could conduct him to a neighboring church of which her uncle kept the keys, and secrete him till the danger was over. He consented. She took him by the arm, and they entered the room where the soldiers were sleeping, when, in passing, he struck his foot against one of them, who jumped up, seized the young man and demanded who it was,—when the young lady, with great presence of mind, answered, "it is only I, who came to seek for"—fortunately, she had no more to say, as the soldier, hearing a female voice let go the arm. They passed on, and entering the church, she conducted him to the door of a vault, which was curiously concealed behind the altar, told him to enter there, and she would bring him food daily, until he should be enabled to venture forth in safety. She gave him the lamp, and shutting the door, immediately returned to the house.

"He descended into the vault, and seating himself on a tombstone, he there beheld recorded the names of his illustrious ancestors, who had long since mouldered into dust. He was overpowered with fatigue, and fell asleep, and did not awake until late in the morning, when he perceived that his benefactress had not been there, and he began to fear that something had happened to prevent her from coming again. He waited in terror and anxiety until night, but still she came not, and he laid down in despair on a tombstone, resolved to endure the lingering death which awaited him. He sunk into a lethargy, from which he was wakened on the following morning by the voice of his benefactress, calling on his name; but it seemed as if animation had ceased, for he was unable to move or articulate a sound. He heard the dreadful sound of the door as it fell; he uttered a faint cry, and rushed up the steps. Fortunately, the young lady had not left the spot; she raised the door, entered the vault, and restored new life to the sufferer. She informed him that she had been unable to get to the church since his concealment, on account of the vigilance of the guards who were stationed at her uncle's, but that she had made arrangements by which she could supply him with food daily; she prepared to depart, and had ascended the steps, when they heard persons entering the church. She immediately closed the door of the vault, and the next moment they heard the steps of a body of soldiers passing and repassing about the church, who were searching for some refugees whom they suspected were concealed there.—They were conducted by the unsuspicious uncle, who led them to every part of the building, to prove his innocence.

"Their footsteps were often heard by the trembling couple below, passing over the vault, but they did not perceive it. When they left the church, she left the vault with repeated assurances of daily supplying him with victuals. She performed her promise, and in a few days conducted him from the place of his concealment, and he was enabled to reach home in safety.

THE NOBLE SON.

'You are too parsimonious, Henry,' said Mr D. to one of his clerks, as they were together in the counting room, one morning; 'give me leave to say you do not dress sufficiently genteel to appear as a clerk in a fashionable store.' Henry's face was suffused with a deep blush, and in spite of his efforts to surpress it, a tear trembled on his manly cheek. 'Did I not know that your salary was sufficient to provide more genteel habiliments,' continued Mr D. 'I would increase it.'

'My salary is sufficient, amply sufficient, sir,' replied Henry, in a voice choked with emotion, but with that proud independence of feeling of which poverty had not been able to divest him. His employer noticed his agitation and immediately changed the subject.

Mr D. was a man of immense wealth, and ample benevolence; he was a widower—and had but one child, a daughter, who was the pride of his declining years. She was not as beautiful as an angel, or as perfect as Venus;

but the goodness, the innocence, the intelligence of her countenance! and you had but to become acquainted with her to love and admire her. Such was Caroline Delancey when Henry first became an inmate of her father's house. No wonder then that he worshipped at her shrine; no wonder then he soon loved her with a deep and devoted affection, and, reader, had you known him, you would not have wondered that that love was soon returned, for their souls were congenial, cast in virtue's purest mould. Henry was the very soul of honor, and although he perceived with pleasure that he was not indifferent to Caroline, he still felt that he must conquer the passion that warmed his bosom. 'I must not endeavor to win her young and artless heart,' thought he. 'I am pennyless, and cannot expect that her father would ever consent to our union—he has ever treated me with kindness, and I will not be ungrateful.' Thus he reasoned—thus he heroically endeavored to subdue what he considered an ill fated passion. Caroline had many suitors, and some who were fully worthy of her; but she refused all their overtures with a gentle yet decisive firmness. Her father wondered at her conduct, yet would not thwart her inclination. He was in the decline of life, and wished to see her happily settled before he quitted the stage of existence. It was not long ere he suspected that young Henry was the cause of her indifference to others, from the evident pleasure she took n hearing him praised; the blush that overspread their cheeks whenever their eyes met, all served to convince the old gentleman, who had not forgotten that he was once young himself, that they felt more than common interest n each other's welfare. He forbore making any remarks on the subject, but was not so much displeased at the supposition as the pennyless Henry would have imagined.

Henry had now been one year in his employ. Mr D. knew nothing of his family, but his strict integrity, his rreproachable morals, his pleasing manners, all conspired o make him esteem him highly. He was proud of Heny, and wished him to appear in dress as well as any one. He had often wondered at the scantiness of his wardrobe, or though he dressed with the most scrupulous regard to neatness, his clothes were almost thread-bare. Mr D. did not think that this proceeded from a niggardly disposition, and he determined to broach the subject, and if possible to ascertain the real cause. This he did in the manner related above.

Soon after this conversation took place Mr D. left home on business. As he was returning, and riding through a beautiful village, he alighted at the door of a cottage and requested drink. The mistress, with an easy air, and politeness which convinced him that she had not always been the humble cottager, invited him to enter. He accepted the invitation, and here a scene of poverty and neatness presented itself, such as he had never before witnessed. The furniture, which consisted of nothing more than what was absolutely necessary, was so exquisitely clean that it gave charms to poverty, and cast an air of comfort on all around. A venerable looking old man, who had not seemed to notice Mr D. sat leaning on his staff, his clothes were clean and whole, but so patched that you could scarcely have told which was the original piece.

'This is your father, I presume,' said Mr D. addressing the mistress of the house.

'It is, sir.'

'He seems to be quite aged.'

'He is in his eighty-third year; he has survived all his children excepting myself.'

'You have seen better days?'

'I have: my husband was wealthy: but false friends ruined him; he endorsed notes to a great amount which stripped us of nearly all our property, and one misfortune followed another, until we were reduced to complete poverty. My husband did not long survive his losses and two of my children soon followed him.

'Have you any remaining children?'

'I have one, who is my only support. My health is so feeble that I cannot do much and my father being blind needs great attention. My son conceals from my knowledge the amount of his salary; but I am convinced he sends me nearly all if not the whole of it.

'Then he is not at home with you?'

'No sir, he is clerk for a merchant in Philadelphia.'

'Clerk for a merchant in Philadelphia! pray what is your son's name?'

'Henry W———.'

'Henry W———!' reiterated Mr D. 'why he is my clerk; I left him at my house not a fortnight since.

Here followed a succession of inquiries, which evinced an anxiety and solicitude that none but a mother can feel; to all of which Mr D. replied to her satisfaction.

'You know our Henry?' said the old man, raising his head from his staff, 'well Sir, then you know as worthy a lad as ever lived—God bless him for his goodness to his poor old grand-father,' he added in a tremulous voice, while the tears ran down his aged cheeks.

'He is a worthy fellow, to be sure,' said Mr D. rising and placing a well filled purse in the hands of the old man, 'he is a worthy fellow, and shall not want for friends.'

'Noble boy,' said he, mentally, as he was riding leisurely along, ruminating on his late interview, 'noble boy, he shall not want wealth to enable him to distribute happiness. I believe he loves my girl, and if he does he shall have her, and my property into the bargain.'

Filled with this project, and determined if possible to ascertain the true sate of their feelings towards each other, he entered the breakfast room the morning after his arrival at home.

'So Henry is about to leave us and go to England to try his fortune,' he carelessly observed.

'Henry about to leave us!' said Caroline, dropping the work she held in her hands, 'about to leave us and go to England!' she added in a tone which evinced the deepest interest.

'To be sure, and what if he is, child?'

'Nothing, Sir, nothing, only I thought we should be rather lonesome,' she replied, turning away to hide the tears she could not suppress.

'Tell me, Caroline,' said Mr D. tenderly embracing her, 'tell me, do you love Henry? you know I wish your happiness my child. I have ever treated you with kindness, and you never concealed any thing from your father until now.'

'Neither will I now,' she replied, hiding her face in his bosom. 'I do most sincerely esteem him; but do not for worlds tell him so, for he never said it was returned.'

'I will soon find that out, and without telling him too,' replied the father, leaving the room.

'Henry,' said he, as he entered the counting house, 'you expect to visit the country, shortly, do you not?'

'Yes, Sir, in about four weeks.'

'If it will not be too inconvenient,' rejoined Mr D., 'I should like to have you defer it a week or two longer.'

'It will be no inconvenience, Sir, and if it will oblige you I will wait with pleasure.'

'It will certainly oblige me, for Caroline is to be married in about five weeks, and I would not miss having you attend the wedding.

'Caroline to be married, Sir,' said Henry, starting as if by an electric shock, 'Caroline to be married! is it possible?'

'To be sure it is, but what is there wonderful in that?'

'Nothing, Sir, it is rather sudden—rather unexpected—that's all.'

'It is rather sudden to be sure,' replied Mr D., 'but I am an old man and wish to see her have a protector; and as the man of her choice is well worthy of her, I see no use in her waiting any longer, and am very glad you can stay to the wedding.'

'I cannot stay, Sir, indeed I cannot,' replied Henry, forgetting what he had previously said.

'You cannot? rejoined Mr D. 'why you just said you would.'

'Yes, Sir, but business requires my presence in the country, and I must go.'

'But you said it would put you to no inconvenience, but that you would stay with pleasure.'

'Command me in any thing else, Sir, but in this respect I cannot oblige you,' said Henry, rising and walking the floor with rapid strides.

Poor fellow, he had thought his passion subdued; but when he saw that Caroline was so soon, so irrecoverably to become another's, the latent spark burst forth into an unextinguishable flame; and he found it in vain to endeavor to conceal his emotions.

The old gentleman regarded him with a look of earnestness—'Now Henry,' said he, 'tell me frankly, do you love my girl?'

'I will be candid with you Sir,' replied Henry, conscious that his agitation had betrayed him, 'had I the fortune such as she merits, as you, Sir, have a right to expect, I should think myself the happiest of men, could I gain her love.'

'Then she is yours,' cried the delighted old man, 'say not a word about property, my boy, true worth is better than riches; I was only trying you Henry, and Caroline never will be married to any other than yourself.'

The transition from despair to happiness was great. For a moment Henry remained silent but his looks spoke volumes. At last he replied:

'I scorn to deceive you, Sir, I am poorer than what you suppose—I have a mother and a grandfather, who are—

'I know it, I know it all,' said Mr D., interrupting him; I know the reason of your parsimony, as it is called, and honor you for it; it was that which first put it into my head to give you Caroline, so she shall be yours, and God bless you both!'

Shortly after this conversation, Henry avowed his love to Caroline, soliciting her hand, and it is needless to say that he did not solicit in vain. Caroline would have deferred their union until the succeeding spring, but her father was inexorable. He supposed he should have to own one falsehood, he said, and they would willingly have him bear two, but it was too much, and he would not endure it. He had told Henry she was to be married in five weeks, and he would not forfeit his word; but perhaps, added he, turning to Henry, perhaps we shall have to defer it, after all, as you have important business in the country about that time.

'Be merciful, Sir, said Henry,' smiling, 'I did not wish to witness the sacrifice of my own happiness.'

'I am merciful,' replied the old gentleman, 'and for that reason would not wish to put you to the inconvenience of staying. You said you would willingly oblige me, but you could not, indeed you could not.'

'You have been young, Sir, said Henry.

'I know it,' replied he, laughing heartily, 'but too many of us old folks forget it—however, if you can postpone your journey, I suppose we must have a wedding.'

We have only to add that the friends of Henry were sent for, and that blest with the filial love of Henry and Caroline, the old people passed the remainder of their days in peace and happiness.

THE PLAGUE IN FLORENCE, ITALY.

In the year 1348, the proud and populous city of Florence was laid low in sorrow by the scourge of one of the most destructive plagues which history records; a plague which, in the complication of its horrors, and the extent of its ravages, is entitled to a mournful eminence beside those of Athens, Marseilles and London.

This plague first broke out in the Levant, and moving on from place to place, finally, notwithstanding every precaution that human foresight could devise, made its appearance in the spring of the year, at Florence.

The malady was soon found to be contagious, and spread with frightful rapidity through the crowded population of the city. No sooner had the contagion become general than all social order was at an end: the constituted authorities of the city ceased to possess any control over the people, every one became undisputed master of his own actions; and in this universal anarchy and misrule abandoned miscreants rose up, who made the desolation of their fellow citizens the means of unhallowed gain, going from house to house and despoiling the deserted palaces of their plate and furniture, and even plundering the dead and dying in their last helpless agonies, of the very jewels they wore on their persons. Indeed, the morbid selfishness and hardness of heart, engendered by constant familiarity with these scenes of horror, which sometimes led the best to abandon their friends to fate, and tempted the bad to such acts of profligate pillage, manifested itself, in the whole conduct of the inhabitants. It was the custom in the city for the friends of a deceased person to assemble at his house, and sympathise with the afflicted family; but all the accompaniments of grief were now no more; the surviving relations, given up to a kind of intoxication of despair, converted the funeral solemnity into a revolting scene of laughter and noisy merriment.

But the manner in which those persons who were yet in health, spent their time, was the most remarkable. One class, thinking to avoid contagion by moderation in diet, and shunning all excesses, formed little parties who shut themselves up from the world, paid no regard to whatever was passing without their doors, and living temperately on the best of wines and viands, occupied their minds entirely with music and other agreeable, but moderate recreations. Others, on the contrary, maintained free living to be the surest preservative, and accordingly they passed day and night in drinking, feasting, and every excess of vice, moving continually from tavern to tavern, taking possession of the untenanted mansions of the rich, and using all they contained as common property.

Another class held a middle course between these two extremes, neither binding themselves to a strict diet, like the one, nor indulging intemperance like the other, but eating and drinking as their feelings dictated, going about as usual, only smelling constantly of spicery and aromatic herbs, by way of protection against the influences of contagion.

A more numerous class, however, of those in easy circumstances, hurried away from the city, to their friends and their possessions, in the country, postponing every consideration to the love of life, and seeming to hold it a tempting of their fate to abide in a place thus doomed to destruction. But, not to dwell any longer on these painful objects, it is confidently affirmed, that within the space of five months, what, by the neglect to which the sick were exposed, what, by the inherent virulence of the pestilence, more than a hundred thousand souls perished within the walls of the city; so that many a magnificent dwelling was depopulated to the last servant; thousands in the prime of youthful vigor, who rose in the morning seemingly in perfect health, were carried out to their last long home before night; large families became entirely extinct, as if they had never been; and a multitude of vast possessions remained without any living person to claim the inheritance.

REV. RICHARD BAXTER.

The following striking interposition of Providence, is said to have taken place during Mr Baxter's residence in Coventry. Several ministers ejected by the act of uniformity, who resided in that city, united with Mr Baxter in establishing a lecture in a private house on a neighboring common. The time of worship was generally a very early hour. Mr B. left Coventry in the evening, intending to preach the following morning. The night being dark, he lost his way, and wandering about a considerable time he came to a gentleman's house, where he asked for direction. The gentleman, thinking it would be unsafe for such a person to be wandering on the common at so late an hour, requested the servant to invite him in. Mr Baxter readily accepted the kind proposal, and met with a very hospitable reception. His conversation was such as to give his host an exalted idea of his good sense and extensive information.

The gentleman, wishing to know the quality of his guest, said after supper, "As most persons have some employment or profession in life, I have no doubt, sir, that you have yours." "Yes, sir, I am a man catcher." "A man catcher, (said the gentleman,) are you? I am glad to hear you say so, for you are the very person I want. I am a justice of the peace in this district, and am commissioned to seize the person of Dick Baxter, who is expected to preach at a conventicle in this neighborhood early to-morrow morning; you shall go with me, and I have no doubt we shall easily apprehend the rogue." Mr B. agreed to accompany him. Accordingly, the next morning, the gentleman took Mr Baxter in his carriage to the place where the meeting was to be held. When they arrived at the spot, they saw a considerable number of people hovering about, for seeing the carriage of the justice, and suspecting his intentions, they were afraid to enter the house. The justice observing this, said to Mr. Baxter, "I am afraid they have obtained information of my design; Mr Baxter has probably been apprised of it, and will not fulfil his engagement; for you see the people will not enter the house. I think if we extend our ride a little farther, our departure may encourage them to assemble, and on our return we may fulfil our commission." When they returned they found their efforts useless, for the people still appeared unwilling to assemble.

The magistrate, thinking he should be disappointed of the object he had in view, observed to his companion—"That as the people were very much disaffected to government, he would be much obliged to him to address them on the subject of good behavior." Mr Baxter replied, "that perhaps this would not be deemed sufficient; for as the religious service was the object for which they had come together, they would not be satisfied with advice of that nature; but if the magistrate would begin with a prayer, he would endeavor to say something to them." The gentleman replied, putting his hand into his pocket, "Indeed, sir, I have not got my prayer book with me, or I would readily comply with your proposal. However, I am persuaded that a person of your appearance and respectability, would be able to pray with them as well as to talk to them. I beg, therefore, that you would be so good as to begin with prayer." This agreed to, they alighted from the carriage and entered the house, and the people hesitating no longer, followed them—Mr Baxter then commenced the service by prayer, and prayed with that seriousness and fervor for which he was eminent. The magistrate standing by was soon melted into tears. The good divine then preached in his accustomed, lively, and zealous manner. When he had concluded, he turned to the magistrate, and said, "Sir, I am the very Dick Baxter of whom you are in pursuit—I am entirely at your disposal." The justice, however, had felt so much during the service, and saw things in so different a light, that he laid aside entirely all his enmity to the nonconformists, and ever afterwards became their sincere friend and advocate, an it is believed also a decided Christian.

EXECUTION OF HENRY FAUNTLEROY, Esq.

[*From a London publication of November* 30, 1824.]

This morning, at the usual hour, Henry Fauntleroy, Esq., late partner in the house of Marsh, Stracy, Fauntleroy & Co., underwent the dreadful sentence of the law. The unprecedented spectacle of a London banker condemned to die for *forgery*—that offence to which the property of a class of individuals at once so respectable and important in society, is peculiarly exposed;—excited a degree of interest in the public mind, beyond example. The multitude surpassed, in extent and in density, any crowd we ever saw within a space so limited. Although the justice and the necessity of this melancholy expiation, were generally recognized, the sympathetic commiseration of the vast concourse assembled to witness the last moments of the culprit, was manifestly pervading every bosom, and may be truly said to have been universal.

During the whole of yesterday many hundreds of individuals had collected in the open space before Newgate—composing groups of ten and twenty persons, all waiting with anxious curiosity for information and particulars respecting the unhappy prisoner, though without any reason for their anticipations.

The buzz of expectation communicated from ear to ear, nevertheless continued, and by midnight the whole space was crowded with people, though not with that density which the crowd subsequently assumed.

At two o'clock this morning, the workmen, issuing from the court yard which separates Newgate from the Sessions house, gave "dreadful note of preparation." The timbers which had been prepared, were now brought forth, and were distributed at the respective places at which it had been decided to erect extra barriers to divide the pressure of the crowd. The carpenters began their operations at these points. This prudent and necessary precaution, esulted from the melancholy experience of that fatal caastrophe, which occurred at the execution of Holloway ad Haggerty, where so many lives were lost by the univided pressure of the crowd.

From this time, until four o'clock the crowd continued o increase; the workmen, however, continued their laor without material interruption, and by that hour the dditional barriers were completed. A profusion of lamps nd flambeaux cast a lurid glare over the countenances of he multitude, while the clank of crow bars, raising the avement to receive the posts—the dull heavy reverberaon of falling planks and timbers–with the unceasing blows f axes and hammers, formed altogether a scene of awful nd gloomy horror in perfect unison with the approaching onsummation of the law.

Until half past three the sky was clear and bright with tars, although the moon had disappeared. It now became vercast, rain began to fall, and was succeeded by total arkness.

At four o'clock every public house in the immediate viinity was crowded to overflowing, and the reflection of he lights showed a close compact arrangement of livid ountenances, at every window within view of the awful cene. The crowd continued to increase, those who had hitherto experienced no other inconvenience than that of weariness, now began to feel a pressure which excited no slight degree of murmuring.

At half past four the gates of the court between the prison and the old Bailey, being suddenly thrown open, he fatal platform came forth, drawn by three horses, and was slowly dragged to its destination opposite the debtor's door. The heavy roll of this ponderous body, moving as t does on wheels of less than two feet diameter, is such as to have been felt in every part of Newgate, when slowy passing that massive building.

The erection of the fatal tree on the scaffold now dissipated the doubts of the few sceptics who still cherished he hope of "commutation," and from the early hour at which the gallows was prepared to receive its devoted victim, an erroneous expectation became prevalent, of the execution taking place sooner than that which had bee customary. The rain continued to pour down in torrents-yet as far as could be judged by appearances, the ardor those who had patiently waited for hours on their statio was not in the slightest degree abated.

Six o'clock.—The crowd had now increased to a degre which rendered the felon's door inaccessible. Mr Bake who arrived at this time, in vain endeavored to penetrate the close phalanx by which all passage was impede At length with great difficulty, aided by much courtesy o the part of the surrounding multitude, who were apprise of the humane and charitable object of this truly benevolent and pious gentleman's visit, he obtained an entranc through the private door of Mr Wontner, the Governor' house. Immediately proceeding to the room of Mr Fauntleroy, he found the unhappy culprit in a state of resignation and comparative tranquility that was highly satisfactory, as evincing the salutary effects, of that religou consolation which had been so anxiously and so kindl administered by the united efforts of his spiritual comforters, the Rev. Mr Cotton, the Rev. Mr Springett, and M Baker. Mr Fauntleroy received his excellent friend an consoler with a degree of fortitude which manifested perfect resignation to his fate—thanking him with a solem air, yet wholly divested of embarrassment, for the read punctuality of his attendance in this his final exhibitio of Christian friendship.

The arrival of Mr Baker afforded great and necessary relief to the Rev. Mr Springett, who had passed the entire night in the prison—the greater portion of that gloomy period in the room of Mr Fauntleroy, who during th interval between life and death, had for some short tim laid down upon his bed, but the awful sensations of hi mind forbade the repose he sought—and the very few hours thus devoted were perceptibly restless.

He had been shaved at five o'clock, and having washed and dressed, felt greatly refreshed. Nearly an hour was spent in devotional exercises after the arrival of Mr. Baker, in conjunction with the Rev. Mr Springett—the unhappy object of their solicitude manifested throughout extraordinary fervor and attention. His expressions of gratitude two gentlemen, thus, as it were devoting themselves to consoling his last hours, were fervent—evidently from a heart deeply and sincerely impressed with a just appreciation of their merits. As if conscious of the inadequacy of words to express his real feelings, he endeavored to commit to paper that which verbal language could not express. During the night, or very early in the morning, he contrived to write a letter, which was found addressed to those gentlemen. In this he poured out his thanks with a powerful expression of feelings.

A few minutes before seven, the Rev. Mr. Cotton, the Ordinary, entering Newgate, proceeded to the condemned room in which prisoners spend the last hour previous to execution, and there awaited the arrival of Mr Fauntleroy—who shortly after approached, supported by his religious friends. Previous to entering the condemned cell, he put his hand into his pocket, and drawing out some gold, delivered it to Mr Baker with a request that he might apply it to the aid of such individuals in the prison as should appear objects of distress and meriting relief. Preparations were then made for administering the sacrament, but previously to entering on that last solemn duty, Mr F. requested that his favorite hymn might be sung, commencing—

"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain,
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain."

This finished, he expressed his desire to partake of the sacrament, and then joined in the service with the mc profound solemnity. When the General Confession w read from the Communion service, he pointed significant to the following part of it, varying his voice very mucl

"We do earnestly repent, and are heartily sorry f these our misdoings: the remembrance of them is grie ous unto us, and the burden of them intolerable. Ha mercy ubon us," &c.

There were other parts of the sacred ritual which he a so repeated with great emphasis, appearing to deri much consolation from this last act of solemn devotio After the service was concluded, he seemed comforted, ai serenity sat upon his brow.

Engaging in religious conversation, he expressed th strong hope and consolation he experienced, observir that he looked to heaven with a confident expectation being shortly admitted a guest in the glorious mansion The short interval which elapsed previous to the arriv of the sheriffs, he spent chiefly in silent meditation. Du ing this time he took off his silver mounted spectacle and requested Mr Baker to accept them as a dying toke of his sincere and grateful regard, accompanying the g with the following emphatic expression—"Remembe sir, these are what last assisted me to read the precio truths of the Gospel."

A little before eight, standing at the extreme corner the room in discourse with his Rev. attendants and M Baker, he beheld the Sheriffs, with their under Sheri and Officers approaching, looking wishfully, toward ther he bowed respectfully, and then proceeded to express h grateful acknowledgments for the humane attention to h comfort which he had received. At this moment M Wontner, the Governer, and Mr Barrett, Clerk of the p pers, accompanied by some other gentlemen, entered tl room. The officers then moved towards Mr Fauntlero with the cords for pinioning the arms and wrists of tl unhappy criminal. This duty they performed in a ma ner as little offensive as possible, the prisoner moving h hands with a view to facilitate their object and throwir back the cuffs of his coat. He was at this time engag in ejaculatory prayer, frequently exclaiming—"Lord Jes receive my spirit,"—which he repeated several times before he arrived at the extremity of the prison. His hands and arms having been secured, he cast a serene look on his spiritual attendants, who supported him between them. Soon after the clock had struck eight every thing was prepared; the sheriffs then intimated that the time had arrived when they must proceed to the fatal platform, and leading the way were followed by the Reverend Ordinary of the prison: next followed the criminal, who raised his eyes, and hands as far as he could, towards heaven, and walked forward with a firm unshaken step; as he passed the several turnkeys, he appeared to give them a look of recognition. Having arrived midway between the press-yard and the debtor's door, the bell of death sounded its first solemn knell, announcing to the crowd, which now filled the whole space between Ludgate-hill and the pens in Smithfield, the advance of the mournful procession.—The Rev. Ordinary, in a deep sonorous voice, which echoed through the avenues of the prison, read that part of the burial service which commences—"I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord, he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth, and believeth in me, shall never die." The prisoner raised his eyes to heaven, when the following beautiful passage was read: "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth; and though after my death worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God, whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another." By this time the procession had arrived at the outer door, when the Rev. Mr Cotton proceeded up the steps to the platform, and was instantly followed by Mr Fauntleroy, who, still supported by his friends, ascended the fatal scaffold with a firm step, apparently not regarding the clamor of the crowd by which he was surrounded. He was dressed in a new suit of black—coat, waistcoat, and pantaloons—under which he wore silk stockings of the same color, and a pair of light pumps.

Being placed under the cross beam, the executioner proceeded to divest his neck of his white cravat, and putting on the cap, he immediately drew it over the face of the criminal. The noose of the halter was then put over his neck and properly adjusted ; the assistant executioner suspended the cord by affixing the hook at the extremity into the swivel prepared to receive it. These awful preliminaries did not last more than three minutes, during which time Mr Fauntleroy stood unmoved. The executioner then taking his station within reach of the fatal bolt, the Rev. Ordinary read as follows : "Man that is born of a woman hath but a short time to live, and is full of misery," &c. "But spare us, Lord most holy ! O God most mighty ! O holy and most merciful Savior ! thou most worthy Judge eternal ! Suffer us not at our last hour, from any pains of death, to fall from thee." On uttering the last word, the bolt being suddenly withdrawn, Henry Fauntleroy was launched into eternity.

Thus fell this unhappy man beneath the avenging arm of the law—in a few moments motion and life became extinct.

THE DOCTOR AGAINST HIS WILL.

[*From the Dutch Salmigundi of M. Paul Van Hemert.*]

The Grand duke Boris Gudenow, who reigned in Russia during the years 1597 and 1605, was, according to the relation of Olearius, very much afflicted with the gout.—At a certain period, when he suffered very severe pains, he caused it publicly to be proclaimed at Moscow, that he would reward with extraordinary favor and great riches, the man, whoever he might be, that would relieve him from those pains.

It seems that no one voluntarily appeared to earn the favor of the Grand Duke ; and indeed, no wonder, for a a doctor had his whole existence at stake in those times, in Russia, if his cure failed upon some high or noble patient ; and Gudenow was in the habit of making the surgeon, as if he considered the latter as absolute master of nature, responsible for the result of his art.

The wife of a certain bojaar, or councillor of the cabinet, who received very harsh treatment from her husband, took advantage of this public edict of the grand duke, to revenge herself, in a cunning manner, on her cruel husband. She therefore, had the Duke informed that her husband possessed an infallible remedy for the gout, but that he was not sufficiently humane to impart it.

The bojaar was immediately sent for to court, and strictly examined; the latter declared by all that was holy, that he was unacquainted with any such remedy, and had not the slightest knowledge of medicine. But oaths would not avail him. Gudenow had him severely whipped and confined. When, shortly after, he was again examined, he repeated the same declarations, adding, that this trick was probably played upon him by his wife; the Duke had him whipped a second time, but more severely, and threatened him with death, if he did not speedily relieve him from pain. Seized with terror, the bojaar was now entirely at a loss how to act. He promised to do his best, but requested a few days, in order to have the necessary drugs gathered. Having, with great difficulty, had his request granted, he sent to Ozirbak, two days' journey from Moscow, in order to get all sorts of drugs which were to be obtained there. He sent for a cartload of them, mixed them all together, and prepared a bath for the Duke, in the hope of this blind cure proving successful. Gudenow, after having used the bath, really found some relief, and the bojaar had his life spared him. Nevertheless, because he had known such an art, denied his knowledge of it, and refused his assistance to the Grand Duke, the latter had him again thoroughly whipped, and after being entirely recovered, he gave him a new dress, two hundred roubles, and eighteen slaves by way of a present.

In addition to this he seriously admonished the bojaar never to be revenged on his wife. It is said that the boaar, after this occurrence, lived many years in peace and happiness with his spouse."

THE METHODIST.

The methodist is indefatigable in what he considers the duty of his Christian calling; he is zealous in his endeavors to bring sinners to the throne of grace; he is bold in reproving wickedness wherever he finds it, in high or low, rich or poor; he is earnest and affectionate in his efforts to draw erring mortals from the abyss of ruin, and place them on the firm ground of Christian hope: he sets before them the law in all its terrors, that they may with the more certainty flee to the gospel as a place of refuge; he deprives them of all hope in themselves, that they may fix their dependence on the Rock of Ages. He leaves no stone unturned to advance what he considers the cause of the gospel; he is a lion to the hardened sinner, and a lamb to the humble penitent; he travels every where, and preaches "the gospel to every creature," wherever "two or three are gathered together," he considers that place a fit temple for the worship of God, whether it be in a dwelling-house, a barn, a school-house, in the shade of the forest, or under the bare canopy of heaven; he is not confined to temples made and expressly dedicated to the worship of Jehovah, but considers every place sufficiently dedicated to that purpose which offers an occasion of doing good; he preaches the gospel where it was never preached before; he pervades every part of the country, and carries the glad tidings of salvation to those places where, but for him, they had never come. He considers no distance too great, no way too rough, and no place too obscure for his exertions; cold and heat, wind and storms, hunger and thirst, do not appal him; scoffing and insult have no effect upon him, but to make him, if possible, more zealous in the duties of his calling. If the mad populace hurl firebrands, he "reasons with them of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come;" he "heaps coals of fire on their heads;" madness gives place to admiration, insult to penitence, "and those who come to scoff remain to pray."

The Methodist cannot be accused of preaching the gospel from worldly motives. No man, not even his enemies, can say that he considers himself called upon to go only where wealth invites him. The society of which he is a member, has no gold to tempt him, no filthy lucre to corrupt him, no easy and luxurious life to allure him. If he needed any other motive than the satisfaction of doing good, he has one which has no connection with this world, it is "a crown of glory which fadeth not away." With his eyes fixed on that crown, and, like Stephen, looking steadfastly up to heaven, he perseveres in the steep and narrow way, and neither briars nor thorns obstruct his progress.

The Metohdist preacher, generally speaking, owes but little to human learning. He is eloquent indeed, but his eloquence does not depend on studying the great models of Greece and Rome; it is not formed in the Porch, nor polished in the Academy: it is not made up of rounded periods nor regular climaxes; and owes little or nothing to the study of rhetoric. But the want of human learning is more than made up by a thorough knowledge of the volume of everlasting life; and Peter and Paul more than supply the place of Cicero and Demosthenes. Urged by the force of truth and the importance of his mission, he speaks boldly what he feels deeply, and needs not the polish of rhetoric to carry conviction to the hearts of his hearers. Warm, zealous, undaunted, he addresses the passions of his audience; he arouses their fears; he awakens their sorrow; he excites their gratitude, and encourages their hope. He is emphatically the friend of the poor and needy, the sick, the profligate, and the abandoned; of those who have no virtue to boast, no character to support, and no friends to guide them. Those who are well, need not physician, and those who think they are well, will not pply to one; hence very few of the great ones of the arth are *immediately* benefited by the preaching of the Methodist. It is not those who sit on velvet cushions, nd sleep under the sound of the gospel every Sunday; t is not to those who fare sumptuously every day, that he preaching and affectionate exertions of the Methodist, re peculiarly profitable and welcome; but to those who eldom have an opportunity of hearing the gospel—who ave no hope in this life—and feel assured they have none in the life to come; it is to such, the Methodist bears the glad tidings of salvation—checks the career of the sinner—guides him back to the path of virtue—gives him new ideas of the dignity of his nature and the value of his immortal part—and finally out of the most unpromising materials, produces the honest man—and the undeviating Christian. He is unwearied in his attention to the sick, in supporting, comforting, and leading them to the Rock of Ages; in directing them to the great physician of the soul, when remedies cease to avail for the benefit of the body. The consolation given by a kind and affectionate preacher, is so well described by Goldsmith that I need no apology for quoting the following lines:

> Beside the bed, where parting life was laid,
> And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismayed,
> The reverend Champion stood. At his control
> Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
> Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
> And his last faltering accents whispered praise.

THE LOTTERY TICKET.

Dick Woodcock was the only child of a respectable farmer, living in one of the interior counties in the State of New-York. The father was a practical agriculturalist, in the true definition of the term; that is, he *practised* himself the theories he recommended to others; and in guiding a plough, or wielding a scythe or sickle, few in the neighborhood equalled, none excelled him. He was also famed (and why need fame be appropriated to the hero or poet only?) for keeping his estate in thorough repair. Not a furlong of fence was wanting, not a boar hung endwise from any of his numerous buildings, no was an old hat ever seen protruding its unmannerly crow hrough a casement in his snugly planned and comfortably inished habitation.

The consequence of such industrious thrift may easily e divined. He was prosperous, respected and happy. Dick was his only child—a fine looking, noble spirited oy he was—the pride of his parents, and a pattern for all he little boys in the village where he dwelt. He was up with the robin in the morning, and you might hear his whistle as gay as her song, while he followed and emulated his father's industrious movements through a long summer day.

Many there were who advised Mr Woodcock to send his boy to college; and to confess the truth, his paternal pride would have been gratified with the eclat of a liberal education for his son. But he finally abandoned the scheme, partly because he had the good sense to discover that his son had not the developments of a natural born genius; but chiefly he could not bear to think his excellent farm would be, at his decease, transferred to the possession of strangers. He knew this must probably be the case should his son become a scholar; and indeed his father would not have desired him to return to the plough with all his college 'honors thick upon him.'

Mr. Woodcock was a patriot of the old school, loving his country as he did his religion; because he thought both best, without expecting for his faithfulness, worldly honor or emolument—asking favors of none save Heaven; esteeming an honest man the noblest work of God; and an independent farmer as the most enviable of all beings on the face of the earth. Thus he lived, at peace with himself and with all men; and when he died his eulogium was the tear of unaffected sorrow for the loss of a useful citizen, and a pious Christian.

Dick was just nineteen when his father died; but he wrote himself a man, and was so considered by all his acquaintances. And none of those prophecies of ruin to a fine estate, which are so often breathed forth when the accumulator is laid in the dust, were uttered on this occasion.

'He is gone,' said Colonel Piper, 'but he has left a worthy son, who will tread in his fathers steps.'

'Ay, ay', rejoined Dr Soda, 'there'll be no falling off I'll warrant ye. Dick will keep the body of his estate sound; he'll not hurry the circulation, as some young heirs would.'

'Mr Woodcock began the world with little or nothing,' said Squire Stapleton, 'and he has left property worth at least $10,000; if Dick makes as good improvement, he will soon be the richest man in town.'

'And he is now one of the steadiest,' interrupted Deacon Church. 'I always see him at meeting on Sundays, and I never heard him accused of a vice, or even a folly.'

The ladies, too, were unanimous in their praises of Mr. Richard Woodcock; each remembering and retailing some anecdote of his cleverness and intelligence; and all rejoicing that his widowed mother, in her hour of bereavement and sorrow, had such a prop on which she might lean for support.

The young ladies might, perhaps, have felt rather self-interested, in his possessing a character as fair as his estate, had they not been deprived of all hope of obtaining such a prize: but the young and handsome heir was already engaged. And had not Chloe Harris been one of the best girls in the world, her flattering expectations must have excited envy among her associates. But Chloe was so sweet tempered, so unpretending, so dutiful and industrious, at home, and so obliging to her friends that her superior beauty, and even the proud fortune to which she seemed destined, were thought but the reward of her merits.

Dick and Chloe had been companions from infancy, and had loved before either ever read a novel, describing the causes and symptoms of the tender passion. Their affection was, therefore the dictate of nature, pure as her zephyrs, and sweet as her roses; no vanity was flattered in their preference for each other; no caprice indulged in their intercourse; each 'loved and was beloved,' and the completion of Dick's majority was assigned for their union—forever.

In an evil hour Dick became possessor of a Lottery ticket; and if the motive could ever hallow such a purchase, it would seem as if his must have been laudable. He purchased it as an act of humanity. A poor man, whose wife was sick and in need of many necessaries, came to him, and relating the story of his wants and woes, produced the card of fortune, which he, it seems, had won at a game of bowls, and begged Dick to purchase it. Dick's feelings were compassionate—he would willingly have afforded relief to the suffering woman without any reward—but he knew the man, even should the ticket be a prize, would not be benefited, as his habits were not good, while the ten dollars would most probably be applied to make his family comfortable, in the exigence which really seemed to have touched his heart with sorrow, and his conscience with compunction.

So Dick paid the money and took the ticket; and repeating three several times to himself, 'It will certainly draw a blank,' he deposited it carefully in his pocket book.

However my young hero might flatter himself with being perfectly unconcerned in the result of the experiment, there was, that evening, a restlessness in his feelings which he had never before experienced; and when he laid himself down to sleep, a thousand busy schemes and wild fancies floated on his imagination. Golden dreams hovered over his pillow; gay visions seemed beckoning him to bowers of pleasure, and he awoke in a state of fevered excitement, that, although it might presage happiness, was very far from deserving that epithet. He had now a new theme for speculation, and the possibility of obtaining a prize rendered information concerning the management of lotteries far more necessary and important than the cultivation of his farm. Even his visits to his beloved Chloe were shortened; yet he intended fully to repair his negligence when he could surprise her with the tidings of his good fortune, and call on her to assist him in forming plans for the enjoyment of his wealth.

Ah, dear deluding Imagination! How lofty are thy structures; how unclouded thy horizon; how placid thy waters! how enchanting thy landscapes! Who, beneath thy influence, can believe a word, a look, a breath will dissolve such magnificence, darken such brightness, disturb such tranquility, or deform such loveliness! but, Imagin-

ation, thou art a false meteor,—and whoever quits the steady way of reason to follow thy delusive light, will find it a faithless guide—it glitters but to betray.

The important drawing was at length, after various delays, completed, and Dick received a confirmation of his sanguine hopes. He had drawn a prize! the highest prize! $50,000!! Ah pleasure, canst thou come in a brighter form than in the golden shower?

Well, I say nothing of Dick's feelings on this occasion, they were too sublime for description; but his friends congratulated, the world, (by this term I mean all who ever heard of Dick or of his good fortune) talked, and wondered, and envied; and about five hundred tickets, in the 'Second Class,' were immediately purchased, mostly by young men in that village and vicinity; the purchasers all sanguine in the hope of obtaining a similar prize. What a mercy that they were all disappointed!

Dick had now become lord of himself; and according to previous arrangements, should have been married to Chloe Harris. But he postponed the wedding till he had visited the city and secured his riches. 'Wealth maketh many friends,' said Solomon, and our golden-fledged hero fully proved the truth of the apothegm. The gentlemen to whom he was introduced in the city, lavished on him expressions of attachment, and offers of assistance: cards and compliments gratified his vanity, *dejeuners* and dinners his appetite, till the parade and pleasures of the commercial metropolis made him think the pursuits of a country life 'weary, stale and flat,' indeed, if not 'unprofitable.'

There was one young merchant, by the name of Ashton, to whom Dick became particularly attached. Ashton was gay, intelligent and insinuating; and it is not wonderful that a young and inexperienced heart should be deluded by his fair seeming. He soon perceived the ascendency he had gained over the mind of Dick, and employed it to convince him that a life passed in the retirement of the country must be monotonous and miserable; and that to insure himself permanent felicity and an immense increase of wealth, it was only necessary to enter into a partnership with him, Mr Augustus Ashton, and fix his residence in the city. His artifices were ingenious, and arguments specious,—that they were deceitful and unsound the event proved : but perhaps, under like circumstances, older and wiser men than Mr Woodcock might not have discovered their fallacy.

Ashton introduced him to his sister. She was very pretty and highly accomplished—that is, she dressed elegantly, danced gracefully, and played divinely. Dick loved music, naturally—he had never read Shakespeare, and knew nothing descriptively, about the 'concord of sweet sounds,' yet his ear delighted in harmony, and he had, for several years, been esteemed the very best singer in his own village meeting-house. But such airs—such symphonies, he had never listened to before! Oh, when the fair Belinda Ashton touched her instrument, his very soul seemed to thrill, and was indeed 'wrapped in Elysium!'

There was, at this time, but one circumstance which prevented Dick's felicity from being perfect ; and that was such a trifle that I am almost ashamed to mention it.—But some how trifles do form our happiness, and trifles will make us miserable .—he had become disgusted with his *name*. Woodcock,—it was not a romantic or heroic name, to be sure, but it had always sounded well enough in the rustic place in which it was his lot to be born, and where he might have lived and died without discovering its uncouthness.

Now such bliss of ignorance was denied him, for he had, one fatal evening, over-heard two city ladies repeating it with peculiar accents of ridicule. He never afterwards could endure it ; and on disclosing to Ashton the cause of his inquietude, that faithful friend assured him it might easily be removed. An application to the Legislature for eave to alter his name was all that was necessary.

Now was the fancy and taste of Miss Belinda Ashton exercised and displayed, in selecting a name for the friend of her dear brother. The consultations held concerning this mportant matter were many and various. Novels were ansacked, characters compared, sounds aud syllables critcised. The labors of Webster, when tracing the etymology of *bridegroom*, would have yielded in intensity to this name-seeking research. Finally *Beaumont* was the fortunate name which had the honor of receiving the preference, Ashton posted, forthwith, to Albany, where the Legislature was, providentially, (as Dick thought, though he did not dare to allude to such a cant word as *providence* in the presence of Belinda) then in session, to expedite the alteration; and Dick hastened home to arrange his affairs, and prepare for a permanent residence in the city of New-York.

He still intended to fulfil his engagements with Chloe Harris, yet there were several reasons which urged a further delay. He wished to settle his business, and acquaint himself more fully with the customs of the city, before introducing his wife into such stylish scenes; and he sometimes wished, though he shrunk from expressing it, that she could become more accomplished before making her debut. There was a strife between his newly awakened vanity and his early affection, which the woman who loved as Chloe did, could not fail of perceiving. It wounded her to the heart—and when he saw her sorrowful his first feelings of tenderness were awakened, and he would dwell on the scenes of happiness which awaited them, with all the lover's enthusiasm; but when, in the ardor of his passion, he pressed her hand, another vision arose. He sighed while he lamented that she had never been taught to play upon the piano. 'It would now be vain to attempt it,' said he, 'you have, my dear Chloe, been obliged to work so much, that your hand would never be quite pretty enough for display; nothing looks so lovely as a soft, white hand, when just touching the keys with a motion that gives the fingers the appearance of glancing sunbeams.'

From that evening Chloe despaired of ever making him happy. However, she listened to his promises of a speedy return, without exhibiting any distrust; and it was not until after he had departed for the city that she wept in bitterness over her withered hopes. That they were to be blasted a few months decided. A paper from New-York announced the marriage of *Mr Richard Beaumont,* to the *amiable* and accomplished Miss Belinda Philomela Ashton.

Such an outcry as it raised in the village of ———

'What, Dick Woodcock married to a city miss!' said Colonel Piper. 'He'll pay dearly for his whistle, I guess. Fine birds must have fine feathers.

'He never will prosper in this world—that's certain,' said Miss Clarissa Comstock, a maiden lady, whose age gave her authority as an oracle.

'It is bad business, dealing in lottery tickets,' observed Doctor Soda, who, by the way, had drawn three blanks. 'Riches got in such a hasty manner never wear well.

''T is a pity, truly a pity, and I mourn that one so promising should fall into error,' said the clergyman, who was truly benevolent and sincere.

In short, not a person in the town, except Chloe Harris, was silent on the occasion of Dick's fickleness and faithlessness. Even his own mother, dearly as she loved him, and proud as she was of his prosperity, acknowledged he was greatly to be blamed. Many talked of a prosecution, and guessed Chloe might obtain full half his fortune as her damages; but none dared hint such a manner of revenge to the fair, injured, but uncomplaining girl.

A short time, however, brought a letter from the recreant swain to his forsaken mistress, in which he made many awkward attempts at apology; declaring his friendship for her unalterable, wished her a better husband than he ever should make; and finally, begged her acceptance of a draft for $1000, which his letter enclosed, as some reparation of the wrong he had done her.

This is a speculating, selfish age; and to think 'money will answer all things,' is too much the characteristic of Americans. Shame on them, that with their high privileges of intellectual, moral, and civil improvement, they should make gold their god! Even ladies have not escaped the contamination of selfishness. A few hundred dollars will dry the weeping eyes of the most despairing damsel, and make her think the defection of her plighted swain a very lucky speculation—and so, instead of breaking her own heart, she very coolly determines to break his credit, comforting herself with the thought that cash is more current than love. Such is avarice. Honor, patriotism, religion, even delicacy and affection are sacrificed on the altar of avarice. God of my country, is there no word of power that can exorcise this demon from among us !

The noble mind of Chloe Harris disdained such a mercenary appeal. She had loved Richard fondly, dearly, truly. He had broken his vows,—but she could not forget her tenderness ; and now, should she accept of paltry gold as an equivalent for his affection ? No—she spurned the base idea. She returned him his letter and draft, without comment or expostulation, leaving the injuries he had done her to God and his own conscience for accusation and punishment. Her faded cheek and melancholy eye alone told the tale of her wrongs and her sorrows, and the pity of her friends was only exhibited by added respect and increased attentions and tenderness towards the dignified and innocent sufferer.

Thus passed away two years, during which time they frequently heard of *Mr Beaumont*, alias Dick Woodcock, and of the splendid style in which he was figuring. Many of the old people shook their heads, and observed they feared, (that is, hoped,) he would see hard times before he died ; but nearly all the young men thought him a very fortunate and happy fellow. Dick could have told them a very different tale. Yet few grow wise by the mistakes of others ; it is only by experience that we are convinced that gaiety is not happiness. Dick had surfeited on the pleasures of the world and found them fallacious. He had been introduced to every fashionable vice, and found his peace and health and fortune were to be sacrificed in the pursuit. He was new to sin, and open to reproof ; and had he but possessed one faithful friend, to have warned him of his danger, and pointed out the means of escape, he might have been rescued from ruin. But he had forsaken those who loved him for himself, and was surrounded by a set of interested sharpers and holyday friends, who only wished to fleece him of his substance, or feed at his expense.

His wife was all sentiment in her expressions, and all selfishness in her heart. She had married him solely for his fortune, and seemed determined, by the extravagance of her expenditures to make herself amends for what she considered her sacrifice of dignity in the connection with an unlettered country booby. In short, Dick found his elegant house was only for the accommodation of company, that the costly furniture was all arranged for parties, that his servants were kept to wait upon his guests, and his wife's smiles, and music, and taste, and time, were all devoted to the entertainment of those she thought better worth her attention than her husband.

Where now the social hearth, the kindred smile, the domestic confidence he had been educated to enjoy? Too late he repented his infatuation. He thought of the affection of Chloe, of her modest virtues and home-loving disposition; of the estimation in which all his wishes had been held by her, and—but it was 'too late'—the die was cast; onward he must go, knowing, also, that the end would be ruin.

It seemed as if fortune, with her proverbial inconstancy, now sought to torment and disappoint as much as she had before favored him, and almost every speculation into which he entered, owing either to his own ignorance, or to the villany of those with whom he was concerned, was unsuccessful; and from what might well have been termed an independent fortune, he soon began to be in want of money. To relieve himself from some of his embarrassments he disposed of his paternal estate, which he had left in the management of his mother. This, he feared, would give her uneasiness, but he knew not how to avoid it.

When the new owner arrived at the village, and announced to Mrs Woodcock the purchase of the farm, not even excepting the reversion of her dower, she seemed thunder-struck: but when he actually took possession, her reason well nigh forsook her. She had borne the death of her husband with the fortitude of a christian; that was an inevitable evil. She had been cheerful under the desertion of her son, for she was a bustling woman, and the care of the estate had occupied her mind and prevented her from dwelling on the dangers to which he was exposed. But now she was bereft of all—and to see the fields her husband had cultivated, the trees he had planted, the house he had erected, in the possession of a stranger, while she had none to 'soothe her passage to the grave,'—her mind could not support it. A nervous fever attacked her; and now it was, that the strength and disinterestedness of Chloe Harris' affection for her first and only love, was tested. She lavished on the mother the tenderness which neither his falsehood nor time had destroyed towards the son. Day and night she sat by her pillow, and tended and soothed her, as if she had indeed been her mother. And when the poor heart-broken woman wept over the follies, and predicted the ruin of her prodigal, Chloe always found some extenuating circumstance to urge in his favor, even while weeping herself at the remembrance of his cruelty and injustice. A short time, however, terminated the sufferings of Mrs Woodcock. She died blessing Chloe, and charging her with reproofs and forgiveness for her erring son.

Richard had been informed of his mother's illness, but did not—perhaps could not, visit her, and she was laid in the grave, and wept only by Chloe. From that day the sweet girl seemed pining with unrestrained sorrow. While she thought the man she had loved, was happy, she had endeavored to bear her own disappointment unmurmuring; but now, when convinced that he had sacrificed his own peace and honor at the shrine of folly, and that the day was not far distant when, deprived of his fortune, he must be degraded and miserable, she wept for him as well as for herself; and her sorrow, joined with the fatigue she had undergone in nursing Mrs Woodcock, soon terminated in a quick consumption. She welcomed the approach of death as a kind messenger, which would bear her from a world of sorrow to a region of peace, and departed without a struggle. Before her strength was exhausted she had written a letter to Richard, in which, after detailing the circumstances of his mother's death, and delivered her dying admonitions, she adverted to her own situation, briefly describing the tortures he had inflicted on her trusting heart, and concluded by saying—

'Before this meets your eye I shall be laid in the calm and silent grave. I die willingly—I die peacefully—but oh, Richard, how will you meet the king of terrors? When that hour approaches, assure yourself of my forgiveness; yes, when your own conscience speaks in thunders, let my remembrance whisper forgiveness of all I can forgive. Would that I could assure you of the pardon of Heaven! Farewell, farewell! I shall pray for you with my latest breath.' She had given directions that it should not be sent till after her death.

Dick, meanwhile, was suffering the penalty of his faults. Partly to stifle reflection, and partly yielding to example, he had become a gambler, and always losing, as is generally the case with novices in this pastime, his ruin had become inevitable. Attachments were levied on his property,--if he went abroad, he was assailed by duns,--at home he was met with reproaches, till he felt existence a burden, and even breathed blasphemous wishes that he might be annihilated.

It was during one of these paroxysms of desperation that the letter from Chloe was put into his hands. He recollected the hand-writing, and trembled: yet there were sweet feelings mingled with his terrfic ones. He thought of her love, of the happy hours they had passed together, of the happy life they had anticipated—his heart melted; he kissed the signature, while his eyes were filled with tears. He broke the seal, but when he had read the contents the whirlwind of his passions defied control. His dying mother—his darling Chloe—he saw them—he heard their meek voices raised to bless the wretch who had sacrificed them to his vanity.

'O!' he exclaimed—'if they had only cursed me! Why did they not curse me? I deserved it—I would have bowed down in the dust, and submitted to my punishment. Yes, I deserve the most horrible!'—and then he raved against his own folly, and called heaven's vengeance on the villains who had betrayed him, till his strength was exhausted; then recurring to the forgiveness of those injured ones, his soul softened, and he wept aloud.

Forming a hasty resolution to quit a place which had become intolerable to him, he took passage in a vessel for New-Orleans. He took no leave of his wife—all was the effect of a momentary determination. During the voyage he was gloomy and abstracted; his only satisfaction being derived from perusing the letter of Chloe Harris, which he kept constantly in his bosom. Sick at heart, when he landed at New-Orleans, he took no precautions to guard against the yellow fever which was then prevailing: it attacked him, and in three days from the time he landed, pressing the letter of Chloe to his bosom, he fervently ejaculated—'O God! forgive me,' and expired.—— Lead us not into temptation.—[*Mrs. Hale.*

BUONAPARTE'S TRAVELLING CARRIAGE.

The very curious and convenient chariot of the late Emperor of France, which was exhibited at the London Museum, Piccadilly, in 1816, was built by Symons of Brussels, for the Russian campaign, and was adapted to the various purposes of a pantry and a kitchen; for it had places for holding and preparing refreshments, which by the aid of a lamp, could be heated in the carriage; it served also for *a bed-room, a dressing room, an office, &c.*; there was a separation rising about six inches, dividing the seat. The shape of this ingenious vehicle was of the form and dimensions of a large modern English travelling chariot, only that it had a projection in front of about two feet, the right hand half of which was open to the inside to receive the feet, and thus formed a bed—the left hand contained a store of various useful things.

Beyond the projection in front, and nearer to the horses, was the seat for the coachman, ingeniously contrived so as to prevent the driver from viewing the interior of the carriage, and yet so placed as to afford those within, a clear sight of the surrounding country— beneath this seat was a receptacle for a box, about two and a half feet in length and four inches square, with a bedstead of polished steel, which could be fitted up in a couple of minutes.

Over the front windows was a roller-blind of strong painted canvas, which when pulled out *excluded rain while it admitted air.*

On the ceiling of the carriage was a net work for carrying small travelling requisites; in a recess there was a secretaire, ten inches square by eighteen inches in length, which contained nearly a hundred articles presented to apoleon by Maria Louisa, under whose care it was fitted p with every luxury and convenience that could be imgined; and contained, besides the usual requisites for a ressing-box, most of which were solid gold, a magnifient breakfast service, with plates, candlesticks, knives, orks, spoons—a spirit-lamp, for making breakfast in the arriage—gold cast for Napoleons—gold wash-hand basin; variety of essence bottles, perfumes—and an almost nfinite variety of articles, down to pins, needles, thread nd silk. Each of these were fitted into recesses, most ngeniously contrived, and made in the solid wood in which hey were packed together, and many within each other, n such a narrow space, that, on seeing them arranged it ppeared impossible for them ever to be put in so small a ompass:—at the bottom of this toilet box, in divided reesses, were found two thousand gold Napoleons; on the op, writing materials, looking glass, combs, &c.—a *liueur* case which had two bottles, one with Malaga wine, he other rum, a silver Sandwich box, containing a plate, nives, spoons, paper and salt boxes, mustard pot, decanter, glasses, &c.—a wardrobe, writing desk, maps, telescopes, arms, &c.—a large silver chronometer, by which the watches of the army were regulated, two merino mattrasses, a green velvet travelling cap—also a diamond head-dress (tiara,) hat, sword, uniform, an imperial mantle, &c. &c.

A SINGULAR STORY.

While I was in the country, [says Madame de Montier, in one of her letters,] I chanced to fall in company with a good friar, eighty years of age, who related to me the following story.

About forty years ago he was sent for to a highwayman, to prepare him for death. They shut him up in a small chapel with the malefactor, and while he was making every effort to excite him to repentance, he perceived that he was absorbed in thought, and hardly attended to his discourse. My dear friend, said he, you do not reflect that you must soon appear at a more awful tribunal than that which has so lately condemned you! What can divert your attention from that which is of such infinite importance?—True, father, returned the malefactor, but I cannot divest myself of the idea—that it is in your power to save my life. How can I possibly effect that? said the friar; and even supposing I could, should I venture to do it, and thereby give you an opportunity, perhaps, of committing many more crimes?

If that be all that prevents you, replied the malefactor, you may rely on my word—I have beheld my fate too near, again to expose myself to what I have felt.

The friar acted as you or I would have done; he yielded to the impulse of compassion; and it only remained to contrive the means of the man's escape. The chapel in which they were, was lighted by one small window near the top, fifteen feet from the ground. You have only, said the culprit to the friar, to set your chair on the altar, which we can remove to the foot of the wall, and if you can get upon it, I can reach the window by the help of your shoulders. The friar consented to this manoeuvre, and having replaced the altar, which was portable—seated himself quietly in his chair. About three hours after, the executioner, who began to grow impatient, knocked at the door, and asked the friar what had become of the culprit. He must have been an angel, replied he coolly; for, by the faith of a priest, he went through that window.

The executioner, who found himself a loser by this account, inquired if he were laughing at him, and ran to inform the judges. They repaired to the chapel—where the good man was sitting, who pointing to the window, assured them upon his conscience, that the malefactor flew out at it, that, supposing him an angel, he was going to recommend himself to his protection; that however, if he were a criminal, which he could not suspect, after what he had seen, he was not obliged to be his guardian.

The magistrates could not preserve their gravity at the good man's sang froid, and after wishing a pleasant journey to the culprit, went away.

Twenty years after, this friar travelling over the Ar-

ennes, lost his way; when just as day was closing, a
ind of peasant accosted him, and after examining him
ery attentively, asked him whither he was going, and
old him the road he was travelling was a very dangerous
ne. If you will follow me, he added, I will conduct you
a farm, where you may pass the night in safety. The
iar was much embarrassed; the curiosity visible in the
an's countenance, excited his suspicions; but considering
at, if he had a bad design towards him, it was impossi-
le to escape, he followed him with trembling sseps. His
ars were not of long continuance; he soon perceived
e farm which the peasant mentioned; and as he enter-
d it, the man who was the proprietor of it, told his wife
kill a capon, with some of the finest chickens in the
oultry yard, and to welcome his guest with the best cheer.
While supper was preparing, the countryman re-entered
llowed by eight children, whom he thus addressed:
y children pour forth grateful thanks to this good friar,
ad it not been for him, you would not have been here,
or I either; he saved my life. The friar instantly rec-
llected the features of the speaker—and recognized the
ief whose escape he had favored. The whole family
aded him with caresses and kindness; and, when he was
one with the man, he enquired how he came to be so
ell provided for. I kept my word with you, said the thief;
d resolved to lead a good life in future, I begged my
ay hither,—which is my native country, and engaged in
e service of the master of this farm. Gaining his fa
r by my fidelity and attachment to his interest, he gave
e his only daughter in marriage. God has blessed my
deavors. I have amassed a little wealth, and I beg that
u will dispose of me and all that belong to me. I shall
w die content, since I have been ahle to see and testi-
my gratitude towards my deliverer. The friar told
m, he was well repaid for the service he had rendered
m by the use to which he had devoted the life he had
eserved. He would not accept of any thing as a rec-
pense; but could not refuse to stay some days with
e countryman, who treated him like a prince. This
od man then obliged him to make use of one of his
rses to finish his journey, and never quitted him till he

had passed the dangerous roads which abounded in those parts.

THE FIRST AND LAST DINNER.

Twelve friends, of nearly the same age, and fixed, by their pursuits, their family connexions, and other local interests, as permanent inhabitants of the metropolis, agreed one day when they were drinking wine at the Star and Garter, at Richmond, to institute an annual dinner among themselves, under the following regulations: That they should dine alternately at each other's houses on the *first* and *last* day of the year; that the *first* bottle of wine uncorked at the *first* dinner should be recorked and put away, to be drank by him who should be the *last* of their number; that they should never admit a new member; that when one died, eleven should meet—and when another died, ten should meet, and so on; and that, when only one remained, he should, on those two days, dine by himself, and sit the usual hours at his solitary table; but the *first* time he so dined alone, lest it should be the only one, he should then uncork the *first* bottle, and, in the *first* glass, drink to the memory of all who were gone.

There was something original and whimsical in the idea, and it was eagerly embraced. They were all in the prime of life, closely attached by reciprocal friendship, fond of social enjoyments, and looked forward to their future meetings with unalloyed anticipations of pleasure. The only thought, indeed, that could have darkened these anticipations was one not very likely to intrude itself at this moment, that of the hapless wight who was destined to uncork the *first* bottle at this lonely repast.

It was high summer when this frolic compact was entered into; and as their yacht glided along the dark bosom of the Thames, on their return to London, they talked of nothing but their *first* and *last* feasts of the ensuing years. Their imaginations ran riot with a thousand gay predictions of festive merriment. They wantoned in conjectures of what changes time would operate; joked each other upon their appearance, when they should meet,—some hobbling upon crutches after a severe fit of the gout, others poking about with purblind eyes, tidy little brown wigs, and others decently dressed out in a new suit of mourning for the death of a great grand-daughter or a great-great-grandson.—Palsies, wrinkles, toothless gums, stiff joints and trembling knees, were bandied about in sallies of exuberant mirth, and appropriated, first to one and then to another, as a group of merry children would have distributed golden palaces, flying chariots, diamond tables, and chairs of solid pearl, under the fancied possession of a magician's wand, which could transform plain brick and timber, and humble mahogony, into such costly treasures.

'As for you, George,' exclaimed one of the twelve, addressing his brother-in-law, 'I expect I shall see you as dry, withered, and shrunken as an old eel-skin, you mere outside of a man!' and he accompanied the words with a hearty slap on the shoulder.

George Fortescue was leaning carelessly over the side of the yacht, laughing the loudest of any at the conversation which had been carried on. The sudden manual salutation of his brother-in-law threw him off his balance, and in a moment he was overboard. They heard the heavy splash, before they could be said to have seen him fall. The yacht was proceeding swiftly along; but it was instantly stopped. The utmost consternation now prevailed. It was nearly dark, but Fortescue was known to be an excellent swimmer, and startling as the accident was, they felt certain he would regain the vessel. They could not see him. They listened. They heard the sound of his hands and feet. They hailed him. An answer was returned, but in a faint gurgling voice, and the exclamation, 'Oh God,' struck upon their ears—In an instant two or three who were expert swimmers, plunged into the river, and swam towards the spot whence the exclamation proceeded. One of them was within an arm's length of Fortescue: he saw him; he was struggling and buffeting the water; before he could be reached, he went down, and his distracted friend beheld the eddying circles of the wave just over the spot where he had sunk. He dived after him, and touched the bottom; but the tide must have drifted the body onwards, for it could not be found They proceeded to one of the nearest stations where dra ropes were kept, and having procured the necessary apparatus they returned to the fatal spot. After the laps of above an hour. they succeeded in raising the lifeles body of their lost friend. All the usual remedies wer employed for restoring suspended animation ; but in vain and they now pursued the remainder of their course t London, in mournful silence, with the corpse of him wh had commenced the day of pleasure with them in the fulness of health, of spirits, and of life ! Amid their severer grief, they could not but reflect how soon one of th joyous twelve had slipped out of the little festive circle.

The months rolled on, and cold December came wit all its cheering round of kindly greetings and merry hospitalities ; and with it came a softened recollection of the fate of poor Fortescue ; *eleven* of the twelve assembled o the last day of the year, and it was impossible not to feel their loss as they sat down to dinner. The very irregularity of the table, six on one side, and only five on the other, forced the melancholy event upon their memory.

There are few sorrows so stubborn as to resist the united influences of wine, a circle of select friends, and a season of prescriptive gaiety. Even those pinching troubles of life, which come home to a man's own bosom, will light up a smile, in such moments, at the beaming countenance and jocund looks of all the rest of the world.

A decorous sigh or two, a few becoming ejaculations, and an instructive observation upon the uncertainty of life, made up the sum of tender posthumous "offerings to the *manes* of poor George Fortescue," as they proceeded to discharge the more immediate duties for which they had met. By the time the third glass of champagne had gone round, in addition to sundry potations of fine old hock, and "capital madeira," they had ceased to discover anything so very pathetic in the inequality of the two sides of the table, or so melancholy in their crippled number of eleven.

The rest of the evening passed on to their hearts' content. Conversation was briskly kept up amid the usual fire of pun, repartee, anecdote, politics, toasts, healths, jokes, broad laughter, erudite disquisitions upon the vintage of the wines they were drinking, and an occasional song, towards eleven o'clock when it might be observed that they had emptied their glasses with less symptoms of palating the quality of what they quaffed, and filled them again, with less anxiety as to which bottle or decanter they laid hold of, they gradually waxed moral and tender; sensibility began to ooze out; "poor George Fortescue!" was once more remembered: those who could count, sighed to think there were only eleven of them; and those who could see, felt the tears come in their eyes, as they dimly noted the inequality of the two sides of the table. They all agreed, at parting, however, that they had never passed such a happy day, congratulated each other on having instituted so delightful a meeting, and promised to be punctual to their appointment the ensuing evening when they were to celebrate the new-year, whose entrance they had welcomed in bumpers of claret, as the watchman cried "past-twelve!" beneath the window.

They met accordingly; and their gaiety was without any alloy or drawback. It was only the *first* time of their assembling, after the death of "poor George Fortescue," that made the recollection of it painful; for, though but a few hours had intervened, they now took their seats at the table, as if eleven had been their original number, and as if all were there that had ever been expected.

It is thus in every thing. The *first* time a man enters prison—the *first* book an author writes—the *first* painting an artist executes—the *first* battle a general wins—differ exceedingly from their *first* repetition. There is a harm, a spell, a novelty, a freshness, a delight insepara-le from the *first* experience, which no art or circumstance an impart to the *second*. And it is the same in all the arker traits of life. There is a degree of poignancy and nguish in the *first* assaults of sorrow, which is never ound afterwards. In every case, it is simply that the *rst* fine edge of our feelings had been taken off, and that can never be restored.

Several years elapsed, and our eleven friends kept up heir double anniversaries, as they might aptly enough be called, with scarcely any perceptible change. But, alas! there came one dinner at last, which was darkened by a calamity they never expected to witness, for on that very day, their friend, companion, brother almost, was hanged! Yes, Stephen Rowland, the wit, the oracle, the life of their little circle, had, on the morning of that day, forfeited his life upon a public scaffold, for having made one single stroke of his pen in a wrong place. In other words, a bill of exchange, which passed *into* his hands for 700£, passed *out* of it for 1700£, he having drawn the important little prefix to the hundreds, and the bill being paid at the banker's without examining the words of it. The forgery was discovered,—brought home to Rowland,—and though the greatest interest was used to obtain a remission of the fatal penalty, (the particular female favorite of the prime minister himself interfering,) poor Stephen Rowland was hanged. Every body pitied him; and nobody could tell why he did it. He was not poor; he was not a speculator; but phrenology settled it. The organ of *acquisitiveness* was discovered in his head, after his execution, as large as a pigeon's egg.

It would be injustice to the ten to say, that even wine, friendship, and a merry season, could dispel the gloom which pervaded this dinner. It was agreed beforehand, that they should not allude to the distressing and melancholy theme: and having thus interdicted the only thing which really occupied all their thoughts, the natural consequence was, that silent contemplation took the place of dismal discourse; and they separated long before midnight. An embarrassing restraint, indeed, pervaded the little conversation which grew up at intervals. The champagne was not in good order, but no one liked to complain of its being *ropy*. A beautiful painting of Vandyke, which was in the room, became a topic of discussion. They who thought it was *hung* in a bad place, shrunk from saying so; and no one ventured to speak of the *execution* of that great master. Their host was having the front of his house repaired, and at any other time he would have cautioned them, when they went away, as the night was very dark, to take care of the *scaffold*:

but no, they might have stumbled right and left before he would have pronounced that word, or told them not to *break their necks*. One, in particular, even abstained from using his customary phrase, " this is a *drop* of good wine;" and another forbore to congratulate the friend who sat next him, and who had been married since he last saw him, because he was accustomed, on such occasions, to employ figurative language, and talk of the holy *noose* of wedlock.

Some fifteen years had now glided away since the fate of poor Rowland, and the ten remained; but the stealing hand of time had written sundry changes in most legible characters. Raven lock shad become grizzled; two or three heads had not as many locks altogether as may be reckoned in a walk of half a mile along the Regent's Canal—one was actually covered with a brown wig—the crow's feet were visible in the corner of the eye—good old port, and warm Madeira carried it against hock, claret, red burgundy, and champagne—stews, hashes, and ragouts, grew into favor—crusts were rarely called for to relish the cheese after dinner—conversation was less boisterous, and it turned chiefly upon politics and the state of the funds, or the value of landed property—apologies were made for coming in thick shoes and warm stockings—the doors and windows were more carefully provided with list and sand bags—the fire more in request, and a quiet game at whist filled up the hours that were wont to be devoted to drinking, singing, and riotous merriment. Two rubbers, a cup of coffee, and at home by eleven o'clock, was the usual cry, when the fifth or sixth glass had gone round after the removal of the cloth. At parting, too, there was now a long ceremony in the hall, buttoning up great-coats, tying on woollen comforters, fixing silk handkerchiefs over the mouth and up to the ears, and grasping sturdy walking canes to support unsteady feet.

Their fiftieth anniversary came, and death had indeed been busy. One had been killed by the overturning of the mail coach, in which he had taken his place in order to be present at the dinner, having purchased an estate in Monmouthshire, and retired thither with his family. Another had undergone the terrific operation for the gravel, and expired beneath the knife--a third had yielded up a broken spirit two years after the loss of an only surviving and beloved daughter; a fourth was carried off in a few days by a *cholera morbus*; a fifth had breathed his last the very morning he obtained a judgment in his favor by the Lord Chancellor, which had cost him his last shilling nearly to get, and which, after a litigation of eighteen years, declared him the rightful owner of ten thousand a year,—ten minutes after he was no more. A sixth had perished by the hand of a midnight assassin, who broke into his house for plunder, and sacrificed the owner of it, as he grasped convulsively a bundle of Exchequer bills, which the robber was drawing from beneath his pillow, where he knew they were every night placed for better security.

Four little old men, of withered appearance, and decrepit walk, with cracked voices, and dim, rayless eyes, sat down, by the mercy of Heaven, (as they themselves tremulously declared) to celebrate, for the fiftieth time, the first day of the year, to observe the frolic compact, which, half a century before they had entered into at the Star and Garter, at Richmond! Eight were in their graves! The four that remained stood upon its confines. Yet they chirped cheerily over their glass, though they could scarcely carry it to their lips, if more than half full; and cracked their jokes, though they articulated their words with difficulty, and heard each other with still greater difficulty. They mumbled, they chattered, they laughed, (if a sort of strangled wheezing might be called a laugh;) and when the wines sent their icy blood in warmer pulse through their veins, they talked of the past as if it were but a yesterday that had slipped by them,--and of their future, as if it were a busy century that lay before them.

They were just the number for a quiet rubber of whist; and for three successive years they sat down to one. The fourth came, and then their rubber was played with an open dummy; a fifth, and whist was no longer practicable; *two* could play only at cribbage, and cribbage was the game. But it was little more than the mockery of play. Their palsied hands could hardly hold, or their fading sight distinguish, the cards, while their torpid faculties made them doze between each deal.

At length came the *last* dinner; and the survivor of the twelve, upon whose head fourscore and ten winters had showered their snow, ate his solitary meal. It so chanced that it was at his own house, and at his own table they had celebrated the first. In his cellar, too, had remained, for eight and fifty years, the bottle they had then uncorked, recorked, and which he was that day to uncork again. It stood beside him. With a feeble and reluctant grasp he took the "frail memorial" of a youthful vow; and, for a moment, memory was faithful to her office. She threw open the long vista of buried years; and his heart travelled through them all: Their lusty and blithesome spring,—their bright and fervid summer,—their ripe and temperate autumn,—their chill, but not too frozen winter. He saw, as in a mirror, how, one by one, the laughing companions of that merry hour, at Richmond, had dropped into eternity. He felt all the loneliness of his condition, (for he had eschewed marriage, and in the veins of no living creature ran a drop of blood whose source was in his own;) and as he drained the glass which he had filled, "to the memory of those who were gone," the tears trickled down the deep furrows of his aged face.

He had thus fulfilled one part of his vow, and he prepared himself to discharge the other, by sitting the usual number of hours at his desolate table. With a heavy heart he resigned himself to the gloom of his own thoughts; a lethargic sleep stole over him—his head fell upon his bosom—confused images crowded into his mind—he babbled to himself—was silent—and when his servant entered the room, alarmed by a noise which he heard, he found his master stretched upon the carpet, at the foot of the easy chair, out of which he had slipped in an appoplectic fit. He never spoke again, nor once opened his eyes, though the vital spark was not extinct until the following day. And this was the *last dinner*.

[*Blackwood's Magazine.*

PROFESSOR OF SIGNS.

King James IV., on removing to London, was waited upon by the Spanish Ambassador, a man of erudition, but who had a *crotchet* in his head, that every country should have a professor of signs, to teach him, and the like of him, to understand one another. The ambassador was lamenting one day, before the King, this great desideratum throughout all Europe, when the King, who was a queerish sort of a man, says to him—'Why I have a professor of signs in the northernmost college in my dominions, viz. at Aberdeen; but it is a great way off, perhaps 600 miles.' 'Were it 10,000 leagues off I shall see him,' says the ambassador, 'and am determined to set out in two or three days.' The King saw he had committed himself, and writes, or causes to be written, to the university of Aberdeen, stating the case, and desiring the professor to put him off some way, or make the best of him. The ambassador arrives, is received with great solemnity; but soon began to enquire which of them had the honor to be professor of signs? and being told that the professor was absent in the highlands, and would not return nobody knows when; says the ambassador, I will wait his return, though it were twelve months. Seeing that this would not do, and that they had to entertain him at a great expense all the while, they contrived a stratagem. There was one Geordy, a butcher, blind of an eye, a droll fellow, with much wit and roguery about him. He is got, told the story, and instructed to be a professor of signs; but not to speak on pain of death. Geordy undertakes it. The ambassador is now told, that the professor of signs would be at home next day, at which he rejoiced greatly. Geordy is gowned, wigged, and placed in a chair of state in a room of the college, all the professors and the ambassador being in an adjoining room. The ambassador is now shown into Geordy's room, and left to converse with him as well as he could, all the professors waiting the issue with fear and trembling. The ambassador holds up one of his fingers to Geordy; Geordy holds up two of his. The ambassador holds up three; Geordy clenches his fist and looks stern. The ambassador then takes an orange from is pocket, and holds it up ; Geordy takes a piece of bar- y cake from his pocket and holds that up. After which ie ambassador bows to him, and retires to the other pro- ssors, who anxiously inquired his opinion of their broth- r. 'He is a perfect miracle,' says the ambassador ; 'I ould not give him for the wealth of the Indies !, 'Well,' id the professors, 'to descend to particulars.' 'Why,' id the ambassador. 'I first held up one finger denoting at there is one God ; he held up two, signifying that ese are the father and son, I held up three meaning ther, son and holy ghost ; he clenched his fist to say, at these three are one. I then took out an orange, sig- fying the goodness of God, who gives his creatures not ly the necessaries of life, but the luxuries thereof ; upon hich the wonderful man presented a piece of bread, show- g that it was the staff of life, and preferable to every xury.' The professors were glad that matters had turn- l out so well ; so having got quit of the ambassador, ey next got Geordy, to hear his version of the signs. Well, Gerody, how have you come on, and what do u think of your man !' 'The rascal !' says Geordy, what did he do first think ye ? He held up one finger, as uch as to say, you have only one eye ! Then I held up o, meaning that my one eye was as good, perhaps as both his. Then the fellow held three of his fingers, to y that there were but three eyes between us ; and then was so mad at the scoundrel that I *steeked my nieve,* and is to come a whack on the side of his head, and would ha' ne it too, but for your sakes. Then the rascal did not p with his provocation here, but forsooth takes out an ange as much as to say, your poor baggarly cold coun- cannot produce that ! I showed him a whang of bear nnock, meaning that I dinna' care a farthing for him r his trash neither, as lang as ha' this ! But by all it's guid, (concluded Geordy,) I am angry yet that I na' thrash the hide o' the scoundrel !' So much for signs, two ways of telling a story.

ROMANTIC HISTORY.

Among those who were put to death during the perio of terror, the Colombians will long remember the unfortunate Donna Apolinaria Zalabarriata, better known b the name of La Pola, who was sentenced to death by Zamano, and shot, together with her betrothed husband. Sh was a young lady of good family in Bogota, and was distinguished by her beauty and accomplishments. Enthusiastically attached to the cause of liberty, she devote herself to the hazarduous task of obtaining and transmitting to Bolivar secret intelligence respecting the force disposition and plans of operation of the Royalist army The particulars of this important information she contrived to collect from the Spanish officers themselves, at th *tertulias*, or evening *conversationes*, at her house, whic were frequented by them, who listened with delight t her powers of conversation and singing, accompanied b the guitar. From these officers, who could not possibl suspect so young and apparently artless a female of an dangerous design, she used to inquire, as if merely in th course of conversation about their respective regiments and, by asking after their absent companions, she foun means of learning where their advanced posts were stationed. She transmitted all the information she could collect to Bolivar by means of a trusty messenger ; but unfortunately, one of her packets was intercepted and th messenger, under the terror of impending death was compelled to betray her. She was immediately tried by military court, (martial law having been proclaimed i the capital,) and was condemned to be shot, together wit her lover ; although no proofs whatever could be produced of his having been privy to her undertaking. They were placed in *capilla* for twelve hours, previous to being brought out for execution ; but even this short interva would not have been granted had not Zamano considered it of the greatest importance to discover if possible wh were accomplices. To effect this, no means were left untried to induce her to betray them.

She was on one hand threatened by the friar, who wa to confess her, with eternal punishment hereafter, if sh ould dare to conceal any thing from him ; and on the her, attempted to be bribed by offers of pardon and re- ard for herself and her betrothed, if she would declare whom she had been assisted. She, however, resolute- denied having any accomplice except the messenger hom she had employed. The lovers were both led t the next day, and bound close together, on two *ban- illos*, surrounded by troops.

When the picket of Grenadiers, appointed to shoot em, was marched up close, and in readiness, she was ice more offered pardon on former conditions. She again, ithout evincing any signs of fear, declared that if she d any accomplices she would scorn to betray them for e purpose of saving her own life ; but that as Bolivar as fast approaching, they would be known on his arri- l. Having observed that her intended husband was sitating, as if about to speak through a very natural ead of the death he saw so near, she implored him as r last request, if he had ever really loved her, to show his death, that he was worthy of her choice ; assuring m that the tyrant Zamano would never spare his life, hatever disclosures he might make ; and reminding him at he ought to derive consolation from the reflection that death was shared by her he loved. The friars then tired, and the firing party made ready. She then, for e first time, felt dread, and exclaimed ‘ You have the art, butchers, to kill a woman !’ She immediately cov- d face with her saya, and on drawing it aside for that rpose, the words, ‘*Viva La Patria,*’ were discovered broidered in gold on the *Basquiana.* The signal was n given from the Viceroy's balcony, and they were th instantly shot.

MASSACRE AT FORT WILLIAM HENRY.

[*From Carver's Travles.*]

General Webb, who commanded the English army in rth America, which was then encamped at Fort Edward, having intelligence that the French troops und Mons. Montcalm, were making some movements towar Fort William Henry, he detached a corps of about fifte hundred men, consisting of English and Provincials, strengthen the garrison. In this party I went as a v unteer among the latter.

The apprehensions of the English general were n without foundation; for the very day after our arrival v saw Lake George, (formerly Lake Sacrament,) to whi it lies contiguous, covered with an immense number boats; and in a few hours we found our line attacked l the French General, who had just landed with elev thousand Regulars, and Canadians, and two thousand I dians. Colonel Monro, a brave officer, commaned in tl Fort, and had no more than two thousand three hundr men with him, our detachment included.

With these he made a gallant defence, and probab would have been able at last to preserve the Fort, ha he been properly supported, and permitted to continue h efforts. On every summons to surrender sent by tl French General, who offered the most honorable term his answer repeatedly was, That he yet found himself a condition to repel the most vigorous attacks his besiege were able to make; and if he thought his present for insufficient, he could soon be supplied with a great number from the adjacent army.

But the Colonel having acquainted General Webb wi his situation, and desired he would send him some fres troops, the General dispatched a messenger to him wi a letter, wherein he informed him that it was not in his power to assist him, and therefore gave him orders to surrend the Fort on the best terms he could procure. This pack fell into the hands of the French General who immed ately sent a flag of truce, desiring a conference with th governor.

They accordingly met, attended only by a small gua in the centre between the lines; when Mons. Montcal told the Colonel that he was come in person to deman possession of the Fort, as it belonged to the King h master. The Col. replied, that he knew not how th

uld be, nor should he surrender it up while he could
nd it.

The French General rejoined, at the same time deliver-
g the packet into the Colonel's hand, "By this "au-
ority do I make the requisition." The brave Governor
ad no sooner read the contents of it, and was convinced
at such were the orders of the commander in chief, and
t to be disobeyed, than he hung his head in silence, and
luctantly entered into a negociation.

In consideration of the gallant defence the garrison had
ade, they were to be permitted to march out with all the
nors of war, to be allowed covered waggons to trans-
rt their baggage to Fort Edward, and a guard to protect
em from the fury of the savages.

The morning after the capitulation was signed, as soon
day broke, the whole garrison, now consisting of about
vo thousand men, besides women and children, were
awn up within the lines, and on the point of marching
f, when a great number of Indians gathered about, and
gan to plunder. We at first hoped that this was
eir only view, and suffered them to proceed without op-
sition. Indeed it was not in our power to make any,
d we been so inclined; for though we were permitted
carry off our arms, yet we were not allowed a single
und of ammunition. In this hope however we were
appointed; for presently some of them began to attack
e sick and wounded, when such as were not able to
awl into the ranks, notwithstanding they endeavored to
ert the fury of their enemies by their shrieks or groans,
ere soon dispatched.

Here we were fully in expectation that the disturbance
uld have concluded; and our little army began to move;
t in a short time we saw the front division driven back,
d discovered that we were entirely encircled by the sav-
es. We expected every moment that the guard, which
e French, by the articles of capitulation had agreed to
ow us, would have arrived, and put an end to our ap-
ehensions; but none appeared. The Indians now be-
n to strip every one without exception of their arms
d clothes, and those who made the least resistance felt
e weight of their tomahawks.

I happened to be in the rear division, but it was not lo before I shared the fate of my companions. Three or fo savages laid hold of me, and whilst some held their wea ons over my head, the others soon disrobed me of my coa waistcoat, hat, and buckles, omitting not to take from n what money I had in my pocket. As this was transact close by the passage that led from the lines on to the plai near which a French centinel was posted, I ran to hi and claimed his protection; but he only called me an E glish dog, and thrust me with violence back again into t midst of the Indians.

I now endeavored to join a body of our troops th were crowded together at some distance; but innumerab were the blows aimed at me with different weapon as passed on; luckily however the savages were so close t gether, that they could not strike at me without endar gering each other. Notwithstanding which, one of the found means to make a thrust at me with a spear, whi grazed my side, and from another I received a woun with the same weapon, in my ankle. At length I gain the spot where my countrymen stood, and forced myse into the midst of them. But before I got thus far out the hands of the Indians, the collar and wristbands of m shirt were all that remained of it, and my flesh wa scratched and torn in many places by their savage gripe

By this time the war whoop was given, and the Indian began to murder those who were nearest to them withou distinction. It is not in the power of words to give an tolerable idea of the horrid scene that now ensued; me women, and children were dispatched in the most wanto and cruel manner, and immediately scalped. Many these savages drank the blood of their victims, as it flowed warm from the fatal wound.

We now perceived, though too late to avail us, that w were to expect no relief from the French; and that, cor trary to the agreement they had so lately signed to allo us a sufficient force to protect us from these insults, the tacitly permitted them; for I could plainly perceive th French officers walking about at some distance, discoursing together with apparent unconcern. For the honor human nature I would hope that this flagrant breach

very sacred law, proceeded rather from the savage disposi-
.on of the Indians, which I acknowledge it is sometimes
lmost impossible to control, and which might now unex-
ectedly have arrived at a pitch not easily to be restrained,
han to any premeditated design in the French commander.
n unprejudiced observer would, however, be apt to con-
lude, that a body of ten thousand christian troops, had it
their power to prevent the massacre from becoming so
eneral. But whatever was the cause from which it arose,
e consequences of it were dreadful, and not to be paral-
led in modern history.

As the circle in which I stood enclosed by this time
as much thinned, and death seemed to be approaching
ith hasty strides, it was proposed by some of the most
solute to make one vigorous effort, and endeavor to force
r way through the savages, the only probable method
preserving our lives that now remained. This, how-
ver desperate, was resolved on, and about twenty of us
rung at once into the midst of them.

In a moment we were all separated, and what was the
te of my companions I could not learn till some months
ter, when I found that only six or seven of them effect-
their design. Intent only on my own hazardous situ-
ion, I endeavored to make my way through my savage
emies in the best manner possible. And I have often
en astonished since, when I have recollected with what
mposure I took, as I did, every necessary step for my
eservation. Some I overturned, being at that time
ung and athletic, and others I passed by, dexterously
oiding their weapons; till at last two very stout chiefs,
the most savage tribes, as I could distinguish by their
ess, whose strength I could not resist, laid hold of me
each arm, and began to force me through the crowd.

I now resigned myself to my fate, not doubting but
at they intended to dispatch me, and then to satiate
eir vengeance with my blood, as I found they were hur-
ing me towards a retired swamp that lay at some dis-
nce. But before we had got many yards, an English
ntleman of some distinction, as I could discover by his
ess, rushed close by us. One of the Indians instantly
linquished his hold, and springing on this new object,

endeavored to seize him as his prey; but the gentleman being strong, threw him on the ground, and woul probably have got away, had not he who held my othe arm, quitted me to assist his brother. I seized the opportunity, and hastened away to join another party of English troops that were yet unbroken, and stood in a bod at some distance. But before I had taken many steps, hastily cast my eye towards the gentleman, and saw th Indian's tomahawk gash into his back, and heard him utter his last groan; this added both to my speed and desperation.

I had left this shocking scene but a few yards, wher a fine boy about twelve years of age, who had hithert escaped, came up to me, and begged that I would let hin lay hold of me, so that he might stand some chance o getting out of the hands of the savages. I told him tha I would give him every assistance in my power, and t this purpose bid him lay hold; but in a few moments h was torn from my side, and by his shrieks I judged he wa soon demolished. I could not help forgetting my owr cares for a minute, to contemplate the fate of so young sufferer; but it was utterly impossible for me to take an methods to prevent it.

I was now once more in the midst of friends, but w were unable to afford each other any succor. As this wa the division that had advanced the farthest from the fort, thought there might be a possibility, (though but a bare one,) of forcing my way through the outer ranks of the Indians, and getting to a neighboring wood, which I perceived at some distance. I was first encouraged to hope by the almost miraculous preservation I had already experienced.

Nor were my hopes in vain. Suffice it to say that I reached the wood; but by the time I had penetrated a little way into it, my breath was so exhausted that I threw myself into a brake and lay for some minutes apparently at the last gasp. At length I recovered the power of respiration; but my apprehensions returned with all their former force, when I saw several savages pass by, probably in pursuit of me, at no very great distance. In this situation, I knew not whether it were better to proceed or endeavor to conceal myself where I lay, till night came on; fearing, however, that they would return the same way. I thought it most prudent to get further from the dreadful scene of my distresses. Accordingly, striking into another part of the wood, I hastened on as fast as the briars and the loss of one shoe would permit me; and after a slow progress of some hours, gained a hill that overlooked the plain which I had just left, from whence I could discern that the bloody storm still raged with unabated fury.

But not to tire my readers, I shall only add, that after passing three days without subsistence, and enduring the severity of the cold dews for three nights, I at length reached Fort Edward; where with proper care my body soon recovered its wonted strength, and my mind, as far as the recollection of the late melancholy events would permit its usual composure.

It was computed that fifteen hundred persons were killed or made prisoners by these savages during this fatal day. Many of the latter were carried off by them and never returned. A few, found their way back to their native country, after having experienced a long and severe captivity.

The brave Colonel Monro had hastened away soon after the confusion began, to the French camp to endeavor to procure the guard agreed by the stipulation, but his application pröving ineffectual, he remained there till General Webb sent a party of troops to demand and protect him back to Fort Edward. But these unhappy concurrences, which would probably have been prevented, had he been left to pursue his own plans, together with the loss of so many brave fellows, murdered in cold blood, to whose valor he had been so lately a witness, made such an impression on his mind, that he did not long survive. He died in about three months of a broken heart, and with truth it might be said, that he was an honor to his country.

I cannot refrain from observing that very few of those different tribes of Indians lived to return home. The smallpox, by means of their communication with the Europeans, found its way among them, and made an equal havoc to what they themselves had done. The methods they pursued on the first attack of that malignant disorder, to abat the fever attending it, rendered it fatal. Whilst thei blood was in a state of fermentation, and nature was striving to throw out the peccant matter, they checked her operations by plunging into the water: the consequence wa that they died by hundreds. The few that survived wer transformed by it into hideous objects, and bore with then to the grave deep indented marks of this much dreade disease.

That the unprovoked cruelty of the French commande was not approved of by the generality of his countrymen I have since been convinced by many proofs. One only however, whcb I received from a person who was witness to it, shall I at present give. A Canadian merchant of some consideration, having heard of the surrender of th English fort, celebrated the fortunate event with great rejoicings and hospitality, according to the custom of tha country; but no sooner did the news of the massacr which ensued reach his ears, than he put an immediat stop to the festivity, and exclaimed in the severest terms against the inhuman permission; declaring at the same time that those who had connived at it, had thereby drawn down, on that part of their king's dominions the vengeance of Heaven. To this he added, that he much feared the total loss of them would deservedly be the consequence. How truly this prediction has been verified we well know.

CAPT. VAN HALEN'S ESCAPE FROM THE INQUISITION.

The Spanish Capt. Van Halen, a native of Cadiz, and particularly known for his zeal in propagating secret associations had begun in 1817 to disseminate their liberal principles among the inhabitants of the city of Murcia, where he was in garrison. His devotion to this subject could not long remain unpunished: he was soon denounced, and conducted to prison. His papers which had been seized proved that he had been in correspondence with all the secret societies in the kingdom. Being thus convicted of two crimes at once, the local authorities considered the matter too important to be submitted to their decision, and Van Halen was transported under a numerous escort, to the prisons of the most obscure dungeons in the inquisition. Preparations were made for his trial; but as he had declared, from the first moment of his arrest, that he would give no answer to the charges against him, unless in presence of the king, and this resolution having been several times reported to the king, Van Halen was at length brought before him.

Not at all affected by the tortures he had undergone in his captivity, nor by the almost certain prospect of a speedy and cruel death, instead of imploring the favor of Ferdinand, he devoted the brief interview to presenting him with a picture of the ruinous situation to which he had been reduced by his ministry. He declared to him hat all Spain was in fact filled with secret societies; that ersecutions were vainly employed for their destruction; hat no human power could succeed in attempting to defeat heir object; that the persons of whom the societies were omposed had never proposed any project against the life f the king, nor even against his rank or dignity; that n placing him on a throne supported by the laws and y the love and confidence of the people, his power would ave been raised to the highest degree of stability; in hort, that in order to secure a happy result, it might erhaps be sufficient if the king would of his own free hoice, adopt the spirit of those very societies, and place imself at their head. He demanded of him to require om the Court of Rome, the revocation of the censures he had pronounced against them; above all that he should ject the narrow and sanguinary interest of his counselrs; and declared that the king of Spain would then have his disposal an invincible army, which he might ined despair to reduce to servitude, but which while it mained free, would also be the more devoted and the ore faithful."

At this kind of language, in which the ministry were t accustomed to deal, Ferdinand betrayed more surprise an irritation. The character of that prince has appeared in so inexplicable a light, so contrary in different situations of life, that we should be afraid to decide whether the condescension with which he treated Van Halen was the effect of compassion or of profound dissimulation. It is certain however, that he enquired, with an appearance of the tenderest interest concerning the privations he had suffered in prison; and on learning that he was accustomed to smoking tobacco, sent him a case of Havana segars from among those which had been reserved for his own use. After such marks of interest, one would have looked for the clemency of the prince and the liberation of Van Halen; but the fact was far otherwise. While his friends were enjoying the expectation of a happy termination to the affair, the ministers of Ferdinand pressed its decision with activity; and information was brought by a little child, an attendant in the prison, that the greatest danger was to be apprehended to Van Halen. The child having caught a few words by accident of a conversation which was going on, succeeded in finding her way to a small window by which the dungeon was lighted, informed him of the danger to which he was exposed, and supplied him with paper and a pencil.

Van Halen was thus enabled to open a correspondence with his friends in the city, and inform them, that in spite of the difficulties under which he labored, the means of escape were in his power. He received in reply that "their arms and their purses were at his service." A great reward was therefore offered to his interesting little messenger; and a topographical plan having been drawn of the streets in the neighborhood of the prison, a copy of it was sent to Van Halen, on which were marked the places where his friends were to be posted. All this being thus concerted, it was necessary only to fix on a moment for the execution of the plan. It was in the winter; the day had arrived; the clock struck seven; and the first detachment of his friends assembled at the distance of a few paces from the principal entrance of the prison. A man made his appearance, dressed in a night gown and slippers. In an instant they disguised him in a foreign uniform and led him away.

After taking several long turns through the streets of drid, in order to baffle a pursuit, the fugitive was con- ted to a safe retreat, where he found a large sum remit- for him by the generous Count of Montijo, with pass- ts provided for his departure from Spain.—He passed of the kingdom into Portugal, and thence to England, r which he took the route to Russia, where he entered the military service.

The secrecy with which this affair was conducted is more honorable to the character and patriotism of Spaniards, because that from the moment when it s decided that Van Halen should remain a few days Madrid, to avoid the search which was known to making in the environs of the city, all the mem- s of the secret societies having been informed of his es- e, desired to see him, and did in fact see him, without occurrence of a single act of indiscretion, and, indeed, thout causing any apprehension to the fugitive or his nds. We do not believe that history can furnish a re noble example of confidence, or one which was more tified by the event. It was during the interval which n Halen spent in Madrid, in expectation of an oppor- nity to leave the country, that he recounted to many of s friends who were continually visiting him, the par- ulars of his escape; and they are at once so romantic d so well authenticated, that we cannot withhold them m our readers.

When he had obtained from his little friend the prison l, a precise description of the edifice, which he had on- passed through very hastily at his introduction, he re- ested of the jailor to be supplied with some medicine hich he pretended to want, and desired it might be ought to him at the hour he had fixed for his friends to ait for him. While the jailor was laying the medicine the table, he seized him in an instant, and throwing m upon the bed, covered him with the clothes, sprung t of the door which had been left open, locked it after m, passed through the intricate winding passages, which e little girl had described to him a hundred times over, d instead of taking the direction to the outer door which would have been impossible to pass, obeyed her direc- ons, and followed the course that led to the apartments

inhabited by the jailor's family, consisting of his wife ad
daughter, who being occupied with domestic affairs, we
terribly frightened at the appearance of such an appa-
tion, and never thought of attempting to prevent his -
cape, which he effected by an outer door. It was not lo
however, before the two women came to their senses, a
entering the prison began to search for the jailor; but wa
dering without light through the dark and spacious cor
dors, they were long in finding the right way to V
Halen's dungeon.

MR. BOWER'S ESCAPE FROM THE INQUISITIO

"I never (says Mr. Bower,) pretended that it was f
the sake of religion alone, that I left Italy; but on th
contrary, have often declared, as all my friends can attes
that, had I never belonged to the Inquisition, I should hav
gone on, as most Roman Catholics do, without eve
so much as questioning the truth of the religion in whic
I was educated or thinking of any other. But the un
heard of cruelties of that secret tribunal shocked me be
yond all expression, and rendered me, as I was obliged
by office of Counsellor to be accessary to them, one o
the most unhappy men upon earth. I therefore began t
think of resigning my office; but, as I had on severa
occasions, betrayed some weakness, as they termed it,—that is, some compassion and humanity, and had upon that account been reprimanded by the Inquisitor, I was well apprized that my resignation would be ascribed by him to my disapproving the proceedings of the holy tribunal. And indeed to nothing else could he have ascribed it, as a place at that board was a sure way to preferment, and attended with great privileges and a considerable salary. Being therefore, sensible how dangerous a thing it would be to give the least ground to any suspicion of that nature, and no longer able to bear the sight of the many barbarities practised almost daily within those walls, nor the reproaches of my conscience, in being accessary to them, I determined after many restless nights, and much

deliberation with myself, to withdraw at the same time from the Inquisitor and from Italy. In this mind, and in the most unhappy and tormenting situation that can possibly be imagined, I continued near a twelvemonth, not able to prevail upon myself to execute the resolution I had taken, on account of the many dangers which I foresaw would inevitably attend it, and the dreadful consequences of my failing in the attempt. But, being in the mean time ordered by the Inquisitor to apprehend a person, with whom I lived in the greatest intimacy and riendship, the part I was obliged to act on that occasion, left so deep an impression on my mind as soon prevailed ver all my fears, and made me determine to put in execuion, at all events and without further delay, the designs had formed. Of that remarkable transaction, therefore, shall give here a particular account, the rather as it will how in a very strong light, the nature of the proceedings n that horrid court.

The person, whom the Inquisitor appointed me to aprehend, was Count Vincenzo della Torre, descended from n illustrious family in Germany, and possessed of a very onsiderable estate in the territory of Macerata. He was ne of my very particular friends, and had lately married e daughter of Signior Constantini, of Fermo, a lady no ss esteemed for her good sense than her beauty. With er family, too, I had contracted an intimate acquaintnce, while professor of Rhetoric in Fermo, and had often ttended the Count during his courtship, from Macerata Fermo, but fifteen miles distant. I therefore lived with oth in the greatest friendship and intimacy; and the ount was the only person that lived with me, after I as made Counsellor of the Inquisition, upon the same ee footing as he had done till that time: my other friends ving grown shy of me, gave me plainly to understand, at they no longer cared for my company.

As this unhappy young gentleman was one day walkg with another, he met two Capuchin friars; and, turng to his companion, when they were passed, 'What ols,' said he, 'are these to think they shall gain heaven wearing sackcloth and going bare foot! Fools indeed, they think so, or that there is any merit in tormenting one's self: they might as well live as we do, and th would get to heaven quite as soon.' Who informed agair him, whether the friars, his companions, or somebody els I know not: for the Inquisitors never tell the names the informers to the Counsellors, nor the names of t witnesses, lest they should except against them. It is be observed, that all who hear any proposition, that a pears to them repugnant to, or inconsistent with the do trine of the holy mother church, is bound to reveal it the Inquisitor, and likewise to discover the person b whom it was uttered; and, in this affair no regard is be had to any ties, however sacred; the brother bein bound to accuse the brother, the father to accuse the soi the son the father, the wife the husband, and the husban his wife; and all bound on pain of eternal damnatior and of being deemed and treated as accomplices, if the do not denounce in a certain time; and no confessor ca absolve a person, who has heard any thing said, in jest o in earnest, against the belief or practice of the churcl till that person has informed the Inquisitor of it, and giv en him all the intelligence he can concerning the perso by whom it was said.

Whoever it was that informed against my unhappy friend, whether the friars, his companion, or somebody els who might have overheard him, the Inquisitor acquainted the board one night (for, to be less observed, they commonly meet, out of Rome, in the night) that the above-mentioned propositions had been advanced, and advanced gravely at the sight of two Capuchins: that the evidence was unexceptionable; and they therefore had met to determine the quality of the proposition, and proceed against the delinquent agreeably to that determination. There are in each Inquisition twelve counsellors, viz. four Divines, four Canonists, and four Civilians. It is chiefly the province of the divines to determine the quality of the proposition, viz. Whether it is heretical, or only savours of heresy; whether it is blasphemous and injurious to God and his saints, or only erroneous, rash, schismatical, or offensive to pious ears.

That part of the proposition, "Fools, if they think that there is any merit in tormenting one's self," was judged and declared heretical, as openly contradicting the doctrine and practice of the holy mother church recommending austerities as highly meritorious. The Inqusitor observed, on this occasion, that by the proposition, "Fools indeed," &c. were taxed with folly not only the holy fathers, who had all to a man practised great austerities, but St. Paul himself, who chastised his body," that is whipped himself, as the Inquisitor understood it; adding, that the practice of whipping one's self, so much recommended by all the founders of religious orders, was borrowed of the great apostle of the gentiles.

The proposition being declared heretical, it was unanimously agreed by the board that the person who had uttered it, should be apprehended and proceeded against agreeably to the laws of the Inqiusition. And now the person was named; for, till it is determined whether the accused person should or should not be apprehended, his name is kept concealed from the counsellors, lest they should be biassed, says the Directory, in his favor or against him. For, in many instances, they keep up appearances of justice and equity, at the same time that n truth, they act in direct opposition to all their known aws. No words can express the concern and astonishment it gave me to hear, on such occasion, the name of a friend for whom I had the greatest esteem and regard. The Inquisitor was apprized of it; and to give me an opportunity of practising what he had often recommended, viz. of conquering nature with the assistance of grace, he appointed me to apprehend the criminal, and lodge him safe before day-light, in the prison of the holy Inquiition. I offered to excuse myself, but with the greatest ubmission, from being any ways concerned in the exeution of that order; an order, 1 said, which I entirely pproved of, and only wished it might be put in execuion by some other person; for your lordship knows, I aid, the connection. But the Inquisitor, shocked at the vord, "What?" said he, with a stern and angry tone of oice, "talk of connections where the faith is concerned! here is your guard, pointing to the Sbirri, or bailiffs, in vaiting, let the criminal be secured in St. Luke's cell (one f the worst) before three in the morning." He then withdrew with the rest of the counsellors; and as he passed me, "Thus," he said, "nature is conquered." I had betrayed some weakness, or sense of humanity, not long before in fainting away while I attended the torture of one who was racked with the utmost barbarity; and had on that occasion, been reprimanded by the Inquisitor for suffering nature to get the better of grace; it being an inexcusable weakness, as he observed, to be any way affected with the suffering of the body, however great, when inflicted, as they ever are in the Holy Inquisition, for the good of the soul. And it was, I presume, to make trial of the effect this reprimand had had upon me, that the execution of this cruel order was committed to me. As I could by no possible means decline it, I summoned all my resolution, after passing an hour by myself, as it were in the agonies of death, and set out a little after two in the morning, for my unhappy friend's house, attended by a notary of the Inquisition, and six armed Sbirri.

We arrived at the house by different ways, and knocking at the door, a maid servant looked out of the window, and inquiring who knocked, was answered, the Holy Inquisition, and at the same time, ordered to awake nobody, but to come down directly and open the door, on pain of excommunication. At these words, the servant hastened down, half naked as she was, and having with much ado, in her great fright, at last opened the door, she conducted us as she was ordered, pale and trembling, to her master's bed-chamber. She often looked very earnestly at me, as she knew me, and showed a great desire to speak to me; but of her I durst take no kind of notice. I entered the bed-chamber with the notary, followed by the Sbirri, when the lady, awakening at the noise, and seeing the bed surrounded by armed men, screamed out aloud, and continued screaming as if out of her senses, till one of the Sbirri, provoked at the noise, gave her a blow on the forehead that made the blood run down her face, and she swooned away. I rebuked the fellow very severely, and ordered him to be whipped as soon as I returned to the Inquisition.

In the mean time the husband awaking and seeing me with my attendants, cried out in the utmost surprise, "Mr Bower!" He then said no more; nor could I for some time, utter a single word; and it was with much ado that, in the end, I mastered my grief so far as to be able to let my unfortunate friend know that he was a prisoner of the Holy Inquisition. "Of the Holy Inquisition?" he replied, "alas! what have I done? My dear friend, be my friend now." He said many affecting things; but, as I knew it was not in my power to befriend him, I had not courage to look him in the face, but turning my back o him, withdrew while he dressed, to a corner of the room, to give vent to my grief there. The notary stood by him while he dressed, and as I observed, quite unaffected. Indeed, to be void of all humanity, to be able to behold one's fellow-creatures groaning and ready to expire in the most exquisite torments cruelty can invent, without being in the least affected with their sufferings, s one of the chief qualifications of an Inquisitor, and what ll who belong to the Inquisition must strive to attain.

It often happens, at that infernal tribunal, that, while n unhappy, and probably an innocent person is crying ut in their presence on the rack, and begging by all that s sacred for one moment's relief, in a manner one would hink no human heart could withstand, that the Inquisitor nd the rest of his inhuman crew, quite unaffected with his complaints, and deaf to his groans, his tears and entreaties, are entertaining one another with the news of he town; nay, sometimes insult with unheard of barbarty, the unhappy wretches in the height of their torments.

To return to my unhappy prisoner; he was no sooner dressed, than I ordered the Bargello, or head of the Sberri, o tie his hands with a cord behind his back, as is practised n such occasions, without distinction of persons, no more egard being shown to men of the first rank, when charged with heresy, than to the meanest artificers. Heresy dis olves all friendship; so that I durst no longer look upon he man with whom I had lived in the greatest friendship nd intimacy, as my friend, or shew him, on that account, he least regard or indulgence.

As we left the chamber, the Countess, who had been onveyed out of the room, met us, and screaming in a most pitiful manner, upon seeing her husband with his hands tied behind his back like a thief or robber, flew embrace him, and hanging on his neck, begged, with flood of tears, we would be so merciful as to put an e to her life, that she might have the satisfaction, the on satisfaction she wished for in this world, of dying in t bosom of the man with whom she had vowed never part. The Count, overwhelmed with grief, did not utt a single word. I could not find in my heart, nor was I a condition to interpose ; and, indeed, a scene of great distress was never beheld by human eyes. However, signal was given the notary to part them, which he d accordingly, quite unconcerned ; but the Countess fell in a swoon, and the Count was in the mean time, carri down stairs and out of the house, amidst the loud lamentations and sighs of his servants, on all sides ; for he w a man remarkable for the sweetness of his temper, and h kindness to all around him.

On arriving at the Inquisition, my prisoner was consigned into the hands of the gaoler, a lay brother of S Dominic, who shut him up in the dungeon mentione above, and delivered the key to me. I lay that night i the palace where every counsellor has a room, and returned the key the next morning to the Inquisitor, tellin him that his order had been punctually complied wit The Inquisitor had been already minutely informed of m whole conduct by the notary ; and therefore, upon my delivering the key to him said, " You have acted like on who is desirous at least to overcome, with the assistanc of grace, the inclinations of nature ;" that is, like on who is desirous with the assistance of grace, to metamorphose himself, from a human creature, into a brute or devil.

Every prisoner is kept, the first week of his imprisonment, in a dark narrow dungeon, so low that he canno stand upright in it, seeing no one but the gaoler, wh carries him, every other day, his portion of bread and water, the only food that is allowed him. This is done, the say, to tame him, and render him, thus weakened, mor sensible of the torture, and less able to bear it. At the end of the week, he is brought in the night before the board to be examined ; and on that occasion my poo friend became so altered, in a week's time, that, had it not been for his dress, I should not have known him ; and indeed no wonder ; a change of condition so sudden and unexpected ; the unworthy and barbarous treatment he had already received ; the apprehension of what he might, and probably should suffer ; and perhaps, more than any thing else, the distressed and forlorn condition of his once happy wife, whom he tenderly loved, whose company he had enjoyed only six months, could be attended with no other effect. Being asked, according to custom, whether he had any enemies, and desired to name them ; he answered, that he bore enmity to no man, and hoped that no man bore enmity to him. For as, in this tribunal, the person accused is not told of the charge brought against him, nor of the person by whom it is brought, the Inquisitor asks him whether he has any enemies, and desires him to name them. If he names the informer all proceedings are stopped till the informer is examined anew ; and if the information is found to proceed from ill will, and no collateral proof can be produced, the prisoner is discharged. Of this piece of justice they frequently boast, at the same time that they admit, both as informers and witnesses, persons of the most infamous character, and such as are excluded by all other courts.

In the next place, the prisoner is ordered to swear that he will declare the truth, and conceal nothing from the holy tribunal, concerning himself or others, which he knows, and the holy tribunal is desirous to know. He is hen interrogated for what crime he has been apprehended nd imprisoned by the Holy Court of the Inquisition, of ll courts the most equitable, the most cautious, the most merciful. To that interrogatory the Count answered with faint and trembling voice, that he was not conscious to imself of any crime, cognizable by that holy court, nor, ndeed, by any other ; that he believed, and ever had be- eved, whatever the holy mother church believed, or re- uired him to believe. He had, it seems, quite forgot what he had unthinkingly said at the sight of the two friars. The Inquisitor therefore, finding that he did not remember, or would not own his crime, after many deceitful interrogatories, and promises which he never intended to fulfil, ordered him back to his dungeon, and allowing him another week, as is customary in such cases, to recollect himself, told him that, if he could not at that time prevail upon himself to declare the truth, agreeably to his oath, means would be found of forcing it from him ; and he must expect no mercy.

At the end of the week he was brought again before the infernal tribunal, and being asked the same questions, returned the same answers, adding, that if he had done or said any thing amiss, unwittingly or ignorantly, he was ready to own it, provided the least hint of it were given him by any there present, which he entreated them most earnestly to do. He often looked at me, and seemed to expect, which gave me such concern as no words can express, that I should say something in his favor. But I was not allowed to speak on this occasion, nor were any of the counsellors ; and had it been otherwise, I should not have dared to say any thing in his favor, the advocate appointed by the Inquisition, and commonly called "The Devil's Advocate," being the only person who is suffered to speak for the prisoner.

This advocate belongs to the tribunal, receives a salary, and is bound by an oath to abandon the defence of the prisoner if he undertakes it, or not to undertake it, if he finds it cannot be defended agreeably to the laws of the Holy tribunal ; so that the whole is a mere sham and imposition. I have heard this advocate, on other occasions, allege something in favor of the person accused ; but on this occasion, he declared that he had nothing to offer in defence of the criminal.

In the Inquisition, the person accused is always supposed guilty, unless he has named the accuser amongst his enemies : and he is put to the torture if he does not plead guilty, and own the crime that is laid to his charge, without being so much as told what it is ; whereas in all other courts where tortures are used, the charge is declared to the party accused before he is tortured ; nor are they ever inflicted without a credible evidence brought of his guilt. But in this court a man is frequently tortured upon the deposition of a person, whose evidence would be admitted in no other, and in all cases without hearing his charge.

As my unfortunate friend continued to maintain his inocence not recollecting what he had said, he was agreealy to the laws of the Inquisition, put to the torture. He ad scarcely borne it twenty minutes, crying out the hole time, "Jesus Maria," when his voice failed him at nce, and he fainted away. He was then supported as e hung by his arms, by two of the Sbirri, whose provice it is to manage the torture, till he returned to himlf. He still continued to declare that he could not reclect his having said or done any thing contrary to the atholic faith, and earnestly begged they would let him now with what he was charged, being ready to own it it was true. The Inquisitor then was so gracious as put him in mind of what he had said on seeing the vo Capuchins. The reason why they so long conceal om the party accused, the crime he is charged with, is, at if he should be conscious to himself of his having ever id or done any thing contrary to the faith, which he is not arged with, he may discover that too, imagining it to the very crime he is accused of. After a short pause, e poor gentleman owned that he had said something to at purpose, but as he said it with no evil intention, he d never more thought of it from that time to the prest. He added, but with so faint a voice as scarce could heard, that for his rashness he was willing to undergo hat punishment soever the holy tribunal should think fit impose on him; and he again fainted away. Being sed for awhile of his torment, and returned to himself, was interrogated by the promoter fiscal (whose busiss it is to accuse and to prosecute, as neither the informer r the witnesses are ever to appear) concerning his intenn. For, in the Inquisition, it is not enough for the rty accused to confess the fact, he must likewise declare hether his intention was heretical or not; and many to leem themselves from the torments they can no longer dure, own their intention was heretical, though it really s not. My poor friend often told us, he was ready to whatever we pleased; but, as he never directly acowledged his intention to have been heretical, as is required by the rules of the court, he was kept on the to ture till, quite overcome with the violence of the anguis he was ready to expire; and, being then taken down, was carried quite senseless, back to his dungeon; a there, on the third day, death put an end to his suffering The Inquisitor wrote a note to his widow, to desire her pray for the soul of her late husband, and warn her n to complain of the Holy Inquisition, as capable of any ju tice or cruelty. The estate was confiscated to the Inqu sition, and a small jointure allowed out of it to the wi ow. As they had only been married six months, a some part of the fortune was not yet paid, the Inquisit sent an order to the Constantini family, at Fermo, to pa to the holy office, and without delay, what they ow to the late count della Torre. For the effects of her tics are all confiscated from the very day, not of the conviction, but of their crime; so that all donations ma after that time are void; and whatever they have giv is claimed by the Inquisition, into what hands soever may have passed; even the fortunes they have given their daughters in marriage have been declared to belo to, and are claimed by the Inquisition; nor can it doubted that the desire of those confiscations is one gre cause of the injustice and cruelty of that court.

The death of the unhappy Count della Torre was so publicly known; but no man cared to speak of it, n even his nearest relations, nor so much as to mention h name, lest any thing should inadvertently escape the which might be construed into a disapprobation of th proceedings of the most holy tribuual; so great is th awe inspired by that jealous and merciless court.

The deep impresssion which the death of my frien the most barbarous and inhuman treatment he had m with, and the part I had been obliged to act in so affectin a tragedy, made on my mind, got at once the better my fears; so that forgetting the dangers I had till then s much apprehended, I resolved, without further delay, t put in execution my design of quitting the Inquisition, an bidding forever adieu to Italy. To execute that desig with some safety, I proposed to beg leave of the Inquis itor to visit the Virgin of Loretto, but thirteen miles dis tant, and to pass a week there; but in the mean time, to make the best of my way to the country of the Grisons, the nearest country to Macerata, beyond the reach of the Inquisition. Having therefore, after many conflicts with myself, asked leave to visit the neighboring sanctuary, and obtained it, I set out on horseback the very next morning, leaving, as I proposed to keep the horse, his full value with the owner. I took the road to Loretto, but turned out of it at a small distance from Recanati, after a most violent struggle with myself, the attempt appearing to me at that juncture, quite desperate and impracticable, and the dreadful doom reserved for me, should my plan fail, presented itself to my mind in its strongest light. But the reflection that I had it in my power to avoid being taken alive, and a permuation that a man, in my situation might lawfully avoid it, when every other means failed him, revived my staggering resolution; and all my fears ceasing at once, I steered my course, leaving Loretto behind me, to Rocca Contrada, to Fossonbrone, to Calvi in the dukedom of Urbino, and from thence through the Romagna into the Bolognese, keeping the by roads, and at a good distance from the cities of Fano, Pesaro, Rimini, Forli, Faenza, and Imola, through which the high road passed. Thus I advanced very slowly, travelling, generally speaking, in very bad roads, and often in places where there was no road at all, to avoid, not only the cities and towns, but even the villages. In the mean time, I seldom had any other support but some coarse provision, and a very small quantity even of that, which the poor shepherds, the countrymen, or wood cleavers, I met in those unfrequented by places, could spare me. My horse fared not much better than myself; but, in choosing my sleeping place, I consulted his convenience as much as my own, passing the night where I found most shelter for myself and most grass for him. In Italy there are very few solitary farm houses or cottages, the country people there all living in villages; and I thought it far safer to lie where I could be any way sheltered, than to venture into any of them. Thus I spent seventeen days before I got out of the ecclesiastical state; and very narrowly escaped being taken or murdered, on the very borders of the state; it happened thus:

I had passed two whole days without any subsistence whatever, meeting with nobody in the by roads that would supply me with any, and fearing to come near any house, as I was not far from the borders of the dominions of the Pope. I thought I should be able to hold it till I got into the Modanese, where I believed I should be in less danger than while remaining in the Papal dominions; but finding myself, about noon of the third day, extremely weak and ready to faint away, I came into the high road that leads from Bologda to Florence, a few miles distant from the former city, and alighted at a post house that stood quite by itself. Having asked the woman of the house whether she had any victuals ready, and being told that she had, I went to open the door of the only room in the house, (that being a place where gentlemen merely stop to change horses,) and saw, to my great surprise, a placard pasted on it, with a most minute description of my whole person, and the promise of a reward of eight hundred crowns, for delivering me up alive to the Inquisition, being a fugitive from the holy tribunal, and of six hundred crowns for my head. By the same placard, all persons were forbidden, on pain of the greater excommunication, to receive, harbor, or entertain me, to conceal or screen me, or to be any way aiding and assisting me to make my escape. This greatly alarmed me, as the reader may well imagine; but I was still more affrighted when entering the room, I saw two fellows drinking there, who, fixing their eyes upon me as soon as I came in, continued looking at me very steadfastly. I strove, by wiping my face, by blowing my nose, by looking out at the window, to prevent their having a full view of me. But one of them saying, the gentleman seems afraid to be seen, I put up my pocket handkerchief, and turning to the fellow, boldly said, What do you mean, you rascal? Look at me, am I afraid to be seen? He said nothing, but looking steadfastly at me, and nodding his head, went out, and his companion immediately followed him. I watched, and seeing them, with two or three more, in close conference, and no doubt consulting whether they should apprehend e or not, I walked that moment into the stable, mounted y horse unobserved by them, and while they were de-berating in an orchard, behind the house, rode off full eed, and in a few hours got into the Modanese. I was ndeed surprised that these fellows did not pursue me; or can I account for it but by supposing, what is not nprobable, that, as they were strangers as well as yself, and had all the appearance of banditti or ruf-ans flying out of the dominions of the Pope, the woman the house did not care to trust them with her horses.

Having procured some refreshment, I continued my urney more leisurely through the Parmesan, the Milan-se, and part of the Venetian territory, to Chiavenna, ubject with its district to the Grisons, who abhor the very ame of the Inquisition, and are ever ready to receive nd protect all who fly from it, and take refuge, as many alians do, in their dominions. However, as I proposed etting, as soon as I could, to the city of Berne, the me-opolis of that great Protestant canton, and was informed at my best way was through the cantons of Ury and nderwald, and part of the canton of Lucern, all three opish cantons, I carefully concealed who I was and from hence I came. For, though no Inquisition prevails nong the Swiss, yet the Pope's nuncio, who reside at ucern, might have persuaded the magistrates of those opish cantons to stop me, as an apostate and deserter om the order.

Having rested a few days at Chiavenna, I resumed my urney, quite refreshed, continuing it through the country the Grisons, and the two small cantons of Ury and Un-erwald, to the canton of Lucern. There I missed my ay, as I was quite unacquainted with the country, and, scovering a city at a distance, was advancing to it, but ery slowly, as I knew not where I was; when a coun-yman informed me that the city before me was Lucern. pon that intelligence, I turned from the road as soon as e countryman was out of sight; and that night I passed the cottage of a good natured shepherd, who supplied e with sheep's milk, and my horse with plenty of grass. set out very early next morning, making the best of my ay westward, as I knew that Bern lay west of Lucern.

But, after a few miles, the country proved very mou tainous, and having travelled the whole day over mou tains, I was overtaken amongst them at night. Looki out for a shelter during the night from the snow and ra I perceived a light at a distance, and making towards got into a kind of foot path, but so narrow and rugge that I was obliged to lead my horse, and feel the way wi one foot before venturing to move the other. Thus, wi much difficulty I reached the place from whence the lig proceeded, a poor little cottage; and knocking at t door, was asked who was there and what was wanting ? answered that I was a stranger and had lost my way. Lo your way! replied he, there is no way here to lose. B ing informed that I was in the Canton of Bern, 'I than God,' cried I, transported with joy 'that I am.' The goo man answered, 'And so do I.' I then told him who was, and that I was going to Bern, but had quite lost my self, by keeping out of the high roads, to avoid falling in to the hands of those who sought my destruction. H thereupon opened the door; received and entertained m with all the hospitality which his poverty would permit regaled me with sour crout and some new laid eggs, th only provisions he had, and clean straw with a kind o rug for my bed, he having no other for himself and hi wife. The good woman expressed as much satisfactio and good nature in her countenance, as her husband, an said many kind things in the Swiss language, which he husband interpreted to me in the Italian; for that language he well understood. I never passed a more comfortable night; and no sooner did I begin to stir in the morning, than the good man and his wife both came to know how I had rested; and wishing they had been able to entertain me better, obliged me to breakfast on two eggs, which Providence, they said, had supplied them with for that purpose. I then took leave of the wife, who, with her eyes lifted up to heaven, seemed most sincerely to wish me a good journey. As for the husband, he would by all means attend me to the high road leading to Bern; which road, he said, was but two miles from that place. But he insisted on my first going back with him to see the way I had come the night before; the only way, he id, that I could have possibly come from the neighboring nton of Lucern. I saw it, and shuddered at the danger had escaped; for I found that I had walked and led my rse a good way along a narrow path on the brink of a eadful precipice. The man made so many pious and rtinent remarks on the occasion, as both charmed and rprised me. I no less admired his disinterestedness than s piety; for, upon our parting, after he had attended me ll I was out of all danger of losing my way, he utterly fused to accept any thing as a reward for his trouble. e had the satisfaction, he said, of having relieved me in e greatest distress, which was in itself a sufficient re-ard, and he cared for no other.

I reached Bern that night, and proposed staying some me there; but being informed by the principal minister the place, to whom I discovered myself, that boats went quently down the Rhine, at that time of the year, with ods and passengers from Basil to Holland, and advised him to avail myself of that opportunity, I set out ac-rdingly the next day, and crossing the popish canton of leurre in the night, but very carefully avoiding the wn of that name, I got early the next morning to Ba-. There I met with a most friendly reception from one the ministers of the place, having been warmly recom-ended to him by a letter from his brother at Bern. As boat was to sail in two days, he entertained me very el-antly, during that time, at his house; and I embarked e third day, leaving my horse to my host, in return for s kindness.

The company in the boat consisted of a few traders, of great many vagabonds, the very refuse of the neighbor-g nations, and some criminals flying from justice. But was not long with them; for the boat striking against a ck not far from Strasburgh, I resolved not to wait till it as refitted, (as it was not my design to go to Holland) it to pursue my journey, partly in the common dilli-nce or stage-coach, and partly on post horses, through rance into Flanders.

Having got safe into French Flanders, I there repaired the college of the Scotch Jesuits at Douay, and, discov-ing myself to the rector, I acquainted him with the

cause of my sudden departure from Italy, and begged h
to give immediate notice of my arrival, as well as the m-
tives of my flight to Michael Angelo Tambuvini, genera
the order, and my very particular friend.

The rector wrote as I had desired him, to the gener
and the general taking no notice of my flight, in his a
swer (for he could not disapprove it, and did not think
safe to approve it) ordered me to continue where I was
further orders. I arrived at Douay early in May; a
continued there till the latter end of June, or the beg
ning of July, when the rector received a second letter fr
the general acquainting him, that he had been comman
ed by the congregation of the Inquisition, to order n
wherever I was back to Italy; to promise me in their nan
full pardon and forgiveness, if I obeyed; but if I did n
obey, to treat me as an apostate. He added, that t
same order had been transmitted, soon after my flight,
the nuncios at the different Roman Catholic courts; a
he therefore, advised me to consult my own safety wit
out further delay.

Upon the receipt of the general's kind letter, the re
tor was of opinion that I should repair by all means, a
without loss of time, to England, not only as the safe
asylum I could fly to, in my present situation, but as
place where I should soon recover my native languag
and be usefully employed, as soon as I recovered it, eith
there or in Scotland. I readily closed with the rector
opinion, being very uneasy in my mind, as my old doubts
in point of religion, daily gained ground, and new one
arose upon reading (which was my only employment) th
books of controversy I found in the library of the colleg
The place being thus agreed on, and it being at the sam
time, settled between the rector and meyself that I should se
out the very next morning, I solemnly promised at his re
quest and desire, to take no kind of notice, after my ar
rival in England, of his having been any way privy t
my flight, or of the general's letter to him. This prom
ise I have faithfully and honorably observed; and should
have thought myself guilty of the blackest ingratitude i
I had not observed it, being sensible that, had it been
known at Rome, that either the rector or general had been

essary to my flight, the Inquisition would have resent-
it severely on both. For, though a Jesuit in France,
Flanders, or in Germany, is out of the reach of the In-
isition, the general is not; and the high tribunal not
ly have it in their power to punish the general him-
lf, who resides constantly at Rome, but may oblige him
inflict what punishment they please on any of the or-
r obnoxious to them.

The rector went that very night out of town; and in
s absence, but not without his privity, I took one of the
rses of the college early next morning, as if I were go-
g for change of air, being somewhat indisposed, to pass
few days at Lisle; but steering a different course, I
ached Aire that night, and Calais the next day. I was
ere in no danger of being stopped and seized at the
osecution of the Inquisition, a tribunal no less abhorred
France than in England. But, being informed by the
neral, that the nuncios at the different courts had been
dered, soon after my flight, to cause me to be apprehen-
d in the Roman Catholic countries through which I
ight pass, as an apostate or deserter from the order, I
as under no small apprehension of being discovered and
prehended as such even at Calais. No sooner, there-
re, did I alight at the Inn, than I went down to the
ay; and there, as I was very little acquainted with the
a, and thought the passage much shorter than it is, I
deavored to engage some fishermen to carry me, that
ry night, in one of their small vessels over to England
his alarmed the guards of the harbor; and I should cer-
inly have been apprehended, as a person guilty or sus-
cted of some crime, fleeing from justice, had not Lord
ltimore, whom I had the good luck to meet in the inn,
formed me of my danger, and pitying my condition,
tended me that moment, with all his company, to the
rt, and conveyed me immediately on board his yacht.
here I lay that night, leaving every thing I had, but the
othes on my back, in the inn; and the next day, his
rdship set me ashore at Dover, from whence I came in
e common stage to London.

ESTEVAN'S ESCAPE FROM THE INQUISITIO

In the year 1762, Don Estevan de Xerxes, a rich i habitant of Mexico, quitted America in order to reside Spain, from which he had been absent since his infanc and at the same time brought with him a considerak part of his fortune. He was now about fifty-four yea of age. Some residents obliged the captain of the vess in which Estevan had taken passage, to put into Lisbo However he considered this accident of small importanc and resolved to travel by land to Madrid. He according disembarked his domestics, his effects, his gold, and h merchandise, and took a lodging in Lisbon intending pass a few days in that city, in order to recover from tl fatigues of his voyage.

The avarice of the Landlord of the house, wherei our traveller lodged was inflamed at sight of the gre riches which Estevan possessed, and he burned with d sire to appropriate at least some part to himself. B how was this object to be accomplished? To accuse hi before the Inquisition, was indeed a sure method of plu dering Estevan of his treasures, but then the holy offic would confiscate them, and thus become the only gaine He at length thought that, in the interval between th seizure of his person and the arrival of the commissione to confiscate his goods, he should be able to secrete something of value, and run no risk of being brought to any account upon the subject. He therefore determined this plan. Another difficulty still remained behind. Estevan had been only a very few days in Lisbon; he wa a stranger whose life was totally unkown to him, as to every body else in the city. Upon what was he to found his accusation, so as to give it that appearance of probability which even the Inquisition required? It happened that this wretch had a son as abandoned to all virtue as himself, who had made many travels in America. He was of profligate morals and embarrassed circumstances, and the father expected, by allowing him some small share of the treasure, he should bring him over to second his base designs.

This son worthy of such a father, accepted the proposal th alacrity. In his travels he had resided for some ne in Mexico. Don Estevan was not entirely unknown him. It would be possible to make it appear that a vi- ent passion for an Indian beauty had prevailed on him gratify his mistress and her friends by some acts of ad- ation towards the sun. As the country was known to is young man, he would be enabled to mention the ene where this transaction had happened and the wit- sses who were present upon this occasion. The father as to add that Don Estevan, since his arrival in Lisbon, d neglected to attend the churches, and that he contin- d every day, for some hours, shut up in his own apart- ent, probably, to follow, without restraint, his idolatrous votions.

Their abominable and ridiculous plot being thus laid, e two wretches repaired to the *mesa* of the holy office, d delivered in their information. It was well received. he riches of the stranger had been, during some days, iversally talked of in Lisbon, and the opportunity of izing upon them was much too favorable to be lost. he next evening Estevan was arrested as he descended om his coach, to enter his lodgings. Estevan fortunate- , had among the number of his domestics a young ne- ro of about four and twenty years of age, whom he had lucated from his infancy. Zamora, for this was his name, as present when his master was arrested. He knew nough of the Spanish and Portuguese manners to suspect e occasion; but in order to ascertain the fact, he follow- d at a distance the familiars who conducted his benefac- or.—He saw them enter the gates of the Inquisition, and om that moment he formed the resolution of saving his fe, or of perishing in the attempt. His first reflection as, that without money he could not hope for success. e therefore flew back to his master's lodging, ascended his apartment, and seized a small chest filled with dia- onds; together with a pocket book which contained the ost valuable notes. He then hastened down stairs, and scaping amid the confusion which the event that had just assed occasioned, he went and hired a lodging for the ight, in a remote part of the city. All night he was tor- nented by the most distressing anxieties. He reflected on the danger to which he would be exposed were he di covered to possess the valuable effects which he had th good fortune to secure out of his master's property. Su picions would undoubtedly be excited to his prejudic He would be charged with having stolen them. Hi great project would thus be rendered abortive, and h would perish as a culprit without any advantage to hi benefactor. But where was he to conceal his valuabl prize? In whom should he confide? To whom reveal hi important secret? At length he remembered that, sinc their arrival in Lisbon, he had attended his master mor than once to the house of the French consul, with whom he had appeared to be upon terms of strict friendship He reflected, besides, that this person was not subject t the power of the Inquisition, and would be able to act without endangering himself by his humanity.

At the dawn of day he arose and having repaired to th consul's house, he entreated a private audience. Being admitted, he informed the consul of the calamity which had befallen his master, of the resolution which he had formed to deliver him, of the means he had used to save part of his property, and to provide himself a fund for carrying on his design, and besought him to take charge of the precious articles which he bore.

The consul, surprised at the spirit and the fidelity of the young stranger, engaged to afford him every assistance in his power and promised to keep with the greatest safety, the deposit entrusted to his care. He desired him to sit down, entered into conversation with him, and asked if he knew any thing about the reasons of his master's arrest.—" Nothing in the world," replied the tender hearted youth, with tears in his eyes. " His conduct in the new world was always irreproachable, and since we disembarked in this city, I have never been absent from him for a moment. I can safely assert that he was never guilty of a single act, or word or look, that betrayed even indiscretion. No: his riches have tempted some wretch to ruin him. In my honest opinion, Don Estevan made choice of a dangerous residence. The master of the house appeared to me to be too inquisitive.—He harrassed all our peoe with continual questions, and freqently interrogated yself concerning the life of my master. I do not like e character of this man. His son whom I was told he ad not seen for a long time, has been reconciled to him ithin a few days, and during that time they have had any private interviews and conferences together. I ink I observed them to exchange very suspicious looks they viewed the numerous trunks and parcels which on Estevan had brought with him into the house. Perps I am deceived, but I cannot help suspecting that ese men were not unconcerned in our calamity." "If at be the case," replied the consul, "I will baffle at ast a part of their plot. I will disappoint their avarice d that of the Inquisition. I know that Estevan has used a large part of his cargo to be ensured at Bordeaux. will require that this be sequestered to secure the chars of my countrymen, so that if you succeed in your nerous enterprise, Estevan at least will not be ruined." t these words Zamora could not contain his joy ; "Ah!" ied he, "It was heaven that guided my steps to you." But how do you mean to proceed," said the consul, in is design?" "I know not; but this good fortune is a vorable omen of my success." "Consider the dangers u incur." They are great, I am aware ; but I fear them t." "How do you propose to begin?" "I cannot tell. rovidence will be my guide." "But if you fail?" Then I have nothing for which to wish for life."

The consul, still more delighted to behold so warm and nder an attachment, embraced the youth again. They solved, in order to avoid all suspicion that Zamora ould visit him in the night, to give an account of his oceeding, and to receive the money necessary for the rtherance of his plans. The consul gave him a key of private door in his garden and agreed upon a signal to made at his door. After arranging these points they parated. That very morning the consul repaired to the dgings of Estevan. The commissioners of the Inquision were there before him, and had begun to make an inntory of the goods of the prisoner. The consul, by rtue of the treaty of commerce which existed between the two nations, exhibited to them the insurance of t company in Bordeaux, and required, in order to secu the interests of his countrymen, that all the effects of E tevan should be sequestered, until the termination of t trial. He also required that the entire house should searched, lest any part of the property of the prison should have been removed out of his own apartmen The host, terrified for the consequence of his proceeding said that he had intended himself to make the same d mand, because the parcels belonging to the prisoner we so numerous, that, in the confusion of his first arriv they had been placed in every part of the house, a some even in his own chamber, as he took care to specif By these means, this knave, being entangled in the n which himself had laid, completely lost the reward of h iniquity, and nothing was left him but the remorse whic followed so atrocious an action.

For two days Zamora exerted all his ingenuity to d vise a mode of proceeding which might, finally, condu him to the event which his heart so anxiously desire His first and most important step was to penetrate in the mansion of the holy office, but this attempt was al attended with great difficulty and perhaps with immine danger. It depended entirely upon the probability of t pretext which he should make use of upon the occasio After revolving a thousand different projects which occu red to his mind, he at last thought of one which exhibited the possibility of gaining access to the inquisition, without giving rise to any suspicion. He instantly arose and composed his address, his figure, his mien, so as best t suit the character he assumed. At length, when he thought himself sufficiently prepared to deceive all observation by an apparent simplicity, and to answer every objection that might be made to his declarations, he sallied forth, and repaired to the holy office. It was about ten o'clock in the morning. He begged to speak to the grand Inquisitor.—The guards and attendants treated him with rudeness. "His eminence is asleep." "I will wait then." "So you may wait. On whose part do you come?" "On my own." "Your own indeed. Perhaps you belong to some master?" "Yes, to Don Estean." In a moment the crew was changed. They took im for an informer." "Enter, my good friend. His minence shall be apprized of your visit." A messenger ras instantly despatched with the intelligence, and reurned back almost instantly. "His eminence," said the iessenger, "is engaged at present, but he has commandd his private secretary, the right reverend father Ivan Iaria, of the most illustrious order of St. Dominic, to ive you an audience." They then conducted him through number of magnificent apartments, and brought him at ength to that of the secretary, who was carelessly reclied upon a sofa.

"Well, my son, you belong then to this wretch Estaan? He is a great sinner, is he not? He is a new hristian—his mother was a Jewess, don't you say so? hall I write down your deposition?"—"Most reverend nd illustri." "Come, my son, don't tremble so. Take urage, you are here in the very temple of justice and of iercy." "I thought so when I entered it, most illusious! Ah, Don Estavan—he is the cause of my grief. onsider most reverend father, how frequently in Mexico, e promised to have me baptised, but some business or ther always interferred." "Tell of his impiety, my son. Ie is an atheist; he mocks at the sacraments. Well, my ood child, go on." "Well, reverend father, he promised o secure me this blessing in Europe; but see, he has been rrested, and I am not baptized; and if by any misforune I should now die, poor Zamora would go directly in o hell." "*Bone Deus!* My son, God will not allow ich a thing to happen; but what was he arrested for?" know not, most reverend father. I suppose by the govrnment. But finding myself forsaken and abandoned to iyself I amagined that as the grand inquisitor and all 'ho surrounded him are saints none were so proper to exicate me from the danger in which I stand." Yes, my dear 'e will rescue you from the jaws of the devil. It is God imself who has been your conducter hither." "Ah ood father what joy, what happiness for me! There are fty pieces of gold; it is the fruit of my labor since my hildhood. Will your reverence condescend to employ this money in having masses said for my salvation ? “ Fifty pieces ! I will teach you your catechism, I will b your sponsor, and I trust his eminence the grand Inquis tor will condescend to perform the ceremony. But wha business have you at present ?” “ None. I have now n place. I have given your reverence all that I had ; but would rather fast than lose my salvation.” “ The harm lessness of the dove ! Well, I will attach you to the hol office : it is the way of heaven. What can you do ? “ I know a little of cooking and gardening ; I can shav well, besides I am activo and alert. I have a quick eye a ready ear, and an excellent memory.” “ And discre tion ?” I can answer for that.” “ Excellent !” replie the secretary, and rang a small bell which lay upon th table. “ Major domo,” said he to a man who entere and stood respectfully at the door, “ this young negro is catechumen whom his eminence and I take under ou special protection. I recommended him to you. Yo will employ him in whatever he is found fit for. I entrust him to your care. See that he be well fed and wel treated ; Go ; and you my son, follow him ; watch an pray that you may not enter into temptation.”

If Zamora had dared to give way to the feeling of his soul, to what transports would he have yielded ? But he was obliged to confine them within his own heart. He was anxious above all things to apprise the consul of his success. But for the first days he might watch his steps. He employed the first month in conciliating the good will of every body around him.—He studied assiduously the catechism of father Juan ; he anticipated his desires, he guessed his intentions, and gratified his smallest wishes. When presented by him to the grand Inquisitor he had been equally successful in recommending himself to that prelate. Without being elated by his favor, and without boasting of his credit among his informers, he used his utmost exertions to please them, he assisted in their labors, executed their commissions, drank with them, concealed or excused their errors, so that in a short time he became the object of universal affection in the holy office.

It was, above all, to the alcadie and the guards of the isoner that he studied to recommend himself. If the iards were fatigued with their duty, Zamora watched r them, and passed whole nights in their place. He itertained them with accounts of his travels and his untry, and sometimes a bottle of wine promoted the hil-ity of the evening. Still all this was very far from the ject upon which his heart was set. Already, thanks to e confidence which he enjoyed and to his reason, he had t access to the dungeons of upwards of fifty prisoners, t without entering the only one which he wished to be-ld. How was he to discover it? Of whom was he to quire? The most indifferent question might occasion s destruction. However he went to his friend the con-l, who supported his courage, but was unable to give n any hint of what he wished to know. The fatiguing straint of the part which he was thus obliged to play upwards of four months, and his increasing anxiety, dermined both his health and his spirits, and he would bably have sunk beneath the weight of his afflictions, d not heaven come to his relief.

One morning as he stood in the gallery with the guards, major domo brought a note to the alcadie. The alca- immediately ordered six of them to take their carbines. is was the usual sign that they were about to conduct risoner to the *mesa*, on board of the holy office. Za-ra was going to retire, when the alcadie said to him, Come you also with us; you will behold a quarter you as yet unacquainted with," these words made him trem- with anxiety. He followed them.—The alcadie then ened a door, which till then, Zamora had always seen ut. They ascended to an upper floor, and came to a lery less dark than that below. "This is the quarter the *Hidaglos*, or people of quality," said the alcadie.— last they arrived at one chamber: the bars were with-wn, the double doors were opened: "You are sum ned," said the alcadie to the prisoner within. A per- then came forth—it was Estevan himself. What a ment to Zamora! What surprise! Estevan proceeded h his eyes fixed upon the ground: he raised them, and eld his faithful follower Zamora shuddering with terror t some slight gesture might occasion the destruction of both, and placed his finger upon his lips.—Estevan u derstood the signal, and went forward without betrayin the least emotion. Zamora being thus set at ease, suffe ed him to proceed with his escort, and availing himself the confidence which he enjoyed in the house, returne during the absence of Estevan to his dungeon, the doo of which was left open. He examined its position, upo what external part of the building the window opene how many bars secured it, and at what height it stoo from the ground. It was over the garden, the elevatio about fifty feet. No windows where any dangerous o servation could be made were directed towards this qua ter. This was all he wanted to know. He came fort and nobody observed him. He then descended, and wa ed Estevan's return.—After a lapse of about two hour Estevan returned with the same retinue. Their eye again met, and much meaning was in the glance. Bein arrived at the door of his dungeon, Estevan entere The alcadie was about to bolt the door, the officious Zamora offered to spare him the trouble, and pretended t employ some force, and drawing close the inner door, h passed his hand through the wicket by which the food the prisoner is introduced, and let fall a small billet within; then, having shut both the doors, he retired with th guards and the alcadie. Estevan snatched this billet a the palladium his fate, and read, "*Courage, Patience, S lence, Attention, And, Above, All, Tear, After, You Read!*" As soon as they had descended the stairs the cadie said to Zamora "He did not recognise you. I observed him attentively. Not the least symptom of emotion escaped him." It was owing to his passing sudden from darkness into light," answered Zamora. "A what if he had recognised me in coming hither? I hav done my duty, and let him do his." "That is well said replied the alcadie. "But says Zamora, Mr. Alcadie you must be fatigued. A glass of wine and a biscuit wi not be unacceptable. Let us ascend to my chamber? "With all my heart."

Zamora knew the Inquisition was slow in its proceedings. His impatience excited him to action,—resolved t depend upon his own address, upon fortune which ha

itherto been so propitious, and upon the favor and pro-
ection of Heaven, which he humbly hoped would be pro-
itious to innocence.

The next morning he was in the garden which laid be-
eath the window of Estevan. He had worked there a
undred times without suspecting he was so near his un-
rtunate master. The gardener was accustomed to see
im there, and never interfere with any work that he did.
e knew that father Juan was his protector, and that was
ough. This gardener was a man of above sixty years
ho was extravagantly fond of brandy, and Zamora took
re that he should not want his favorite liquor. He had
his good natured attentions, rendered himself equally
reeable to the wife, so that Zamora was like the master
the house. It was necessary to pass through this house
order to enter the garden from the street, into which
e outer door opened. None but persons belonging to
e Inquisition were permitted to enter there. The con-
ence of the gardener, the good will of his wife, and
e liberty which was necessary for the performance of
s work had enabled Zamora to obtain a key of their
or. By day or by night or at any hour he pleased, he
uld enter the garden unnoticed, and this had been the
se almost ever since he had been in the house. Upon
at day he employed himself in ascertaining which of the
ndows that opened into the garden belonged to the
ngeon of his master. He had taken care to count the
mber of doors which opened into the gallery, and by
koning the same number of windows, he flattered him-
f that he had obtained the right one. However, to re-
ve all doubt, he took a spade and pretending to dress
ne beds of flowers he whistled a plaintive air which is
ll known to the inhabitants of Mexico. He was not
staken. By reason of the silence which reigns in the
uisition, the tune reached the ear of Estevan, who
de signal within, that he was sensible of the presence
is faithful servant.

Secure on this point Zamora devoted himself, for some
s, to assist the servants whose business it was to con-
their food to the prisoners in the morning and eve-
g. They at length became so used to his assistance,

that they fell into the habit of calling him whenever th
duty was to be performed. It was commonly done at noo
and at six o'clock in the evening, Some of the guar
always attended the servants; but whatever may be th
rigor of the internal discipline of the Inquisition, it ha
pens here, as well as elsewhere, that a duty frequently r
peated at stated hours, is very apt to be performed negl
gently and with remissness. By these he had the o
portunity of sometimes approaching Esteven, but the se
son did not seem to him favorable to his views, the da
being still too long. He determined to wait patiently f
the autumn, since the darkness of the evenings would th
better conceal their correspondence. The autumn arrive
and Zamora formed his final resolution. He therefore su
plied himself with money which was necessary to forwa
his enterprize, and to provide against every accident. A
length one evening, as he conveyed to Estevan his supp
through the wicket, he contrived adroitly to let fall a s
ond billet, "*To-morrow at the same hour—caution.*" Th
next evening at the hour of distribution he took care t
be at hand. His comrades arranged the suppers of th
prisoners upon plates in order to convey them to the cell
Zomora took charge of the basket which contained th
portions of bread.

They then set forward. In going along one piece
bread fell from the basket, or let us suppose at least th
it fell. Zamora picked it up, and placed it under his a
His distribution was then made from door to door, and Z
mora contrived to introduce through that of Estevan th
piece of bread which he had picked up. He had sub
tuted it in the kitchen for another piece which he had l
there. This piece of bread, which exactly resembl
those distributed to the prisoners, had been prepared
the house of the consul. It contained a file. He th
allowed Estevan time sufficient to avail himself of the i
valuable present.

The festival of Christmas approached, and this was th
season which Zamora had made choice of for his ente
prise.

In those days the friars, fatigued by their duties, we
accustomed to spend more time than usual at table, to re

it their strength and spirits, and were therefore likely pass their nights in more profound repose. The night s then long and dark, and Zamora took care to choose ime when there was no moon. On the night which eceded the evening of Christmas day, Zamora cast into master's cell a third billet: "If you are ready to- rrow after dinner, leave some wine in your bottle." e answer that he wished for was returned. This was Christmas eve. Upon the day of the festival, Zamo- enjoyed a still greater facility of correspondence. At e hour of distributing their supper to the prisoners, the eater part of the servants, the guards and the alcadie ere still at church. Zamora then threw in another bil- t: "To-morrow between midnight and one o'clock, let wn the cord, and get yourself ready."

How long did this day appear to Zamora and his unfortu- te friend! how much anxiety! how many flattering pectations! the evening came. The routine of duty ing over, about six o'clock the grand Inquisitor, and the jority of the superior members of the Inquisition, sat wn to table. The wine was not spared. At nine they parated, and in half an hour more they were all buried a profound sleep. The alcadie then said to Zamora, every body is asleep, as you perceive; there are no nds to go to night; I will go." "Well," replied Za- ra, "I have promised to sup with the gardener and wife; if you please we will go on together." In half hour after, the guards were all asleep. Zamora and alcadie then went out, and each repaired to the place his appointment. Zamora supped with the gardener and wife; he had supplied himself with excellent wine, , laughter, and songs heightened the pleasure of the ast; and at eleven o'clock, the gardener leaned snoring on the table. The wife soon followed her lord's exam- , and Zamora was left alone.

The clock now struck twelve. Zamora extinguished candles and on tip toe descended the stairs. He enter- the garden; it was perfectly dark, and rained violently. first ran to dig up a pole ladder, which he had con- led beneath a bed of flowers. After some search he nd it, he flew to the window; a slight whistle was the signal. In a moment after he saw descend a thin co which he had conveyed to Estevan. He seized it; f tened it to his ladder and then gave it a gentle pull. W the utmost ecstacy he saw the ladder ascend. The ag ation which he endured was most dreadful. Estevan a peared; and a moment more gave him to the ecstatic e brace of the delighted Zamora. They flew across t garden, entered the street, and were soon at a distan from this dreadful place. Zamora, unable to speak, aga strained his master to his heart; the tears bedewed bo their cheeks, and spoke with an eloquence which is n in language to express. "Come," at length cried Zamo "thanks to the Father of all mercies, we are safe!" Th soon entered the garden of the consul, flew across in a moment, reached the door, ascended the stairs, a here had their liberty secure in the asylum of his cha ber.

"Oh, Eternal Giver of all good," exclaimed Esteva as he bent his knees before the throne of his God, "he the prayer of thy unfortunate creature; recompense n deliverer, whom thy mercies have enabled to achieve l daring resolutions." How shall I paint the transport the overflowing ecstacy of the three friends! Estevan wa indebted to one for the recovery of his liberty, and to th other for the security of his property. "How, have deserved such love!" cried he. "Are you not my father? replied Zamora. "Are you not an honest and an injure man?" exclaimed the consul. Again they embrace and mingled their tears together. Thus passed the nigh They listened with delight to the detail of what Zamor had done in order to attain the object of his hopes. "Bu you, Estevan, how much you must have endured! "Fro the day that I beheld Zamora," he replied, "hope resumed her station in my heart, and I ceased to suffer. Bu why my arrest? what have I done? what was my crime "Have not your judges informed you?" "No, not syllable." "No matter, you are safe; forget your woes forget your enemies, they have suffered for their villany My exertions in depriving your unworthy host of th booty of which he had robbed you, and which he expecte o secure by your destruction, rendered him unable to recmpense his equally detestable son. This base accomplice venged himself by parricide. Flight snatched him from he sword of offended justice ; he traversed Spain, and eached France, where new crimes conducted him to the caffold. At the moment of death he declared the crime f which he and his father had been guilty towards you. his declaration, properly authenticated, had just reached e ; and if heaven had not smiled on Zamora, I would ave laid it before the Grand Inquisitor. But God, in his isdom, had ordered otherwise."

After the commotion, which their flight from the Inquition had occasioned, was subsided, the consul privately espatched a vessel to Bordeaux ; where, after a prosperus voyage, Estevan and Zamora safely landed.

NOLHAC, THE JESUIT.

The following account of Nolhac, a Jesuit, who was rdered in one of the revolutionary massacres at Avign, is from the Abbe Barruel.

Avignon and the Comtat, had been declared, by the asmbly, united to France ; Jourdan, sur-named *Coup-tete*, s at Avignon with his banditti. The unfortunate perns shut up in prison were devoted by him to death. n immense pit was opened to serve as their grave, and ds of sand were carried thither to cover the bodies. ere were 600 prisoners in the castle : the hour was fix for putting them to death and throwing them, one after e other, into the pit. There was at Avignon a virtuous est, one of those men for whom we feel, on earth, a neration, like that paid to the saints in heaven. His me was Nolhac : he had formerly been rector of the viciate of the Jesuit at Toulouse, and was now 80 years . For 30 years he had been the parish priest of St. mphorien, a parish which he had taken in preference, from its being that of the poor. During all these year spent in the town, he had been the father and refuge the indigent, the consoler of the afflicted, the adviser an friend of the inhabitants, and he would not listen to thei entreaties to quit the place, on the arrival of Jourdan an his banditti. He could never resolve to leave his parishioners, deprived of their minister, in the beginning of th troubles of the schism, and far less to leave them, deprived of the consolations of religion, while under the tyranny of the banditti. Martyrdom, the glory of shedding hi blood for Jesus, for his church, or for the faithful, were t him but the accomplishment of desires and wishes, whic all his life had been formed in his soul, and with whic he knew how to inspire his disciples, when he was directing them in the paths *of perfection.* His life had been bu a martyrdom, concealed by a countenance always serene and always beaming angelic joy, with peace of conscienc His body clothed with a hair-shirt, had needed the stro constitution with which nature had endowed him, to sup port him under the mortifications, watchings, and fasts he endured, through all the activity of a minister, and th austerity of an anchorite. Daily at prayer and meditation, long before light—daily visiting the sick and poor whom he never left without administering temporal comforts confided to his hands by the faithful; always poo as to himself, but rich for others, it was at length time t consummate the sacrifice of a life wholly devoted to charit and to his God.

M. Nolhac, whom the banditti themselves had hitherto held sacred, was sent prisoner to the castle the day befor that on which the six hundred victims were put to deat His appearance among those unhappy persons, who al knew and revered him, was that of a consoling angel his first words were those of an apostle of souls, sent i order to prepare them for appearing before the Judge the quick and the dead: "I come to die with you m children; we are all going together to appear before Go How I thank him for having sent me to prepare your souls to appear at his tribunal! Come, my children, the moments are precious: to-morrow, perhaps to-day, we shall be no longer in this world ; let us, by a sincere repentance, qualify ourselves to be happy in the other. Let me not lose a single soul among you. Add to the hope, that God will receive myself into his bosom, the happiness of being able to present you to him, as children all of whom he charges me to save, and to render worthy of his mercy.” With tears and sobs they confessed their faults ; he listens to them, he embraces them with that enderness which he always manifested towards sinners. He had the satisfaction of finding them all impressed by his paternal exhortations. Already had that peace which God alone can give, taken possession of their minds, when he voices of the banditti were heard calling out those who were to be the first victims, for whom they waited at he gate of the fort. There, on the right and on the left, tood two assassins, each having an iron bar in his hands, with which they struck their victims as they came out, with all their force, and killed them. Their bodies were hen delivered to other executioners, who mangled the mbs and disfigured them with sabres, to render it impossible for the children and friends of the persons to distinuish them. After this, the remains were thrown into the nfernal pit called the Ice-house. Meanwhile, M. Nolhac, within the prison, continued exhorting and embracing the nhappy prisoners, and encouraging them to go as they were called. He was fortunate enough to be the last, nd to follow into the presence of his God the six hundred ouls who had carried to Heaven the tidings of his hero- zeal and unshaken fortitude.

THE TEA TABLE.

‘ Well, sir, I can take care of myself,’ said Julia Pel- w to her husband, as they were taking tea together in heir little parlor, one delightful summer afternoon. Just that moment, and while the words were yet on her ngue, the door opened, and Miss Polly Gaw entered the oom on one of her flying afternoon visits. Julia could not avoid coloring up a little at this sudden intrusion ; for this young lady's visits were always intrusive, and Miss Gaw suspected she had come in at a moment when her company was not the most desirable. However she seated herself, and entertained the good neighbor with a history, about three hours long, of the home concerns of every family in the neighborhood. There was a minute and detailed account of Miss D's party, with a list of all who were not invited, among whom she was most careful to mention that Julia was one ; then the progress of the courtships in the country ; the domestic squabbles of her acquaintances, the scandals of the week ; the motions of the widower who lived on the Appleby farm, betokening an approaching union with the Squire's daughter, and who were jealous thereat, and a hundred other topics, equally interesting and profitable, were all spread out on the carpet.

Mr Pellew had made his escape as soon as he rose from the table, and Miss Polly did not fail to comment largely on the savage unsociability of husbands, insisting that they were as restless and unhappy in the marriage noose as caged up tigers, and instancing how gay, and young, and spruce they immediately become on losing their wives ; kindly and most sympathetically adding, 'if you were to drop off, my dear Julia, Mr Pellew would in ten days, be the most gallant and agreeable man in the village.' After enjoying herself, and entertaining Julia thus delightfully until it began to grow late, she gathered up her knitting and sallied out to make a call or two more before she went home.

Mr and Mrs Pellew were young, had been married but a year, and were mutually as happy in their union, as love, and virtue, and similar tastes and dispositions could make them. He was engaged in a business, which with industry and good management yielded him a genteel living ; he embarked in it however, without capital of his own ; but Julia had a considerable amount of property which, though the principal was not under her control, afforded a basis upon which her husband was enabled to gain the credit necessary in his business, and he had done so. This amiable family had numerous relatives and acquaintances, were looked upon by the good and sensible part of the neighbourhood as patterns of virtue, and were generally much beloved and admired.

The visit of their friend, Miss Polly was forgotten in a day or two but things began, before long, to wear rather a strange aspect. Time after time Mrs Pellew observed, that her visiters, who began to be much more numerous than before, put on long faces, and in a condoling strain lectured on the trials of the marriage state, the necessity of forbearance, and exercise of christian patience, mingled with sundry hints about the sovereign rights of the sex, and the best methods of managing unruly husbands, with now and then a kind of half expressed sympathetic pity for *her*. She could not for her life understand what all this meant, and attributed it to every cause but the right one.

Nor was Mr Pellew to escape this new and to him an unaccountable change of the current of feeling among his neighbors towards him. The symptom he saw was a coldness and shyness on the part of his wife's relatives, some of them even refusing to speak to him. The female part of his acquaintances scolded at him; and what was worse, he thought his customers began to neglect him. Day by day things grew worse; at last his creditors began to push; he was alarmed; he had never before been asked for money; his credit had been perfect; he wondered, and waited for the issue; it came in half a dozen prosecutions, judgments, and executions.

It was now time to rouse up. As these things were in progress, he appeared to view them with perfect incredibility, being scarcely willing to believe the evidence of his senses. Now he demanded the cause of this strange treatment, and with some difficulty ascertained, that it arose from the unhappy separation about to take place between him and his wife! and the cruel manner in which he had used her. He demanded the author of the story, and was referred to an old gentleman who had told his informer. The old man gave his wife—his wife her neighbor's wife, and so the tale was traced down through about five and twenty mouths, growing rather less at each, until it came to Miss Polly Gaw, she had affirmation on her part that she would leave him.

Mr Pellew now hit upon an expedient to bring matters to a close. He invited all such of his and his wives relatives, his neighbors, his creditors, &c. as were within his reach, to meet him at his house, on business of the utmost importance.

About twenty of them assembled, among them Miss Gaw, and a half dozen of the principal mouth pieces of the village. He then stated to them his business, recounted the stories he had heard, traced them all down to their origin, and demanded of Miss Polly her reasons for the report she had raised. Cornered up so unexpectedly and suddenly, she candidly acknowledged that the only foundation for what she had said was, that on the afternoon she had paid the visit first mentioned, she had heard as she entered, Mrs Pellew say, 'Well, sir, I can take care of myself.' And she wished to know if Julia Pellew would deny this. Julia replied, she would not, she had barbecued a pair of fat quails for her husband's supper, and had been helping him to a choice bit; he had pressed her to keep it herself, saying she was too kind; and she did on the occasion, utter the offensive words, 'Well, I can take care of myself.'

A burst of astonishment succeeded. Miss Gaw ran out of the room like a woman who had lost her senses. The worthy couple received the congratulations of all the honest fools present; and though the knaves shook their heads and pretended to be mighty glad the truth had come out, it was with a grace that but half concealed their sorrow. Thereafter not a syllable was ever lisped about the much talked of separation. But thus it is, gentle reader, that one half the tea table stories originate, and who would think there were still so many ready to believe them and trumpet them about as there were in Alesbury in Polly Gaw's time.

AFFECTIONATE DAUGHTERS.

There is stillness in the house of death, which says to levity tread softly, and puts the finger of silence on the lip of the boldes timpertinence It was a calm evening in June, when a little boy entered, saying, 'Miss L—— wishes you to call, her mother is dying.' I hastened to the well ordered house, and as I entered the neatly arranged yard, it seemed as if the sweet perfume of the death of the righteous was there. A silent grasp of the hand, by the eldest daughter, welcomed me in, who stepped lightly to the dying mother, to administer what might be necessary; while four sisters, beside, attired in white, stood around her couch; the white curtains of the bed and windows, the airiness, and taste, throughout the whole, said plainly that the virtuous woman, who 'worketh diligently with her hands' has left her impress here, and her daughters around her are like 'polished stones.' The dying saint was speechless, she had given her last message, and had nothing to do, but to die. An almost breathless silence reigned throughout the night, while the submissive soul seemed standing on the isthmus between two worlds, waiting the last message, till as the morning sun had shed his first beams on the trembling poplar, at the window, I heard a convulsive struggle, a simultaneous movement. I looked, the daughters had fallen on their knees around her bed, the father raised his withered hands, and implored the God of mercies to send some kind angel, and wait the companion of his youth, on the wings of the morning, to the mansions of the blessed. As he committed her spirit to the God who gave it, the struggle ceased; the soul fled, a burst of loud grief was heard, and all was still again. The eldest daughter as she closed her eyes, said, this is the least I can do for the best of mothers. Oh! that we could follow her example, answered another: while they all again sobbed aloud. Her words continued the father, have distilled like the dew, and you, my daughters, will arise—and call her blessed.— The badges of mourning were not assumed for ostentation. Late in the autumn, I called, when about leaving the village, and the loss of their invaluable mother, was soon resumed. You must go with us to the grave before you leave forever. I went, the rose they had planted by her head, had long since fallen from its stem, and these five daughters knelt around the little enclosure, which guarded the mound, as I saw them around her bed, when her soul was taking its flight, while it seemed her sainted spirit was looking from the golden battlements of heaven, and dropping the benediction of the blessed upon these plants of her rearing. As I walked away, my heart said, Oh, the blessed fruits of early instruction, and the rich waving harvests of a mother's toil.

THE BARBER'S GHOST.

A gentleman travelling some years since in the Southern States, called at an Inn and requested entertainment for the night.—The host informed him, that it was out of his power to accommodate him, as his house was already full. He entreated him to lodge him, as he was almost exhausted with travelling, as well as his beast. After much solicitation the host consented to entertain him, *provided* he would sleep in a certain chamber that had long remained unoccupied, in consequence of a belief that it was haunted by a ghost of a barber, who was reputed to have been murdered in that room a number of years since. 'Very well' said the guest, 'I am not afraid of the ghost; take care of my horse and prepare me some supper. After taking some refreshment, he inquired how, and in what manner the chamber in which he was to lodge was haunted. The host replied, that those who had lodged in the room, stated, that shortly after they retired to rest an unknown voice was heard, in a trembling and protracted accent, saying, '*Do you want to be sha—ved?*' 'Well, replied the guest if he comes I will let him shave me.'—He then requested that he might be shown the apartment; in going to which he was conducted through a long room where were seated a great number of persons at the gambling table.—Feeling a curiosity, which almost every one possesses, after having heard ghost stories, he carefully searched every closet in his apartment but could discover nothing but a large basin. He then went to bed; but feeling much fatigued, he did not close his eyes to sleep immediately, (which is often the case, when one is excessively tired) and in a few moments he imagined he heard the voice as represented to him by the host. He arose from his bed and searched every part of his chamber, but could discover nothing. He then went to bed—but no sooner had he began to compose himself again than the question was repeated. He then arose, went to his window the sound appearing to proceed from that quarter, and stood awhile silent.—After a few moments of suspense, he again heard the sound distinctly. Convinced that it was from without, he opened his window, when it was repeated full to his ear. On a closer examination he observed that the limb of a venerable oak, which stood under his window, projected so near the house, as on every breath of wind to grate against the shingles, creating a sound resembling the interrogation, '*Do you want to be sha—ved?*' Having satisfied himself that the ghost was nothing more or less than the limb of a tree, coming in contact with the house; he again went to bed and attempted to go to sleep; but was now interrupted by peals of laughter in the room below, where the gamblers were assembled. Thinking he could turn this discovery to his own advantage he took the sheet from the bed, wrapped it around him, and taking the basin in his hand, descended to the room of the gamblers, and suddenly opening the door rushed in exclaiming in a tremulous voice 'Do-you-want-to-be-sha-ved?' Terrified at this interruption, they left the room in the greatest confusion; some tumbling down stairs over the heads of others. He then deliberately put his basin under the table, and gathered an immense sum of money into it, which had been left thereupon, secured it, and retired peaceably to rest.

The next morning on going below, he found the house in the greatest confusion. They immediately asked him if he had enjoyed a good night's rest. He replied in the affirmative 'Well, no wonder,' said the host, 'for the ghost, instead of going to his usual place, made a mistake, came into our room, and carried off every cent of our money. The guest without being in the least suspected, quietly eat his breakfast, and departed with his valuable treasure.

THE ANACONDA.

The following account of this monster is taken from the letter of a gentleman who resided in the Indies many years, and who was an eye witness to what he saw.

"I have here an account to give you, which must startle you, but be assured, sir, I shall aggravate no circumstance, but merely relate what myself and more than one hundred others saw, for two whole days together.

Some years since, the commands of my directors carrying me to Ceylon, to transact an affair of no little consequence, I had an apartment prepared me on the skirts of the principal town facing the woods: at some distance from my window there stood some large palm trees, that afforded me a delightful prospect.

One morning, as I was looking at these trees, I saw, as I thought, a large arm of one of them in strange commotion, bending and twisting about, and often striking one end to the earth, and raising it again, and losing it among the leaves. I was gazing at this with great amazement, when a Ceylonese coming in, I begged him to look and wonder with me: he looked, sir, and he was much more amazed and terrified than I; in short a paleness overspread his face, and he seemed almost sinking to the earth with terror.

He begged me to bar up all my doors; then told me, that what appeared an arm of a tree to me, was in reality a serpent of that monstrous size, diverting itself there with its various commotions, and now and then darting down to the earth for its prey.

I soon found out the truth of what he told me; and looking more nearly, saw it seize a small animal and take it up into the tree.

Inquiring after this apparent miracle, the Ceylonese told me that the wonder was only that the creature was so near, for that it was a serpent but too well known in the inland parts of the woods, where it often dropped down from the covert of a large tree, and devoured a traveller alive.

A relation so strange as this could never have gained credit with me, but that I actually saw the creature from its size, capable of doing more than was related.

It continued diverting itself till we assembled a body of twelve of us, to go on horseback well armed to destroy him.

We rode near the place, but not to expose ourselves to danger we rode behind a thicket, from whence we might unseen level our fire arms at him; but when we arrived there, we found him so much larger than we conceived, that we wished ourselves at home again; and for a long time we dared not fire.

We had now time to observe the creature; and believe me, sir, all the descriptions of monsters of this kind hitherto given are trifles to what we saw in him. The Ceylonese all declared that he was much larger than any they had ever seen, and such a mixture of horror and beauty together, no eye but that which saw it can conceive.

The creature was as thick as a man's waist, yet seemed far from fat, and very long in proportion to his thickness; often hanging himself by the tail from the highest boughs of the tree, and reaching the ground with his head. He was surprisingly nimble, and was now diverting himself in the heat of the day, with a thousand gambols round the branches of the tree, and would sometimes come down and twist his tail round the bottom of the trunk, throwing himself his whole length all around it. In the midst of one of these gambols, we were surprised to see him, all of a sudden, spring up into the tree; but the cause soon ap-appeared, an animal of the fox kind, which the serpent had seen, coming towards him, he took this way to be prepared for him. He darted down upon the unwary creature, and sucked him in in a few minutes, then licked his chops with a broad double tongue of a blackish color, and laid himself at length upon the ground; but with his tail still twisted round the tree.

In this posture I had an opportunity with horror, yet with admiration, to behold him. He was covered with scales like a crocodile; his head was green, with a large black spot in the middle, and yellow streaks round the jaws; he had a yellow circle of a gold color round his neck, and behind that another great spot of black. His sides were of an olive color, and his back more beautiful than can be described: his head was very flat, but extremely broad, and his eyes monstrously large and very bright and terrible. When he moved about in the sun he was, if possible, a thousand times more beautiful than before, the color according to the several shades of light presenting a vast variety, in many places looking like our changeable colors in silk.

We all aimed our pieces at him as he lay, and fired at his head all at once; but whether he accidentally moved just at that time, or our fears made us take bad aim, we either missed him or never hit him, for he took no notice of it; and after a council of war we all agreed to make no farther attempt upon him at that time, but to go home, and return with a stronger party the next day.

The Ceylonese seemed to know the creature well; they called it Anaconda, and talked of eating its flesh when they caught it, as they had no small hopes of doing; for they say, when one of these creatures chooses a tree for its dwelling, he seldom quits it for a long time.

I detained my company to dine with me, and the afternoon was spent in relating the amazing things which one or other of the company had seen of this sort of monster; in short, they told abundance of things that far outwent my credulity; but what we saw the next day, as much exceeded all they had told me, as what they related seemed to exceed truth and probability.

It seems the custom of this creature to lay wait for its prey is, by hiding in the boughs of large trees, from whence it unexpectedly drops upon the creature, which is seized before it sees an enemy; but the instance we saw of this, I must relate to you.

The next morning, we assembled to the number of one hundred, at the same thicket, where we had the pleasure (if I dare call it so) to find our enemy at his old post. He seemed very fierce and very hungry this morning, and we soon saw the effects of it.

There are great plenty of tigers in this country; one of these of monstrous size, not less than a common heifer, as he went along, came at length under the serpent's tree; in a moment we heard a dreadful rustling in the tree, and swift as thought the serpent dropped upon him, seizing him across the back a little below the shoulders, with his horrible mouth, and taking in a piece of the back bigger than a man's head: the creature roared with agony, and to our unspeakable, terror, was running with his enemy toward us; his course however was soon stopped, for the nimble adversary winding his body three or four times round the body of his prey, girded him so violently, that he soon fell down in agony. The moment the serpent had fixed his folds, he let go the back of the creature, and raising and twisting round the head, opened its horrid mouth to its full extent, and seized the whole face of the tiger in it, biting and grinding him in a most horrible manner, and at once choking him and tearing him to pieces.

The tiger reared up again on this, and words are too poor to paint his seeming agony; he writhed and tossed about, but all in vain, the enemy wherever he went was with him, and his hollow roaring from within the devourer's mouth was dreadful beyond expression.

I was for firing on the creature in this state, but they all declared against it; they told me, they knew his customs so well, that they were now very sure of him without any trouble or hazard, if they left him alone; but if they disturbed him in this condition, he would be so outrageous, that several of our lives would assuredly pay the forfeit. They seemed to know so well what they were about, that I readily acquiesced.

Several of us spent the whole day in observing this sight; and surely the agonies of the tiger were beyond all that can be conceived, and his death more horrid than a thousand other deaths with all their tortures put together.

The tiger was a strong and fierce creature, and though unable to hurt or get rid of its cruel enemy, yet gave him a world of trouble; a hundred times would he rear up and run a little way, but soon fell down again, partly oppressed by the weight, and partly by the writhed twists of the serpent round his body; but though he fell, he was far from being conquered.

After some hours he seemed much spent, and lay as if dead; and the serpent, who had many times girted himself violently round him, attempting to break his bones, but in vain, now let go his hold, and twisting his tail round the tiger's neck, who was now in no condition either to resist or escape, he made towards the tree, dragging with some pains, the tiger after him.

Nature, it seems, informs this animal, that though it can conquer such large creatures as these, it can by no means devour them as they are, since their bodies are too thick for his swallow, and he must therefore break their bones, and reduce them to a soft mass, before he can manage them. This he usually does, as we saw him attempt it on the tiger, by getting his body very firmly and hard round them, by this means crushing them to pieces; but when this method will not do, he has recourse to the tree, as we now had opportunity to observe. He dragged the tiger by degrees after him to the tree, and the creature being almost dead, unable to stand, he seized him lightly a second time by the back, and set him on his legs against the trunk of the tree, then immediately winding his body round both the tiger and the tree several times, he girted both with all his violence, till the ribs and other bones began to give way, and by repeated attempts of this kind, he broke all the ribs and legs in four or five different places; this took up several hours, and the poor creature all this while was living, and at every crack of the bones gave a howl, though not loud, yet piteous enough to pierce the most cruel heart, and make even man forget his natural hatred to its species, and pity its misery.

After the legs and ribs, the snake attacked the skull in the same manner, but this proved so difficult a task, that the monster tired with fatigue, and seeing his prey in no condition of escaping, left him for the night at the foot of the tree, and retired into it himself to rest; upon which we went home, and I must assure you, I could not sleep, for the poor tiger was naturally so strong, that we left him still alive, though mangled in this miserable manner.

In the morning I returned with several others to the thicket; but as we rode up we saw a strange change; the body of the tiger, which we now saw no longer to be known as such, but looked like a red lump of shapeless matter, was dragged to some distance from the tree, and shone all over as covered with glue or jelly; when we arrived, we saw plainly the meaning of this, the snake was yet busied about it. He had laid his legs one by one close to the body, and was now placing the head straight before and licking the body (which had no remaining shape of one) and covering it with its slaver, which was what gave it that shiny look, coating it over like a jelly, and rendering it fit for swallowing; and having prepared it to his mind, seized the head, and began to suck that, and afterwards the body into his throat. This was a work of so much time, that I left him struggling at the shoulders, when I went home to dinner, and by the account of those who stayed to watch him, it was night before he got it all in.

Next morning we assembled for the last time, and the very women and children followed us, assuring us, that as the prey was gorged, there was no danger. I could by no means conceive the meaning of this, till I came to the place, but then I found it very true; the serpent had so loaded himself, that he could neither fight nor run away.

He attempted on our approach to climb the tree, but in vain, and was knocked on the head with staves.

We measured him and his length was thirty-three feet four inches. He was soon cut up, and I assure you, sir, afforded a flesh whiter than veal, and, as they said that ate of it, finer tasted than any flesh whatever.

FEMALE CONSTANCY REWARDED.

In Everard's Letters, published in Italian in 1778 he gives the following interesting account of an adventure which he met with in the quicksilver mines of Idria.

"After passing, through several parts of the Alps, and having visited Germany, I thought I could not well return home without visiting the quicksilver mines at Idria, and seeing those dreadful subterranean caverns, where thousands are condemned to reside, shut out from all hopes of ever seeing the cheerful light of the sun, and obliged to toil out a miserable life under the whips of imperious task masters. Such wretches as the inmates of this place my eyes never beheld. The blackness of their visages only serves to cover a horrid paleness, caused by the noxious qualities of the mineral they are employed in procuring. As they in general consist of malefactors condemned for life to this task, they are fed at the public expense; but they seldom consume much provisions, as they lose their appetites in a short time, and commonly in about two years expire from a total contraction of all the joints in the body. In this horrid mansion I walked after my guide for some time, pondering on the strange tyranny and avarice of mankind, when I was startled by a voice behind me, calling me by name, and inquiring after my health with most cordial affection. I turned, and saw a creature all black and hideous, who approached me, and with a most piteous accent exclaimed, 'Ah! Mr Everard, don't you you know me?' Gracious Heavens! what was my surprise when through the veil of his wretchedness, I discovered the features of my old and dear friend, Count Alberti. You must remember him one of the gayest, and most agreeable persons at the court of Vienna; at once the paragon of the men and the favorite of the fair sex. I have often heard you repeat his name as one of the few that did honor to the present age: as possessed of generosity and pity in the highest degree, as one who made no other use of his fortune but to alleviate the distresses of his fellow creatures. Immediately on recognizing him, I flew to him with affection; and after a tear of condolence, asked him how he came there?

To this he replied, that having fought a duel with a general of the Austrian infantry, against the Emperor's command, and having left him for dead, he was obliged to fly into one of the forests of Istria, where he was taken prisoner, and afterwards sheltered by some banditti, who had long infested that quarter.—With these he had lived for nine months, till by a close investiture of the place in which they were concealed, and a very obstinate resistance, in which a greater part of them were killed, he was taken and carried to Vienna, in order to be broke alive upon the wheel. On arriving at the capital, however, he was soon recognized, and through the intercession of friends his punishment of the rack was changed into that of perpetual imprisonment and labor in the mines of Idria.

"As Alberti was giving me this account, a young woman came up to him, who I at once saw to be born for better fortune. The dreadful situation of the place was not able to destroy her beauty; and even in this scene of wretchedness, she seemed to have charms to grace the most brilliant assembly. This lady was in fact daughter to one of the first families in Germany; and having tried every means to procure her lover's pardon without effect, was at last resolved to share his miseries, as she could not relieve them. With him she accordingly descended into these mansions, whence few of the living return; and with him she is contented to live; with him to toil; forgetting the gayeties of life, despising the splendors of opulence, and contented with the consciousness of her own constancy."

Such constancy could not go unrewarded.—In a letter written nine days after, Mr Everard relates that he was "the spectator of the most affecting scene he ever yet beheld. A person came post from Vienna, to the little village near the mouth of the greater shaft. He was soon after followed by a second, and by a third. Their first inquiry was after the unfortunate Count, and I happened to overhear it, gave the best information I could.—Two of these were the brother and cousin of the lady; the third was a fellow soldier and intimate friend of the Count; they came with his pardon, which had been procured by the general with whom the duel had been fought, who was perfectly recovered from his wounds. I led them with all the expedition of joy down to his dreary abode; presented to him his friends, and informed him of the happy change in his circumstances. It would be impossible to describe the joy that brightened upon his grief worn countenance; nor was the young lady's emotion less vivid at seeing her friends, and hearing of her husband's freedom.

Some hours were employed in mending the appearance of this faithful couple: nor could I without a tear, behold him taking leave of the former wretched companions of his toil. We soon emerged from the mine, and Alberti and his wife once more revisited the light of the sun.

The empress has again taken him into favor, his fortune and rank are restored: and he, with his fair partner, now have the pleasing satisfaction of enjoying happiness with double relish, as they once knew what it was to be miserable."

THE HEIRESS.

A sprightly, rosy cheeked, flaxen haired little girl, used to sit in the pleasant evenings of June, on the marble steps opposite my lodgings, when I lived in Philadelphia, and sing over a hundred little sonnets, and tell over as many tales in a sweet voice, and with an air of delightful simplicity, that charmed me many a time. She was then an orphan child, and commonly reported to be rich. Often have I sat after a day a toil and vexation, and listened to her innocent voice, breathing forth the notes of peace and happiness, which flowed cheerfully from a light heart, and felt a portion of that tranquility steal over my bosom. —Such was Eliza Huntley, when I first knew her.

Several years had elapsed, during which time I had been absent from the city, when walking along one of the most fashionable squares, I saw an elegant female figure step into a carriage, followed by a gentleman, and two pretty children. I did not immediately recognize her face; but my friend who was by my side, pulled my elbow— do you remember little Eliza, who used to sing for us when we lived together in Walnut Street ?—I did remember, it was herself.

She used to be fond, said he of treating her little circle of friends with romances—and at last she acted out a neat romance herself.—She came out into the gay circles of life under the auspices of her guardians. It was said, by some she was rich—very rich—but the amount of her wealth did not appear to be a matter of publicity ; however the current, and, as was generally believed, well founded report, was sufficient to draw around her many admirers, and among the number many serious courtiers.

She did not wait long before a young gentleman on whom she had looked with a somewhat partial eye, because he was the gayest and handsomest of her lovers, emboldened by her partiality, made her an offer. Probably she blushed, and her heart fluttered a little ; but they were sitting in a moonlight arbor, and as her embarrassment was more than half concealed, she soon recovered, and as waggish humor happened to have the ascendant, she put on a serious face, told him she was honored by his preference, but that there was one matter which she wished well understood before, by giving a reply, she bound him to his promise. Perhaps you may have thought me wealthy ; I would not for the world have you labor under a mistake on that point : I am worth eighteen hundred dollars.

She was proceeding, but the gentleman started as if electrified. Eighteen hundred dollars ! he repeated in a manner that betrayed the utmost surprise : yes, ma'am, said he, awkwardly, I did understand you was worth a great deal more—but—

No, Sir, she replied ; no excuses or apologies ; think about what I have told you—you are embarrassed now ; answer me another time ; and rising, she bid him good night.

She just escaped a trap. He went next day to her guardians, to enquire more particularly into her affairs, and receiving the same answer he dropped his suit at once.

The next serious proposal followed soon after, and this too, came from one who had succeeded to a large portion of her esteem; but applying the same crucible to the love he offered, she found a like result. He too, left her, and she rejoiced in another fortunate escape.

She sometime after, became acquainted with a young gentleman of slender fortune, in whose approaches she thought she discovered more of the timorous diffidence of love than she had witnessed before. She did not check him in his hopes, and in process of time he too, made her an offer. But when she spoke of her fortune, he begged her to be silent; it is to virtue, worth, and beauty, said he, that I pay my court; not to fortune. In you I shall obtain what is worth more than gold.—She was most agreeably disappointed. They were married; and, after the union was solemnized, she made him master of all her fortune, with herself. I am indeed worth eighteen hundred dollars, said she to him; but I have never said how much more; and I never hope to enjoy more pleasure than I feel this moment, when I tell you my fortune is one hundred and eighty thousand dollars.

It was actually so; but still her husband often tells her that in her he possesses a far more noble fortune.

THE PESTILENCE.

In my mind the urn-burial of the ancients has always been sacredly and pleasantly associated. The clean white marble, containing the purified remains of all we have loved, is an object around which affection still loves to linger; but the damp dark grave, with its silent loathsome work of corruption, is a revolting subject of contemplation, even where love is stronger than death. Then there is the fear of being buried before the vital spark is extinct,—and of returning to consciousness with the weight of earth upon you, and the fresh air of heaven shut out forever! To me this idea is so terribly distinct that it is the spectre of my waking hours, and the nightmare of my dreams. Perhaps the vividness of this impression is owing to the remark I frequently heard from an aged relative, while I was yet a very small child: that "hundreds and hundreds were buried before they were dead, when the yellow fever raged so terribly in Boston.” That period is well remembered by our fathers, when pestilence walked abroad at noon-day, and the hearth stone was silent and dreary as the tomb.

The, death-carts went their continued round through every hour of the day, and unshrouded, uncoffined, the newly dead were hurried to their last home. I knew a man, who during this time of peril, was snatched from the grave merely by the persevering affection of his wife. Of the correctness of the story there is no doubt; for I have often heard it repeated by both the parties concerned. This awful visitation of God came upon them when they were newly married; when existence was happiness, and eparation worse than death. The young husband became victim to that disease which was breathing destruction ver the city. The friends of his wife urged her to seek efuge in the country, and not risk her own life in a use-
ess attempt to save him. But no persuasion could in-
luce her to leave him; night and day she was by his bed-
ide; and in the anguish of her heart she prayed that the
estilence might rest upon her. But her prayer was not
nswered—surely and rapidly it did its work upon all her
eart held dear; but to her, death would not come,
hough she prayed for it and sought it with tears. She
haled the breath of her dying husband; but to her it
as harmless; and in the madness of despair she repined
t the merciful decrees of heaven. No one was with her
the house—she was alone with the dead.—Suddenly
e silence of the deserted streets was interrupted by the
mbling of the death-carts; and she knew they had come
take him away from her sight forever, and with the
ought it suddenly flashed into her mind that life might
il! be in him!—Her entreaties excited compassion, and
e was permitted to keep the corpse one half hour longer.
he impression made upon her mind had the strength of
spiration; and though every restorative, which ingenu-
could devise, had failed to produce effect, she would
t relinquish hope. Again the carts came round, and
e solemn sound, “Bring out the dead,” disturbed the
rful stillness. Again the young wife entreated, wept

and screamed—the hearts of the men, whose dreadful employment accustomed them to such scenes, were touched; but they would not yield. They said "the safety of the city required them to be firm in the discharge of their duty; that they had already disobeyed strict orders, and they dared not do it again; that the hope of restoring him was mere insanity; it was evident he had long been dead."

When she found they would not be moved by her prayers, she threw her arms round the body, and clung to it with the strength of madness; declaring if they buried one they should bury both.

The men, after a few gentle attempts to remove her, dashed the tears from their eyes, and saying, "We cannot separate them," left her another half hour of hope. The moment of that interval had a value, of which mortals under ordinary circumstances can form no conception. Restorative, after restorative, was applied, but in vain. With sickening anxiety she fastened her eye upon the watch, and then on the stiff, cold form beside her.—The half hour had nearly gone; in five minutes they would again come to claim the dead; and she felt that she must resist no longer. She breathed into his nostrils,—she moved her hand upon his chest, to restore the action of the lungs,—but no change came over his rigid features. She bathed his temples and moistened his lips with sal-volatile,—the terrible rumbling of the carts was heard, and in the trembling eagerness of the moment she spilled the contents of the vial into his nostrils—a sudden convulsion passed over the face of the dead! a short, quick gasp,—and the eyes heavily opened!

The men with the death carts were startled by a loud shriek, that sounded as if it tore asunder the soul from which it came.—When they entered, they found the dead living and the living senseless.

Both husband and wife were soon restored to health. They lived to be the parents of a numerous family; and the husband now survives her, who with the strong arm of love thus snatched him from an early grave.

Massachusetts Jouurnal.

SIR MATTHEW HALE.

A GENTLEMAN of about five hundred pounds a year, in the eastern part of England, had two sons. The eldest had a rambling disposition. He took a place in a ship and went abroad; after some years his father died. The younger son destroyed the father's will and seized upon the estate. He gave out that his eldest brother was dead, and bribed some false witnesses to attest the truth of it. In a course of time the eldest brother returned; he came home in miserable circumstances.—His youngest brother repulsed him with scorn, told him that he was an impostor and a cheat, and asserted that his real brother was dead long ago, and could bring witnesses to prove it.—The poor fellow having neither money nor friends was in a most dismal condition. He went round the parish making bitter complaints, and at last he came to a lawyer; who when he had heard the poor man's mournful story, replied to him in this manner:—"You have nothing to give me: if I undertake your cause and loose it, it will bring me into very foul disgrace, as all the wealth and evidence is on your brother's side. But, however, I will undertake your cause upon this condition:—You shall enter into obligation to pay me a thousand guineas if I gain the estate for you. If I lose it I know the consequence, and I venture upon it with my eyes open." Accordingly he entered an action against the younger brother, and it was agreed to be tried at the next general assizes at Chelmsford in Essex.

The lawyer having engaged in the cause of the poor man, and stimulated by the prospect of a thousand guineas, set his wits to work to contrive the best method to gain his end. At last he hit upon this happy thought, that he would consult the first of all the judges, Lord Chief Justice Hale. Accordingly he flew up to London, and laid open the cause in all its circumstances. The judge, who was the greatest lover of justice of any man in the world, heard the cause patiently and attentively, and promised him all the assistance in his power. (It was very probable that he opened his whole scheme and method of proceeding, enjoining the utmost secrecy.) The

Judge contrived matters in such a manner as to have finished all his business at the King's Bench before the assizes begun at Chelmsford, and ordered his carriage to convey him down very near the seat of the assizes. He dismissed his man and horses, and sought for a single house.—He found one occupied by a miller. After some conversation, and making himself quite agreeable he proposed to the miller to change clothes with him. As the judge had a very good suit on, the man had no reason to object. Accordingly the judge shifted himself from top to toe, and put on a complete suit of the miller's best. Armed with the miller's hat and shoes, and stick, away he marches to Chelmsford; he had procured a good lodging to his liking, and waited for the assizes that should come on the next day. When the trials came on, he walked like an ignorant country-fellow backwards and forwards along the country hall. He had a thousand eyes within him, and when the court began to fill, he soon found out the poor fellow that was plaintiff. As soon as he came into the hall, the miller drew up to him: "Honest friend, said he, how is your cause like to go to-day?" "Why, replied the plaintiff, my cause is in a very precarious situation, and if I lose it, I am ruined for life." "Well honest friend, replied the miller, will you take my advice? I will let you into a secret which perhaps you do not know; every Englishman has the right to except against any one juryman through the whole twelve; now do you insist upon the privilege without giving a reason why, and if possible get me chosen in his room, and I will do you all the service in my power." Accordingly when the clerk of the court had called over the jurymen, the plaintiff excepted to one of them by name: the judge on the bench was highly offended with this liberty. "What do you mean," says he, "by excepting against that gentleman?" "I mean my lord to assert my privileges as an Englishman without giving a reason why." The judge, who had been deeply bribed, in order to conceal it by a show of candor, and having a confidence in the superiority of his party—"Well, sir," says he, "as you claim your privilege I will grant you the favor, who would you wish to have in the room of that man excepted against?" After a small time taken in consideration—"My lord," says he, "I wish you to have an honest man chose in," and he looks round the court—"My lord, there is that miller in court, we will have him if you please." Accordingly the miller was chosen in. As soon as the clerk of the court had given them all their oaths, a little dexterous fellow came into the department, and slips ten golden Caralcuses into the hands of eleven of the jurymen, and gave the miller but five. He observed that they were all bribed as well as himself, and said to his next neighbor, in soft whisper, "How much have you got?" "ten pieces;" said he. He concealed what he had himself. The cause was opened by the plaintiff's counsel; and all the scraps of evidence they could pick up were adduced in his favor. The younger brother was provided with a great number of evidences and pleaders, all plentifully bribed as well as the judge. The evidence deposed that they were in the self-same country where the brother died, and saw him buried. The counsellors pleaded upon this accumulated evidence, and every thing went with a full tide in favor of the younger brother. The judge summed up the evidence with great gravity and deliberation, "and now gentlemen of the jury," said he, "*lay* your heads together and bring in your verdict as you shall deem most just." They waited but a few minutes before they determined in favor of the younger brother. The judge said, "Gentlemen are you agreed, and who shall speak for you?" "We are agreed my lord," replied one, "our foreman shall speak for us." "Hold, my lord," replied the miller, "we are not all agreed." "Why says the judge in a very surly manner, "what is the matter with you? What reason have you for disagreeing?"—"I have several reasons, my lord," replied the miller; "the first is, they have given to all these gentlemen of the jury ten broad pieces of gold, and to *me* but five; besides I have many objections to make to the false reasonings of the pleaders, and the contradictory evidence of the witnesses." Upon this the miller began a discourse that discovered such vast penetration of understanding, such extensive law, and expressed with such energetic and manly eloquence that astonished the judge and whole court. As he was going on with his powerful demonstrations, the judge in a surprise of soul stopped him—"Where did you come from and who are you?"—"I came from Westminster-Hall," replied the miller, "my name is Matthew Hale, I am Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench, I have observed the iniquity of your proceedings this day, and therefore come down from a seat which you are no ways worthy to hold, you are one of the corrupt parties in this iniquitous business. I will come up this moment and try the cause all over again." Accordingly Sir Matthew went up with his miller's dress and hat on, began the trial from its very original—searched every circumstance of truth and falsehood—evinced the eldest brother's title to the estate, from the contradictory evidence of the witnesses, and the false reasoning of the pleaders—unravelled all the sophistry to the very bottom, and gained a complete victory in favor of truth and justice.

THE LAST LOAF.

"The Lord will provide," said an aged matron to an innocent Miss, who was raking up the scanty coals before a small brown loaf that stood alone upon the solitary hearth. The youth had gleaned the last mite from their exhausted store and in silence reared it before the dying embers concealing, as she passed, for a moment from her aged companion, that *it was all.* But the scanty pittance revealed the secret. And this was the effusion of her confiding spirit. "*The last loaf,*" said the girl with a sigh, casting a glance at the precious morsel and then resuming her accustomed seat by the side of her venerable grand mother. The sun had just sank behind a dark cloud that hung in the western horizon, foreboding by its distant rumbling, approaching darkness and tempest. The hollow murmurings of a distant waterfall and the gentle wavings of a branching oak which shaded the humble cottage, mocked the gloomy silence that, for some moments reigned within. Here were two kindred spirits each devoted to the other's happiness and rich in the best of treasures—confidence in God. The voice of no kind neighbor musing in his rural employment fell upon their ears. No bleating flocks in their idle sporting, spake plenty, nor waving crops predicted a coming harvest. A humble hut with scarce a span of cultivated earth, stood alone amidst the gloom of the surrounding desert. They had sowed in spring time, but the wild beasts had reaped and the forest blasted.

The God of nature seemed to have transplanted from a corrupt world; these celestial plants into a soil as yet uncontaminated with filthy and ungrateful hands into her own chosen bower. The elegance of the situation, selected as it was in one of those beautiful vales interspersed along the very summits of our mountains, so romantic in its scenery and striking contrast with the surrounding waste, and the order with which every thing was arranged although now bearing the marks of poverty and neglect, bespoke the hand of former industry and the blight of exalted hopes. Here indeed the weary traveller had long found a home; and, as to the east or west he gained the distant rise which overlooked the lonely hermitage, he forgot his troubles and like the despairing navigator yielding his last hope to the overpowering elements, he saw the star of his deliverance, the beacon of his hope.

But to return to the scene within.—The lapse of a few more sad gloomy moments found the youth kneeling by the side of the aged matron seeking to read in the index of her countenance the feelings of her heart. At length the old lady raised her head from her withered hands in which for some time she had buried her face in deep reflection, and casting an anxious look upon her only earthly pledge, the dear Eliza, she began: "Life to me is nothing—it is passed and I rejoice. But for you—alas! what shall I say? No father, no mother, no brother——and sobs checked her utterance—" But God will provide," said the girl, wiping the tear from her withered cheek, "have you forgot that blessed sentiment?" "Oh, my child, my darling child!" exclaimed she, clasping the youth to her bosom; pardon " my weakness—I will not doubt, but how can I forbear? your calmness overcomes, and tears are luxuries. But no I will not weep, Heaven's boon is mine, a child that knows no ill, nor fears it. Such innocence was never formed for woe. Yes, my Eliza, the Lord will provide; his word is sure." At this moment a loud rap was heard at the door and a stranger begged admittance. Darkness was closing around them and instantly a peal of thunder rent the air. "Yes, come in," said the good woman, "this door was never shut to the wants of the needy, nor shall it be. "Welcome," said she to the youthful stranger approaching her; "the storm and night have overtaken you, and here you must remain. None can pity like those who need pity, and surely none can spurn the best and *all* one has."

His cloak and hat, moist with the falling rain, being laid aside, he sank exhausted into a chair arranged for him. His countenance, though somewhat languid from weariness, was an index of excellence, and his eye, which as the young girl lighted a torch of splintered pine, wandered with searching scrutiny into every corner of the homely apartment, at once denoted a mind strong and piercing. He sat for some moments with fixed eyes and pensive countenance as if recalling some sad calamity, some secret cause of grief. "My young friend," said the old lady waking him from his insensibility, "hunger and fatigue may have exhausted your body, but whence this gloominess of mind?—What hidden grief preys upon your inmost soul? Unburthen your heaving bosom, give vent to your struggling feelings. But no, not now, you need quiet. But when rest and food shall have recruited your strength tell me, tell me *all*. Meanwhile the damsel had spread the homely board and placed upon it the last remains of her hard earnings,—the puny loaf. And lending her support to her crippled grand mother, she removed her to the table, seating herself a humble waiter at her side. "Come" said the venerable hostess to her pensive guest "our meal is ready. Refresh yourself." He seated himself, and she after breathing a silent offering of thanks to the author of bounties, undertook to break the precious morsel, but it was a mockery and she forbore. Perceiving the surprise of her wondering guest, "shall I apologise?" said she, "tis all we have. But," she continued, dividing him a portion, "the fountain is plenteous and we shall not want." "All you have!" exclaimed the stranger folding his arms in sudden amazement,—"all you have and I devour it! No, let me starve, but I'll never break the last loaf of an infirm and helpless widow. This would be madness in a lawless Bedouin. Would you torment me? replied she, "make me sup, as yet but little craving while a more needy friend sits empty by?—Would you rob me? Take away my greatest privilege, an opportunity for doing good? Partake sir, and it will feed us all; reject and it will nourish none."

'O charity,' exclaimed the astonished stranger,—thou art outdone. Was there ever such disinterestedness? Tell me, my friend this secret of happiness; whence such composure? and I will yield. Such bread will nourish, will impart abiding substance." "Willingly," said she. "Youth should listen to the voice of the aged. You ask the secret of my happiness—'tis *trouble.* Whence my composure—from confidence in God. Tears are precious things, they school a soul for heaven.

"This lovely sport, now covered with blight and overgrown with briers once teemed with fruits and plenty. This solitary cell, now crowned with moss and decayed with age, was once alive with the hum of domestic industry, and the joys of connubial and filial affection. But oh! how suddenly changed. The destroyer came, and slaughter glutted his ferocious jaws.—

One autumn morning, oh! what a morning was that, I awoke from my sleep; it was not the sleep of repose, but of astounded reason, and my bed was among the relics of plunder and pillage. I heard in the darkness of the night a cry of distress and hasted from my chamber; the grim visage of a savage rushing upon me with a bloody battle axe met my eye—here recollection ended. Raising myself from the floor, wounded and bleeding—faint and exhausted with the effort, I gained the bedside of my son, the son of my age. Alas! what a scene was there, a father and a mother butchered in their sleep, and a smiling infant sporting in their blood" "Here said she is that doting pledge; but the beloved Oscar W———, where—where was he? A captive to the merciless savages, food for their relentless tomahawks.'" * * * *

The young man listened in breathless silence. A spell had overcome him, and he could not move. He attempted to speak but his words were too big for utterance. After two fruitless efforts he exclaimed "*I am Oscar!*" and casting himself in her withered arms they swooned together. Recovering at length he drew from his bosom a purse of gold. "We need not want for bread," said he, "I was redeemed from the cruel savages, adopted by a wealthy merchant, and now possess his fortune; it is all your own.' 'The Lord has provided' exclaimed Eliza, 'a brother, a benefactor;' 'a sister, a home,' he replied, ——— 'a *heaven*'—whispered the dying matron and her spirit fled. The transit was too sudden; her cup was full.

TEMPLE OF JERUSALEM.

ITS DESTRUCTION BY FIRE, UNDER TITUS.

It was on the 10th of August, the day already darkened in the Jewish calendar by the destruction of the former Temple by the King of Babylon; it was almost passed. Titus withdrew again into Antonia, intending the next morning to make a general assault. The quiet summer evening came on; the setting sun shone for the last time on the snow white walls, and glistening pinnacles of the Temple roof. Titus had retired to rest; when suddenly a wild and terrible cry was heard, and a man came rushing in, announcing that the Temple was on fire. Some of the besieged, notwithstanding the repulse in the morning, had sallied out to attack the men who were busily employed in extinguishing the fires about the cloisters. The Romans not merely drove them back, but, entering the sacred space with them, forced their way to the Temple. A soldier without orders, mounting on the shoulders of one of his comrades, threw a blazing brand into a gilded small door, on the north side of the chambers, in the outer building or porch. The flames sprung up at once. The Jews uttered one simultaneous shriek, and grasped their swords with a furious determination of revenging and perishing in the ruins of the Temple. Titus rushed down with the utmost speed; he shouted; he made signs to his soldiers to quench the fire; his voice was drowned, and his signs unnoticed in the general confusion. The legionaries could not hear; they rushed on, trampling each other down in their furious haste, or stumbling over the crumbling ruins, perished with the enemy. Each exhorted the other, and each hurled his blazing brand into the inner part of the edifice, and then hurried to the work of carnage. The unarmed and defenceless people were slain in thousands; they lay heaped like sacrifices round the altar; the steps of the Temple ran with streams of blood, which washed down the bodies that lay about.

Titus found it impossible to check the rage of the soldiery; he entered with his officers and surveyed the interior of the sacred edifice. The splendor filled them with wonder, and as the flames had not yet penetrated to the holy place, he made a last effort to save it, and again exhorted the soldiers to stay the progress of the conflagration. The centurion Liberalis endeavored to force obedience with his staff of office; but even respect for the Emperor gave way to the furious animosity against the Jews, to the fierce excitement of battle, and to the insatiable hope of plunder. The soldiers saw every thing around them radiant with gold, which shone dazzlingly in the wild light of the flames. They supposed that incalculable treasures were laid up in the sanctuary. A soldier unperceived, thrust a lighted torch between the hinges of the door; the whole building was in flames in an instant. The blinding smoke and fire forced the officers to retreat; and the noble edifice was left to its fate.

It was an appalling spectacle to the Roman—what was it to the Jew? The whole summit of the hill which commanded the city blazed like a volcano. One after another of the buildings fell in with a tremendous crash, and were swallowed up in the fiery abyss. The roofs of cedar appeared like sheets of flaming fire. The neighboring hills were lighted up, and dark groups of people were seen watching in horrible anxiety the progress of the destruction; the walls and heights of the upper city were crowded with faces, some pale with the agony of despair, others scowling unavailing vengeance. The shouts of the Roman soldiery, as they ran to and fro, and the howlings of the insurgents who were perishing in the flames, mingled with the roaring of the conflagration and thundering sound of falling timbers. The echoes of the mountains replied, or brought back the shrieks of the people on the heights; all the walls resounded screams and wailings, men, who were expiring with famine, rallied their remaining strength to utter a cry of anguish and desolation.

The slaughter within was even more dreadful than the spectacle from without. Men and women, old and young, insurgents and priests, those who fought and those who craved mercy, were all hewn down in indiscriminate carnage. The number of the slain exceeded that of the slayers. The legionaries were obliged to clamber over heaps of dead to carry on the work of extermination. John, at the head of his troops, cut his way, first into the outer court of the temple; afterwards into the upper city. Some of the priests upon the roof wrenched off the golden spikes with their sockets of lead, and used them as missiles against the Romans below. Afterwards they fled to a part of the wall about fourteen feet wide; they were summoned to surrender; but two of them, Mair, son of Belgo, and Joseph, son of Delia, plunged headlong into the flaems.

No part escaped the fury of the Romans. The treasuries with all their wealth of money, jewels and costly robes—the plunder which the zealots had laid up—were totally destroyed. Nothing remained but a small part of the cloister, in which six thousand unarmed and defenceless people, with women and children, had taken refuge. These poor wretches, like a multitude of others, had been led up to the temple by a false prophet, who had proclaimed that God commanded all the Jews to go up to the Temple, where he would display his Almighty power to save his people. The soldiers set fire to the building; every soul perished.—*Family Library.*

THE TWO APOTHECARIES.

About the year 1712, there lived in a country town near Canterbury, a private gentleman named Turner.

He had an only son, who having attained the age of fifteen, was very desirous of qualifying himself to follow the profession of apothecary and surgeon. Accordingly his father had him bound apprentice for seven years to an eminent surgeon of the same place, whose name was Stevens. The young man was so attentive to his business that before he was out of his time, he was universally allowed to be as great a proficient in medicine and surgical matters as his master.

His apprenticeship being concluded, the friends and acquaintances of Mr. Turner, came to make merry and spend the evening with him, as was at the time customary, and among the rest his father, who entering into conversation with Mr Stevens, relative to his son's capacity and inclination for his profession, at last addressed him:

'I should grieve to find any thing left undone that might prevent or lessen his perfect qualification in his art.' The apothecary replied, 'Sir, I believe him to be as capable in it as myself, except that he cannot have had so much experience. I have neglected no part of his instruction, and have communicated all I know, except one single point, which is a secret I discovered myself, and having experienced its truth and its value, I am not willing to impart it to any one without an adequate compensation.'

Mr Turner was unwilling his son should be deficient in any point which might be wanting to complete him for his profession, and therefore demanded the price of his secret. 'Sir,' answered Mr. Stevens, 'if your son makes a proper use of it, it may bring him thousands. I look upon it as infallible, and to a man of prudence, and great practice, it may be invaluable; but as your son has served his time with me, and has behaved well and diligently in his busines, I will make him master of this useful and excellent nostrum for thirty guineas.' After a little consideration and debating the matter with his son, Mr Stevens agreed to take twenty guineas, which were paid immediately, and he gave in return a slip of paper, on which seven words were written, being the recipe of his great and precious nostrum.

The old gentleman, after reading the recipe, burst into a violent passion, saying he had been defrauded, and had parted with his money without an equivalent compensation, and that he would appeal to the laws for redress. The surgeon being in possession of the money remained quiet, and permitted him to vent his rage at leisure; when this had somewhat subsided he calmly said to Mr Turner, 'Why, sir, although you now make so much light of this secret, because you know it, yet, insignificant as it may seem to you, it has put many hundred pounds into my pocket, and if your son will always bear it in mind, and make proper use of it, he may turn it to as good an account as I have done.'

Still this did not satisfy old Mr Turner; at length his son interposed, and said to his father, 'Do not, sir, make yourself uneasy about the purchase of this seeming trifle: my master has treated me kindly during the whole term of my apprenticeship, and I have no reason to suppose he wishes to impose on either of us. You, sir, do not understand our business, there are secrets in all trades, and I have no doubt but I shall, as Mr Stevens says, profit greatly by this valuable arcanum, so that I beg you will be contented, and leave the rest to me; I shall take care the money shall not be thrown away.'

By this interposition of the son, his father became easy, and when the company broke up, took him home.

A few days after he wanted his son to set up in business for himself immediately, in opposition to his old master, whom he considered had cheated him.—The young gentleman, however, had a mind to travel, and endeavored to convince his father how necessary it was to get to Paris for further experience in the practice of surgery, and that in that city surgeons had opportunities of perfecting themselves in their profession. At length the old gentleman, reluctantly gave his consent, and his son set out for Paris.

After his arrival there he attended the hospitals during a year, and then continued his travels through Italy and Germany.—After having thus employed seven or eight years, and being greatly improved in his learning and professional skill in both physic and surgery, he returned to England with a resolution to travel all over it in the character of a mountebank doctor, which profession was at that time in great esteem both in Germany and Italy.

This he accordingly began to do with great success and applause, and having completed his tour in about a year, he at last contrived to arrive at the little town where he had served his time.

His long absence had made such an alteration in his person and features that he was under no apprehension of being known, so that assuming the name of Baron de Retourgnac, and announcing himself as a famous foreign physician, on his travels throughout Europe, he advertised that he proposed remaining some time in Canterbury and its vicinity. Accordingly he began by making a figure with his carriage and servants, and in a short time acquired great reputation as well as emolument from a number of cures which he performed.

It so happened that one day while he was mounted on his stage in this town, attended by his servants, who dealt out his medicines to the numerous purchasers, his old master, Stevens, approached as near as he could, in order to hear this learned doctor harangue.

As soon as the doctor saw him he knew him, and a pleasant fancy that moment striking him, he began to address the attentive spectators as follows: 'Ladies and gentlemen, it is notorious that the medical practitioners and professors in this country almost entirely neglect the study of those sciences which do not immediately relate to physic, so that they remain unacquainted with many curious facts and observations which tend to elucidate numberless cases in their professional line. These observations are generally known to the most celebrated physicians on the Continent, and are of the utmost consequence to thousands of people who are affected with the most grievous disorders and maladies.

You may observe, ladies and gentlemen, that it is a maxim among the learned, that unless the texture or combination of parts of the blood be already formed into a particular state, which is vulgarly called a vicious state of the body, it is incapable of contracting certain malignancies which affect and distemper it, and which malignancies will prevail in a greater or a less degree, and become more or less virulent according to its vitiated state, all which I grant to be true. But I have now further to observe, that as the face is a palpable index to the mind, wherein we may read tokens of the inward passions, so there are likewise certain signs to be observed in the face only, wherein we may perceive many prognostics and symptoms of various approaching diseases which are then breeding and engendering in the blood; and which, by thus being discovered, if they are skilfully attacked in time, that is, before they get to the height and gain the mastery, may, by proper management, be easily removed; and if they are not so found out and treated, they may, and often do, occasion the certain death of the patient.

This, ladies and gentlemen, is the art and mystery which I studied; and if I can discover among the vast concourse of people who now surround me, any such person, whose present necessity requires my assistance, and by whom I may prove the truth of what I have been advancing, I will instantly point him out before you all.'

So having spent some time in surveying the throng, and affecting a very grave and penetrating look, he at last pitched upon his old master, and pointing to him,—'There,' said he, 'is a gentleman, who, I am certain, without any assistance, in ten day's time will be no longer among the living; and no other person in this kingdom, except myself, can possibly administer any thing that will cure him! And so well do I know the nature and cause of the distemper which is now invading his animal fluids, that I would have you, gentlemen, particularly notice, that I assure you, at seven or eight o'clock this evening, he will be first seized with a lowness of spirits, restless all night, to-morrow he loses his appetite, then a fever will succeed, after which it will fall upon his nerves, and in a short time it will carry him off.

'Thus, sir, be pleased to remember,' continued he, addressing the apothecary, 'that I have told you the different stages and changes of this your new disorder; and seek the best advice and assistance you may, you will find all that I have advanced strictly true.'

Here the people were all amazed at this strange prognostication of the foreign mountebank about their own doctor, and were impatient for its issue. The learned orator having finished all that he intended to say on the subject, immediately proceeded in his harangue upon other matters.

The poor apothecary could think of nothing but what the stranger had prophecied concerning his approaching illness. He went home directly, and related to his wife ll he had heard. And some little time after, the good woman perceiving her husband pausing, melancholy, and pparently concerned at it, could not help sympathising a ittle with him, saying,—'My dear, I am sorry to see you o grave : I hope you do not feel the disease coming upon ou already ; I should think you are the best judge wheth- r the doctor could perceive any symptoms of illness in ou ; but if I might advise you, you should, for prevention nd security, take something which you may think ser- iceable directly.' 'Aye,' replied the husband, 'but he lso told me that nobody but himself could tell what to ive me that would do me any good, and therefore, if I nd myself attacked according to his prediction, it will be n vain for me to attempt any remedy from my own pre- ription, or from any person but from him.'

From that moment he began to be very uneasy in mind, nd consequently his disorder commenced ; and as about ven or eight o'clock was the time the doctor had fixed r his lowness of spirits to begin, he was very impatient see what alteration would appear at that time ; when came he could not avoid fancying himself worse and orse every moment, and very soon after he was so ex- emely ill that he could sit up no longer, so that he went bed ; and his distemper increasing the next day, as Dr Retourgnac had foretold, his appetite was totally lost, d the noise of his illness spread over the whole town, the great credit of the mountebank baron. And al- ough Mr Stevens was very unwilling to send for him, ring it might tend to lessen his own reputation in fu- re, yet he was persuaded that all the medicines in the rld, without his assistance, would be unavailing.

The next day a fever ensued ; (which was inevitable th a man of such notions ;) by the advice of his wife d some friend, he at last sent for Dr de Retourgnac, ho came, but took no notice of ever having seen his patient before ; he felt of his pulse, asked such questions as he thought proper, told him that his disease was of a very dangerous nature, that he had not found any physician in England that knew how to manage it properly, but that still he had hopes of being able to recover him in a few days, as he had been called in time ; that if he cured him he would have forty guineas for his medicines and attendance, and that if he did not succeed, he was willing to forfeit a thousand.

To these terms the apothecary gladly consented, and the doctor went home to prepare something to relieve him ; we may suppose any simple thing would do, for the cure was to be effected, not by the medicine, but by the physician.

From this moment he began to mend apace, so that, in short, the cure was perfected in four or five days, and the doctor not only received his stipulated reward, but was extolled in an extraordinary manner.

After Mr. Stevens was quite well again, he was very anxious to know by what rule or method the approaching distemper could be found out, and how the cure was to be effected. He thought if he could by any means obtain this secret, he should be happy, and then be able to vie with any of his professional competitors in England.

So after he had made a proposal to the doctor for the purchase of this secret, and had taken a great deal of pains about it, he at last agreed with him to be taught this occult science for a hundred guineas. And when, to his great joy, the bargain was struck, and the money paid, the mountebank baron gave him a paper neatly folded and sealed, which, as he said, contained the whole art and mystery.

The apothecary, with great impatience, broke the seal, and to his great surprise, found the paper contained nothing but the identical nostrum, in his own hand writing, which he formerly sold to Mr Turner—being only

Conceit can kill—and conceit can cure.

He remained some time as if stunned, till the doctor burst into a fit of laughter, and discovering himself, asked him if he did not approve of the secret? The apothecary was obliged to be satisfied, finding by his own documents he had been diseased and restored. And Monsieur le Baron de Retourgnac, now Doctor Turner, by following his master's advice, when his father purchased the secret, not only recovered the principal, but four times as much in addition, besides his fee, and had the pleasure of returning the compliment to his old master, by properly trying the most excellent nostrum, and experimentally proving it to be true.

LONDON.

[*From Partington's History of London.*]

The immediate site of the city of London is about forty-five miles from the sea, westward, in a pleasant and spacious valley, stretching along the banks of the Thames, which river as it flows through the metropolis, forms a bold curve or crescent. On the northern side, the ground rises with a quick ascent, and then more gradually, but unequally heightens to the north-west and west, which are the most elevated parts. On the south side of the river, the ground is nearly level, and was anciently an entire morass of many miles in extent; this has been reclaimed through the artificial embankment of the river, probably commenced by the Romans which must have been the work of ages. The average breadth of the river, in this part of its course, is from four to five hundred yards; its general depth at low water, about twelve feet; but at spring tides it rises from ten to twelve feet above hat level. The tides used to flow to the distance of fifeen miles above London Bridge; by the demolition of the old structure, it goes much higher. Considered as the aggregate, London comprises the city and its liberties, with he city and liberties of Westminster, the borough of Southwark, and upwards of thirty of the contiguous vilages of Middlesex and Surrey. The extent of this district is, from east to west, or from Poplar to Kensington, near eight miles; its breadth from north to south is very irregular, and may be said to vary from three to four miles. The circumference of this immense congregation of buildings may be estimated at twenty miles. The metropolis is computed to contain upwards of sixty squares and twelve thousand streets, lanes, courts, &c.; and the whole formed by nearly three hundred thousand buildings of various descriptions, of public structures, churches, dwelling houses, warehouses, shops, &c. It is a remarkable fact that vegetation is earlier, by ten days or a fortnight, on the west and south west sides of the metropolis than at the northern and eastern sides. The more prevalent winds blow from the north east and south west; and these with little variation, occupy about ten or eleven months in the year. The thermometer sometimes rises to eighty degrees of Farenheit's scale; very rarely to eighty-four degrees; but the common summer heat is from sixty five degrees to seventy five degrees. In winter it sometimes falls to fifteen degrees; but the most common winter heat, when it freezes, is between twenty and thirty degrees; it has been known to fall below the point marked 0, but very rarely; the most frequent when it does not freeze, is between forty and fifty degrees. The annual temperature of London is fifty one degrees nine minutes, or in round numbers, fifty two degrees. The situation of London is so very favorable, that springs which yield large quantities of water, are found on digging almost every where. In the year 1377, London is said to have contained about thirty-five thousand inhabitants. According to the census of 1801, London, at that time, contained 121,229 houses, inhabited by 216,073 families, making 864,755 persons. In 1811, it had increased to 1,099,104, and in 1812 to 1,225,196 persons. By the last census of 1831, it appears that a still further increase had taken place of no less than 243,105, thus making the present population of the metropolis, 1,474,069. The number of oxen annually consumed in London has been estimated at 110,000, calves 50,000, sheep 800,000, lambs 250,000, hogs and pigs 200,000; besides animals of other kinds. Smithfield is the principal market for the above articles; and the total value of butcher's meat sold there annually is stated at £6,000,000. There are on an average, annually brought to Billingsgate market 2,500 cargoes of fish, of forty tons each, and about twenty thousand tons by land carriage; in the whole 120,000 tons. The annual consumption of wheat, in London, may be averaged at 900,000 quarters, each containing eight Winchester bushels; ale 2,000,000 barrels, each containing thirty six gallons; spirits and compounds, 11,000,000 gallons; wines 65,000 pipes; butter 21,000,000 lbs. The quantity of coals consumed is about 1,200,000 chaldrons, of 36 bushels, or a ton and a half to each chaldron. About 10,000 cows are kept in the vicinity of London, for supplying the inhabitants with milk, and they are supposed to yield nearly seven millions nine hundred thousand gallons every year; even this great quantity is considerably increased by the dealers; who adulterate it, by at least one fourth, with water, before they serve their customers. The port as actually occupied by shipping, from London Bridge to near Deptford, a distance of at least four miles, is from four to five hundred yards in average breadth.—The number of vessels belonging to this port in September, 1800, was ascertained, by the official documents laid before the House of Parliament, to be 2,666, carrying 568,262 tons, and 31,402 men. Comparing this number with the number returned in 1701-2, the increase will be astonishing. At that period the vessels amounted only to 560, carrying 84,882, tons, and 10065 men. The average number of ships in the Thames and docks is 1,100; together with three thousand barges employed in lading and unlading them; 2,288 small craft engaged in the inland trade; and three thousand wherries for the accommodation of passengers; 1200 revenue officers are constantly on duty in different parts of the river; 4,000 laborers are employed in lading and unlading; and 8,000 watermen navigate the wherries and craft. The household troops, and three regiments of foot guards, containing about 7,000 men, including officers and two regiments of horse guards consisting of 1,200 men, form the principal military establishment for the metropolis; but none of these troops are permitted to enter the city without especial leave of the Lord Mayor. It is difficult to ascertain the exact number of churches and chapels belonging to the establishment in the metropolis, but it is not far short of 200. The number of religious edifices belonging to the Dissenters in the metropolis is above that number. There are 80 chapels, or places of worship, for the independents, among whom, are included the Scotch Presbyterians. The Baptists have nearly fifty chapels; the Methodists or followers of Whitefield and Wesley, twenty three; the Unitarians nine; the Arians two; the Quakers six; the Swedenborgians, four; the Huntingtonians, three; the Sandimonians, the Moravians, the New Lights, and the Free Thinkers, have one chapel each. In the metropolis, there are six Jewish Synagogues, fifteen Roman Catholic Chapels, and nineteen foreign Protestant churches.

DESCRIPTION OF JESUS CHRIST.

By Publius Lentulus Roman Governor of Judea.

" There now lives at this time in Judea, a man of singular virtue, whose name is Jesus Christ; whom the barbarians esteem a prophet; but his own followers adore him as the offspring of the Immortal God. He calls back the dead from their graves, and heals all sorts of diseases, with a word or a touch. He is tall and well shaped; of an amiable, reverend aspect; his hair of a color that can hardly be matched, falling in graceful curls below his ears, curling on his shoulders, parted on the crown of the head, like the Nazarites. His forehead is smooth and large, his cheeks without spot, save that of a lovely red. His nose and mouth formed with exquisite symmetry. His beard thick, and of a color suitable to the hair of his head, reaching an inch below his chin, and parting in the middle like a fork. His eyes bright, clear and serene. He rebukes with majesty, counsels with mildness; his whole address whether in word or deed, being elegant and grave. No man has seen him laugh, but he has wept frequently. He is very temperate, modest and wise. A man for his excellent beauty and divine perfection, surpassing the children of men."

THE MOTHER OF JESUS.

HER SORROWS AND JOYS.

Mary's severest trials commenced, after Jesus had passed the period of youth.—When he appeared before the eyes of the public, she heard with pleasure his commanding exhortations, and saw with wonder his stupendous miracles; but she perceived with pain that he did not claim the throne of his father David, and that he even resisted all attempts to make him a king. As she was ignorant, in common with the rest of his disciples, of the true nature of his character, she did not yet comprehend that his kingdom is not of this world. She groaned with the rest of the inhabitants of Judea, under the tyranny of the Romans. Loving her country, she ardently wished its deliverance from the iron yoke; she hoped that her son would vindicate its independence; but so unambitious was he of worldly honors and popular applause, that she began to fear he would not undertake the arduous work. If he was not the king of Israel what was he? Doubts filled her heart; her mind was perplexed with mysteries; and she could find no clue, by which she could escape from the labyrinth.

The hatred and envy of the leading men of Judea also excited her alarm. While Jesus relieved the poor, comforted the mourner, and bound up the wounds of the bruised, he reproached the Pharisees with their hypocrisy and avarice, and threatened them with the vengeance of God. Such bold invective, she apprehended would make him enemies. She feared, what in truth took place, that he could not long escape the effects of their jealousy and malice. She was exceedingly terrified, when she heard him declare, that he was going up to Jerusalem, where he should be betrayed into the hands of his implacable persecutors, who would inflict on him a cruel and shameful death; for though he added, that on the third day he should rise again, yet it is evident that she understood not the meaning of his words. Were then all her hopes to be levelled with the dust? Was he not the promised Messiah, who was to restore the kingdom to Israel? Was she to be deprived of a beloved son, and her country of a deliverer?

Accompanying him to Jerusalem, she soon saw him, as he had predicted, in the power of his enemies. He was betrayed by one of his chosen companions, and forsaken by the rest. Adjudged guilty of death by the great men of the Jewish nation, he was delivered over to be punished by their masters, the Romans. She beheld him passing through the streets of Jerusalem, his temples pierced with a crown of thorns, and bearing his cross, but so exhausted with fatigue, that he was not long able to support it alone. Having arrived at the place of execution, the soldiers rudely stripped off his clothes. With anguish of soul she saw the nails forced through his hands and feet; she heard the sound of the terrible hammer; she beheld the blood streaming from his wounds: she looked on the deadly paleness of his countenance: her ears were smitten with the terrific cry: the spear was thrust through his side and her own soul was pierced through also. Was it then any consolation to her, that her son, still cherishing to the last his tenderness for his mother and forgetting his own anguish amidst his anxiety for her safety, committed her to the care of the beloved John? She was indeed deprived of him forever, if another protector was necessary. She heard his dying groan; and with it all hope expired.

With pleasure I now turn to the joys of Mary. The terror and anguish of her soul was extreme, but of short duration.—On the third day, Jesus as he had foretold rose triumphantly from his grave. He appeared to her, and explained the nature of his kingdom; and she now comprehended that it was not of this world. Every mystery was unfolded, and all her doubts dispelled. She understood that the Messiah was sent to redeem mankind from sin and death, to establish the dominion of righteousness, to exalt his faithful followers, not to earthly but to heavenly thrones to manifest the glory of the Sepreme Being, and to proclaim peace and reconciliation between God and man. During the period of forty days, she had the happiness of seeing and conversing with her son; and when he ascended gloriously into heaven, to sit down on the right hand of his Father, she was present with the disciples, and looked at him with exultation, till a cloud concealed him from her sight. With a heart filled with gratitude for the salvation bestowed on her and the world, she probably passed the remainder of her days in tranquility, under the protection of the benevolent John, expecting that blessed hope, even the manifestation of the glory of the great God, and of her saviour Jesus Christ; once a humble and obedient son, but now her exalted sovereign and Lord.

Such were the joys and sorrows of Mary. Every pious woman, every affectionate mother, must be interested in her story. Every daughter of Adam must rejoice in the glory conferred on her sex, in that a woman was chosen to be the parent of the Messiah.

ULIN'S LEAP.

On the 25th of April, 1792 Benjamin Ulin left the Stockade, above the mouth of the Kenhawa river, (now Point Pleasant, Virginia) and crossing the Kenhawa, he followed a path that led up to a point, the top of a hill about half a mile below the Kenhawa, in pursuit of a stray horse. As he approached the hill he was seen by three Indians, then on the top, who carefully concealed themselves, and lay in ambush, until he reached the top; when two of them who had arms, fired at him. One of their balls passed through his clothes, and touched but did not bury itself in his right hip; the other missed him. Findng their fire had been ineffectual, they separated, two of them running and occupying the only passes, by which he could descend the hill, in the direction of the Stockde, and the other made at him. Thus surrounded, he was left with no other alternative but to fall into their ands a prisoner, or leap down a high precipice of rocks n the North side of the hill, fronting the Ohio river. Acquainted with many of the Indians and knowing their eeling towards him, he was satisfied that a certain, if not lingering death awaited him. In this awful predicament, he stood pondering over his melancholy condition, without arms to defend himself; until the Indian had come nearly up to him; when he summoned resolution, and commenced a rapid retreat towards the brink of the precipice, hotly pursued by the Indian—arrived there he did not hesitate, but leaped down the precipice, passing through the top branches of a small Buckeye tree, he jumped sixty five and a half feet before he touched the ground; recovering as soon as possible, he made three other leaps, the first seventeen, the second seven, and the third eleven feet, which took him down nearly to the base of the hill. He then ran to the Ohio river, plunged into the water, and undertook to swim across, but finding the water very cold, and that the Indians had not pursued him he returned to the shore, ran up the beach, re-crossed Kenhawa, in a small canoe, and soon arrived at the Stockade. The distance of each leap was measured by the late Col Lewis, of Virginia, and Col Boon of Missouri, who were at the Stokade at the time. From the fall of the leaves in autumn, to their budding in the spring, the precipice can be seen by boatmen descending the Ohio River, from a great distance: and ever since that occurrence, it has received from them the appellation of "ULIN'S LEAP." Notwithstanding the extraordinary efforts he made, after leaping down the precipice, and which enabled him to effect his escape, they were not made without considerable injury; for some time his life was despaired of—but he finally recovered. He is now a respectable citizen of Greenup County, Ky. He is sixty-five years of age; he is keen, active, and sprightly—mirthful, jolly and gay. He enjoys perfect good health, save some occasional pains in his back and hips, which he thinks, results from the injuries he received, when he leaped down the precipice of rocks. After the treaty of 1795, it was ascertained from some of the Indians, who came into Point Pleasant and mingled with the whites, that a story had been in vogue among them, and extensively believed on the authority of those who chased Ulin, "That they had fired on a White man, who ran to the top of a high precipice of rocks, where he took wings and flew off."

A WESTERN ADVENTURE.

Early in the spring of 1780, Mr ALEXANDER M'CONNELL, of Lexington, Ky. went into the woods on foot to hunt deer. He soon killed a large buck, and returned home for a horse in order to bring it in. During his absence, a party of Indians, on one of their usual skulking expeditions, accidentally stumbled on the deer, and perceiving that it had been recently killed, they naturally supposed the hunter would speedily return to take care of the flesh. Three of them therefore took their stations within close rifle shot of the deer, while the other two followed the trail of the hunter, and waylaid the path by which he was expected to return.—Mr M'Connel, expecting no danger, rode carelessly along the path, which the two scouts were watching, until he had come within view of the deer, when he was fired upon by the whole party, and his horse killed. While laboring to extricate himself from the dying animal, he was seized by his enemies, instantly overpowered, and borne off as a prisoner. His captors however, seemed to be a merry, good natured set of fellows, and permitted him to accompany them unbound —and what was rather extraordinary, allowed him to reain his gun and hunting accoutrements. He accompanied hem with great apparent cheerfulness through the day, and displayed his dexterity in shooting deer for the use of he company, until they began to regard him with great partiality.—Having travelled with them in this manner or several days, they at length reached the banks of the Ohio river. Heretofore, the Indians had taken the preaution to bind him at night, although not very securely; but on that evening he had remonstrated with them on he subject, and complained so strongly of the pain which he cords gave him, that they merely wrapped the buffalo ug loosely around his wrists, and having tied it in an asy knot, and attached the extremities of the rope to heir own bodies in order to prevent his moving without wakening them, they very composedly went to sleep eaving the prisoner to follow their example or not as he leased.

M'Connel determined to effect his escape that night, if possible, as on the following morning they would cross the river, which would render it much more difficult.—He, therefore, lay quietly until midnight, anxiously ruminating upon the best means of effecting his object. Accidentally casting his eyes in the direction of his feet, they fell upon the glittering blade of a knife, which had escaped its sheath, and was now lying near the feet of one of the Indians. To reach it with his hands, without disturbing the two Indians, to whom he was fastened, was impossible, and it was very hazardous to attempt to draw it up with his feet. This, however, he attempted. With much difficulty he grasped the blade between his toes, and after repeated and long continued efforts, succeeded at length in bringing it within reach of his hands. To cut his cords was then but the work of a moment, and gradually and silently extricating his person from the arms of the Indians, he walked to the fire and sat down. He saw that his work was but half done. That if he should attempt to return home without destroying his enemies, he would assuredly be pursued and probably overtaken, when his fate would be certain. On the other hand, it seemed almost impossible for a single man to succeed in a conflict with five Indians, even although unarmed and asleep. He could not hope to deal a blow with his knife so silently and fatally, as to destroy each of his enemies in turn without awakening the rest :—Their slumbers were proverbially light and restless—and if he failed with a single one, he must instantly be overpowered by the survivors. The knife. therefore, was out of the question.

After anxious reflection for a few minutes, he formed his plan. The guns of the Indians were stacked near the fire—their knives and tomahawks were in sheaths, by their sides. The latter he dared not touch for fear of awakening their owners—but the former he carefully removed, with the exception of two, and hid them in the woods, where he knew the Indians would not readily find them. He then returned to the spot where the Indians were still sleeping, and taking a gun in each hand, he rested the muzzle upon a log within six feet of his victims, and having taken deliberate aim at the head of one, and the heart of another, he pulled both triggers at the same moment. Both shots were fatal. At the report of their guns, the others sprung to their feet, and stared wildly around them. M'Connell, who had ran instantly to the spot where the other rifles were hid, hastily seized one of them and fired at two of his enemies, who happened to stand in a line with each other. The nearest fell dead, being shot through the centre of the body, the second fell, bellowing loudly, but quickly recovering, limped off into the woods as fast as possible. The fifth and only one who remained unhurt, darted off like a deer, with a yell which announced equal terror and astonishment. M'Connell, not wishing to fight any more such battles, selected his own rifle from the stack, and made the best of his way to Lexington, where he arrived safely within two days."

THE PIONEERS.

The difficulties and dangers to which the early settlers of the State of New York and those inhabiting the western part of New England were exposed from the incursion of the Indians, and for the want of those articles most necessary for their subsistence, are but little known to the present generation. Most of the country where now flourishing towns and villages are seen was then covered with woods. Wolves, bears, and catamounts, were not unfrequent. The Indians watched every opportunity to attack the inhabitants—they were not off their guard. Every house was well barricaded, and so constructed as to resemble a small fort. The rifle was the chief instrument on which they depended both for defence and support. Frequent animosities arose between the Indians and the whites, and some of them terminated in a most sanguinary manner

In the year 1695, a man by the name of Allen removed with his family from the vicinity of Boston to the banks of the Hudson, not far from where the modern Illum is now situated. His family was composed of his wife, his two sons, and a relative by the name of Johnson. Both these were men of muscular frames and both had an inveterate hatred towards the Indians. The brother of Johnson had been taken prisoner and burnt by them. The father of Allen had been murdered by a Mohican chief in his own house. The former had been educated a hunter. The latter had devoted his life thus far to agricultural pursuits. There they lived in security for the space of a year, during which time they had cleared and cultivated several acres of land. The produce of this, together with the animals killed in the chase, supported the family. But while in this condition, they had every reason to expect an attack from the savages. Small parties had been seen prowling around their dwelling, and foot-steps were distinctly visible in the neighboring forest.

One evening, just after sundown, as Johnson was sitting in the door of the cottage, his attention was suddenly riveted by an object on the top of a tall pine, almost concealed by its branches. It appeared to stir. His suspicions were increased. Presently the sound of a distant Indian whoop was borne to his ears. He immediately communicated his intelligence to Allen, who with alacrity proceeded to put the house in a state of defence. The animal in the pine tree alarmed their fears. Johnson, who was well acquainted with almost every custom of the Indians, snatched up his rifle, saying 'the heathen dog in yonder tree would murder us, had he the chance to do it. He never sees day light again.' He raised his rifle—The next moment the lifeless body of a large Indian tumbled to the ground. Allen was about to rush from the house to take his rifle when he was arrested by the powerful arm of his companion. 'Stir not,' said he 'for less than half an hour we shall have the whole gang upon us.' 'But,' answered Allen, 'there can be no danger in that, especially when such a rich prize presents itself.' 'You would lose more than you would gain. Every tree may contain an Indian. Trust me, if we survive this night, we may think ourselves fortunate.' This was sufficient to dissuade him from his object. All the doors were barred, the straw was taken from the beds to smother the enemy, should they attempt to enter the chimney, new flints were screwed into the locks of the rifles.—Scarcely had these things been effected, when a loud yell issued from the woods and the battle commenced. The balls of more than twenty rifles lodged in the door. 'Now you will believe me,' said Johnson. 'Send Tim into the garret to watch their motion, and to blaze away upon them should he see an inch of their flesh.' Young Allen was immediately at his post. The evening advanced and the moon shed her pale, smoky light upon the earth. Not a breeze was stirring. In a time like this, the imagination of men less courageous than these, would have metamorphosed every tree and stump into an Indian. No sound was heard save the occasional snapping of twigs trodden upon by the savages. They dared not show themselves for fear that they should be fired upon by the inmates of the house. At length one was seen creeping slowly and cautiously along towards the lifeless body of his brother warrior. Tim perceived this, and with a well directed shot laid him dead.

The Indians again renewed their fire upon the house. Mrs Allen received a ball in the breast, and staggering under the wound, her husband caught her in his arms, and laid her on a mattress of straw.

'Oh! my God deliver us!' exclaimed she, and expired. This roused Allen to a degree of fury. He rushed out of the house determined to be revenged. He had scarce proceeded a rod when he fell pierced with balls.

There were now three living persons in the house Johnson and the two young Allens. They fired with so much success as to kill or wound ten of their adversaries. Bullets were now entering every part of the house. The Allens were wounded and fainting for the loss of blood. The event of the contest wholly depended upon Johnson, who was uninjured. One of the savages had the temerty to attempt to enter the chimney but was shot ere he accomplished his purpose. They tied dry leaves besmeared with pitch, to their arrow heads, and sent them blazing upon the roof, which being very combustible was soon in flames. Reduced to this extremity the besieged had but one resource. Johnson threw open a small door which had till then been concealed, and exhorted them to run for their lives; but through loss of blood they were unable to move. At this crisis he rushed out, but was opposed by an Indian, who aimed a blow at him with his rifle, which he evaded and in turn struck him to the ground. Improving his advantage, he took his flight unperceived by the Indians, being sheltered from their observation by a deep ravine.—He continued his course in a southerly direction for about a mile; when he arrived at the verge of a precipice, at the bottom of which the stream now called Posternkill dashed its way down the rocky bed. A small but wild cascade had formed by its perpetual course a deep gulph below where he stood. 'Here,' said he to himself, 'I will await the approach of those imps of hell, and rather than submit to their tortures, will throw myself upon the rocks below.'—While thus in suspense, the Indian whom he had but lately encountered stood before him, and said in good English, 'I am the destroyer of your brother; you killed my father, if you are a man now take your revenge.'—'You are the murderer of my brother; exclaimed he and rushed upon him with all his gigantic strength. The next moment they were locked in each other's arms in fierce strife. Each endeavored to plunge his knife into the heart of his adversary or throw him to the earth. The Indian grasped his antagonist around the waist.—Johnson seized him by the shoulder, and with one desperate effort hurled him into the eddying waters below. 'Now I am revenged,' said he. He turned back to review for the last time, the house of Allen; but the house was a heap of ruins; its occupants were not to be seen, and the Indians had disappeared. With difficulty he reached the nearest settlement. The Indians for many years afterwards, as they passed near this place, approached it with timid and cautious steps, oftentimes fancying they heard his spirit shrieking—mingled with the roaring of the waters.

DESTRUCTION OF THE TONQUIN.

[*From Cox's Adventures on the Columbia River.*]

The Tonquin sailed from the Columbia on the 5th of June 1811, on a trading speculation to the northward; and Mr M'Kay (brother of Lieut. Col. M'Kay of Montreal) took on board, as an interpreter, a native of Grey's Harbor, who was well acquainted with the various dialects of the tribes on the coast. From this Indian the following melancholy particulars were learned. A few days after their departure from the Columbia they anchored opposite a large village, named New Whitty in the vicinity of Nootka, where Mr M'Kay immediately opened a brisk trade with the natives. He went on shore with a few men, was received in the most friendly manner, and slept a couple of nights at the village. During this period several of the natives visited the vessel with furs. The unbending manners of the captain were not calculated to win their esteem; and having struck one of their principal men whom he had caught in a theft, a conspiracy was formed by the friends of the chief to surprise and cut off the vessel. The faithful interpreter, having discovered their designs, lost no time in acquainting Mr M'Kay, who instantly hurried on board for the purpose of informing the captain of the intended attack. That evening Mr M'Kay told the interpreter that the Captain only laughed at the information, and said that he could never believe that a parcel of lazy, thieving Indians would have the courage to attack such a ship as his. The natives in the mean time, apprehensive from Mr M'Kay's sudden return that their plans were suspected, visited the ship in small numbers, totally unarmed, in order to throw our people off their guard. Even the chief who had been struck by Captain Thorn, and who was the head of the conspiracy, came on board n a manner seemingly friendly, and apparently forgetful of the injury he had received. Early in the morning of the day previous to that on which the ship was to leave New Whitty, a couple of large canoes, each containing about 20 men, appeared alongside. They brought several small bundles of furs; and, as the sailors imagined they came for the purpose of trading, were allowed to come on deck. Shortly after another canoe, with an equal number, arrived also with furs; and it was quickly followed by two others, full of men carrying beaver, otter, and other valuable skins. No opposition was made to their coming on board; but the officer of the watch perceiving a number of other canoes pushing off, became suspicious of their intentions, and warned Captain Thorn of the circumstance. He immediately came on the quarter-deck, accompanied by Mr M'Kay and the interpreter. The latter, on observing that they all wore short cloaks or mantles of skins, which was by no means a general custom, at once knew their designs were hostile, and told Mr M'Kay of his suspicions. That gentleman immediately apprized Captain Thorn of the circumstance, and begged of him to lose no time in clearing the ship of the intruders. This caution was, however, treated lightly by the captain, who remarked, that with the arms they had on board they would be more than a match for three times the number. The sailors in the mean time had all come on deck, which was crowded with the Indians, who completely blocked up the passages, and obstructed the men in the performance of their various duties. The captain requested them to retire, to which they paid no attention. He then told them he was about going to sea, and had given orders to the men to raise the anchor; that he hoped they would go quietly away; but if they refused he should be obliged to force their departure. He had scarcely finished, when at a signal given by one of the chiefs, a loud and frightful yell was heard from the assembled savages, who commenced a sudden and simultaneous attack on the officers and crew with knives, bludgeons, and short sabres, which they had concealed under their robes. Mr M'Kay was one of the first attacked. One Indian gave him a severe blow with a bludgeon, which partially stunned him; upon which he was seized by five or six others, who threw him into a canoe alongside, where he quickly recovered, and was permitted to remain for some time uninjured. Captain Thorn made an ineffectual attempt to reach the cabin for his fire-arms, but was overpowered by numbers. His only weapon was a jack-knife, with which he killed four of his savage assailants by ripping open their bowels, and mutilated several others. Covered with wounds, he rested himself for a moment by leaning on the tiller wheel, when he received a dreadful blow from a weapon called a *pautumaugan*, (a species of half sabre, half club, from two to three feet in length, six inches in breadth and double edged,) on the back part of his head, which felled him to the deck. The death dealing knife fell from his hand, and his savage butchers, after extinguishing the few sparks of life that still remained, threw his mangled body overboard.

On seeing the captain's fate, our informant, who was close to him, and who had hitherto escaped uninjured, jumped into the water, and was taken into a canoe by some women, who partially covered his body with mats. He states that the original intention of the enemy was to make Mr M'Kay a prisoner; and after securing the vessel, to give him his liberty, on obtaing a ransom from Astoria; but on finding the resistance made by the captain and crew, the former of whom had killed one of the principal chiefs, their love of gain gave way to revenge, and they resolved to destroy him. The last time the ill-fated gentleman was seen, his head was hanging over the side of a canoe, and three savages, armed with *pautumaugans*, were battering out his brains.

In the mean time, the devoted crew, who had maintained the unequal contest with unparallelled bravery, became gradually overpowered. Three of them, John Anderson, the boatswain, John Weekes, the carpenter, and Stephen Weekes, succeeded, after a desperate struggle, in gaining possession of the cabin, the entrance of which they securely fastened on the inside. The Indians now became more cautious, for they well knew there were plenty of firearms below; and they had already experienced enough of the prowess of the three men while on deck, and armed only with handspikes, to dread approaching them while they had more mortal weapons at their command. Anderson and his two companions, seeing their commander and crew dead and dying around them, and feeling moreover the uselessness of any further opposition, determined on taking a terrible revenge. Two of them, therefore, set about laying a train to the powder magazine, while the third addressed some Indians from the cabin windows, who were in canoes, and gave them to understand that if they were permitted to depart unmolested in one of the ship's boats they would give them quiet possession of the vessel, without firing a shot; stipulating, however, that no canoe should remain near them while getting into the boat The anxiety of the barbarians to get possession of the plunder, and their disinclination to risk any more lives, induced them to embrace this proposition with eagerness, and the pinnance was immediately brought astern. The three heroes having by this time perfected their dreadful arrangements, and ascertained that no Indian was watching them, gradually lowered themselves from the cabin windows into the boat; and having fired the train, quickly pushed off towards the mouth of the harbor, no obstacle being interposed to prevent their departure. Hundreds of the enemy now rushed on deck to seize the long expected prize, shouting yells of victory; but their triumph was of short duration. Just as they had burst open the cabin door, an explosion took place, which in an instant, hurled upwards of two hundred savages into eternity, and dreadfully injured as many more. The interpreter, who had by this time reached land, says he saw many mutillated bodies floating near the beach, while heads, arms, and legs, together with fragments of the ship, were thrown to a considerable distance on the shore. The first impression of the survivors was, that the Master of Life had sent forth the Evil Spirit of the waters to punish them for their cruelty to the white people. This belief, joined to the consternation occasioned by the shock, and the reproaches and lamentations of the wives and other relatives of the sufferers, paralyzed for a time the exertions of the savages, and favored the attempt of Anderson and his brave comrades to escape. They rowed hard for the mouth of the harbor, with the intention, as is supposed, of coasting along the shore to the Columbia; but after crossing the bar, a head wind and flowing tide drove them back, and compelled them to land, late at night, in a small cove, where they fancied themselves free from danger; and where, weak from the loss of blood, and the harassing exertions of the day, they fell into a profound sleep. In the mean time, the terror of the Indians had in some degree subsided, and they quickly discovered that it was by human agency so many of their warriors had been destroyed. They therefore determined to have the lives of those who had caused the destruction of the ship; and being aware, from the state of the wind and the tide, that the boat could not put to sea, a party proceeded after dark cautiously along the shore of the bay, until they arrived at the spot where their helpless victims lay slumbering. Bleeding and exhausted, they opposed but a feeble resistance to their savage conquerors; and about midnight their heroic spirits mingled with those of their departed comrades. Thus perished the last of the gallant crew of the Tonquin.

ADAM AND ANDREW POE.

About the middle of July, 1782 seven Wyandotts crossed the Ohio, a few miles above Wheeling, and committed great depredations upon the southern shore, killing an old man whom they found alone in his cabin, and spreading terror throughout the neighborhood. Within a few hours after their retreat, eight men assembled from different parts of the small settlement and pursued the enemy with great expedition. Among the most active and efficient of the party were two brothers, Adam and Andrew Poe. Adam was particularly popular. In strength, action, and hardihood, he had no equal—being finely formed, and inured to all the perils of the woods. They had not followed the trail far, before they became satisfied that the depredators were conducted by Big Foot, a renowned chief of the Wyandott tribe, who derived his name from the immense size of his feet. His height considerably exceeded six feet, and his strength was represented as Herculean. He had also five brothers, but little inferior to himself in size and courage, and as they generally went in company, they were the terror of the whole country. Adam Poe was overjoyed at the idea of measuring his strength with that of so celebrated a chief, and urged the pursuit with a keenness which soon brought him into the vicinity of the enemy. For the last few miles, the trail had led them up the southern bank of the Ohio, where the footprints in the sand were deep and obvious, but when within a few hundred yards of the point at which the whites as well as the Indians were in the habit of crossing, it suddenly diverged from the stream, and stretched along a rocky ridge, forming an obtuse angle with its former direction. Here Adam halted for a moment, and directed his brother and the other young men to follow the trail with proper caution, while he himself still adhered to the river path, which led through clusters of willows directly to the point where he supposed the enemy to lie. Having examined the priming of his gun he crept cautiously through the bushes, until he had a view of the point of embarkation. Here lay two canoes, empty and apparently deserted. Being satisfied, however, that the Indians were close at hand, he relaxed nothing of his vigilance, and quickly gained a jutting cliff, which hung immediately over the canoes.

Hearing a low murmur below, he peered cautiously over, and beheld the object of his search. The gigantic Big Foot lay below him in the shade of a willow, and was talking in a low deep tone to another warrior, who seemed a mere pigmy by his side. Adam cautiously drew back, and cocked his gun. The mark was fair—the distance did not exceed twenty feet, and his aim was unerring. Raising his rifle slowly, and cautiously, he took steady aim at Big Foot's breast and drew the trigger. His gun flashed. Both Indians spung to their feet with a deep interjection of surprise, and for a single second all three stared upon each other. This inactivity, however, was soon over.—Adam was too much hampered by the bushes to retreat, and setting his life upon a cast of the die, he sprung over the bushes which had sheltered him, and summoning all his powers, leaped boldly down the precipice and alighted upon the breast of Big Foot with a shock which bore him to the earth. At the moment of contact, Adam had also thrown his right arm around the neck of the smaller Indian, so that all three came to the earth together. At that moment a sharp firing was heard among the bushes above, announcing that the other parties were engaged, but the trio below were too busy to attend to any thing but themselves. Big Foot was for an instant stunned by the violence of the shock, and Adam was enabled to keep them both down. But the exertion necessary for that purpose was so great that he had no leisure to use his knife. Big Foot quickly recovered, and attempting to rise, wrapped his long arms around Adam's body, and pressed him to his breast with the crushing force of a Boa Constrictor!

Adam, as we have already remarked, was a powerful man, and had seldom encountered his equal, but never had he yet felt an embrace like that of Big Foot. He instantly relaxed his hold of the small Indian, who sprung to his feet. Big Foot then ordered him to run for his tomahawk, which lay within ten steps, and kill the white man, while he held him in his arms. Adam seeing his danger struggled manfully to extricate himself from the folds of the giant, but in vain.—The lesser Indian approached him with his uplifted tomahawk, but Adam watched him closely, and as he was about to strike, gave him a kick so sudden and violent, as to knock the tomahawk from his hand, and send him staggering back into the water. Big Foot uttered an exclamation in a tone of deep contempt at the failure of his companion, and raising his voice to its highest pitch, thundered out several words in the Indian tongue, which Adam could not understand, but supposed to be a direction for the second attack. The lesser Indian now again approached, carefully shunning Adam's heels, and making many motions with his tomahawk, in order to deceive him as to the point where the blow would fall. This lasted for several seconds, until a thundering exclamation from Big Foot, compelled his companion to strike. Such was Adam's dexterity and vigilance, however, that he managed to receive the tomahawk in a glancing direction upon his left wrist, wounding him deeply but not disabling him. He now made a sudden and desperate effort to free himself from the arms of the giant and succeeded. Instantly snatching up a rifle (for the Indian could not venture to shoot for fear of hurting his companion) he shot the lesser Indian through the body. But scarcely had he done so when Big Foot arose, and placing one hand upon his collar and the other upon his hip, pitched him ten feet into the air, as he himself would have pitched a child. Adam fell upon his back at the edge of the water, but before his antagonist could spring upon him, he was again upon his feet, and stung with rage at the idea of being handled so easily, he attacked his gigantic antagonist with a fury which for a time compensated for inferiority of strength. It was now a fair fist fight between them, for in the hurry of the struggle neither had leisure to draw their knives. Adam's superior activity and experience as a pugilist, gave him a great advantage. The Indian struck awkwardly, and finding himself rapidly dropping to leeward, he closed with his antagonist, and again hurled him to the ground. They quickly rolled into the river, and the struggle continued with unabated fury, each attempting to drown the other. The Indian being unused to such violent exertion, and having been much injured by the first shock in his stomach, was unable to exert the same powers which had given him such a decided superiority at first; and Adam, seizing him by the scalp lock, put his head under water, and held it there until the faint struggles of the Indian induced him to believe that he was drowned, when he relaxed his hold and attempted to draw his knife. The Indian however to use Adam's own expression, 'had only been *possuming!*' He instantly regained his feet, and in his turn put his adversary under. In the struggle, both were carried into the current, beyond their depth, and each was compelled to relax his hold and swim for his life. There was still one loaded rifle upon the shore, and each swam hard in order to reach it, but the Indian proved the most expert swimmer, and Adam seeing that he should be too late, turned and swam out into the stream, intending to dive and thus frustrate his enemy's intention. At this instant, Andrew, having heard that his brother was alone in a struggle with two Indians, and in great danger, ran up hastily to the edge of the bank above, in order to assist him. Another white man followed him closely, and seeing Adam in the river, covered with blood, and swimming rapidly from shore, mistook him for an Indian and fired upon him wounding him dangerously in the shoulder. Adam turned, and seeing his brother, called loudly upon him to ‘shoot the Big Indian upon the shore.’ Andrew’s gun however, was empty, having just been discharged. Fortunately, Big Foot had also seized the gun with which Adam had shot the lesser Indian, so that both were upon equality. The contest now was who should load first. Big Foot poured in his powder first, and drawing his ramrod out of its sheath in too great a hurry, threw it into the river and while he ran to recover it, Andrew gained an advantage. Still the Indian was but a second too late, for his gun was at his shoulder, when Andrew’s ball entered his breast. The gun dropped from his hands and he fell forward upon his face on the very margin of the river. Andrew, now alarmed for his brother, who was scarcely able to swim, threw down his gun and rushed into the river in order to bring him ashore—but Adam, more intent upon securing the scalp of Big Foot as a trophy, than upon his own safety, called loudly upon his brother, to leave him alone and scalp the big Indian, who was now endeavoring to roll himself into the water, from a romantic desire, peculiar to the Indian warrior, of securing his scalp from the enemy. Andrew, however refused to obey, and insisted upon saving the living, before attending to the dead. Big Foot, in the mean time, had suceeded in reaching the deep water before he expired, and his body was borne off by the waves, without being stripped of the ornament and pride of an Indian warrior.

Not a man of the Indians escaped. Five of Big Foot’s brothers, the flower of the Wyandott nation, had accompanied him in the expedition, and all perished.—It is said that the news of this calamity threw the whole tribe into mourning.—Their remarkable size, their courage, and their superior intelligence, gave them immense influence, which, greatly to their credit, was generally exerted on the side of humanity. Their powerful interposition had saved many prisoners from the stake, and had given a milder character to the warfare of the Indians in that part of the country. A chief of the same name was alive in that part of the country so late as 1792, but whether a brother or son of Big Foot is not known. Adam Poe recovered of his wounds, and lived many years after this memorable conflict—but never forgot the tremendous 'hug' which he sustained in the arms of Big Foot.

INVENTION OF LETTERS BY AN INDIAN.

The following extract from Mr Samuel L. Knapp's Lectures on American Literature, records one of the most extraordinary events since the original invention of letters.

"The invention of the Cherokee alphabet has excited the astonishment of the philosopher in this country and in Europe; but as I have not yet seen any satisfactory account of the progress and history of this great effort of genius of the present day, I will state what I know of it, from the lips of the inventor himself.

"In the winter of 1828, a delegation of the Cherokees visited the city of Washington, in order to make a treaty with the United States, and among them was See-quah-yah the inventor of the Cherokee alphabet. His English name was George Guess; he was a half blood, but had never from his own account, spoken a single word of English up to the time of his invention, nor since. Prompted by my own curiosity, and urged by several literary friends, I applied to See-quah-yah, through the medium of two interpreters—one a half blood, Captain Roger, and the other a full blood chief, whose assumed English name was John Maw, to relate to me, as minutely as possible, the mental operations, and all the facts of his discovery.—He cheerfully complied with my request, and gave very deliberate and satisfactory answers to every question, and was at the same time careful to know from the interpreters if I understood his answers. No stoic could have been more grave in his demeanor than was See-quah-yah; he pondered, according to the Indian custom, for a considerable time after each question was put, before he made his reply, and often took a whiff of his calumet while reflecting on an answer. The details of the examination are too long to enter into them; but the substance of it was—that he (See-quah-yah) was now about sixty-five years old, but could not precisely say—that in early life he was gay and talkative, and although he attempted to speak in Council but once, yet was often from his easy colloquial powers, and ready command of his vernacular, a story-teller of the convivial party. His reputation for talents of every kind gave him some distinction when he was quite young, so long ago as St Clair's defeat. In this campaign, or some one that soon followed it, a letter was found on the person of a prisoner, which was wrongly read by him to the Indians. In some of their deliberations on this subject the question arose among them whether the mysterious power of the "talking leaf" was the gift of the Great Spirit to the white man, or a discovery of the white man himself? most of his companions were of the former opinion, while he as strenuously maintained the latter.

"This frequently became a subject of contemplation with him afterwards, as well as many other things which he knew, or had heard, that the white man could do: but he never sat down seriously to reflect on the subject until a swelling in his knee confined him to his cabin, and which at length made him a cripple for life, by shortening the diseased leg. Deprived of the excitements of war and the pleasures of the chase, in the long nights of his confinement, his mind was again directed to the mystery of speaking by letters, the very name of which, of course was not to be found in his own language. From the cries of wild beasts, from the talents of the mocking bird, from the voices of his children and companions, he knew that feelings and passions were conveyed by direct sounds from one intelligent being to another. The thought struck him to try to ascertain all the sounds in the Cherokee language. His own ear was remarkably discriminating, and he called to his aid the more acute ears of his wife and children.

"When he thought he had distinguished all the different sounds in their language, he attempted to use pictoral signs, images of birds and beasts, to convey those sounds to others, or to mark them in his own mind. He soon dropped this method as difficult or impossible, and tried arbitrary sounds without any regard to appearances, except such as might assist in recollecting them and distinguishing them from each other. At first these signs were very numerous; and when he got so far as to think his invention nearly accomplished he had about two hundred characters in his alphabet. By the aid of his daughter who seemed to enter into the genius of his labors, he reduced them at last to eighty-six, the number which he now uses. He then set to work to make these characters more comely to the eye, and succeeded—as yet he had not the knowledge of the pen as an instrument, but made his characters on a piece of bark, with a knife or nail. At this time he sent to the Indian agent, or some trader in the nation, for paper and pen. His ink was easily made from some of the bark of the forest trees, whose coloring properties he had previously known—and after seeing the construction of the pen, he soon learned to make one, but at first he made them without a slit; this inconvenience was, however, quickly removed by his sagacity. His next difficulty was to make his invention known to his countrymen; for, by this time he had become so abstracted from his tribe and their usual pursuits, that he was viewed with an eye of suspicion. His former companions passed his wigwam without entering it, and mentioned his name as one that was practising improper spells, for notoriety or mischievous purposes, and he seems to think that he should have been hardly dealt with if his docile and unambitious disposition had not been so generally acknowledged by his tribe. At length he summoned some of the most distinguished of his nation in order to make his communication to them—after giving the best explanations of his discovery that he could, stripped of all supernatural influence, he proceeded to demonstrate to them in good earnest that he had made a discovery. His daughter, who was his only pupil, was ordered to go out of hearing, while he requested his friends to name a word or sentiment, which he put down, and then she was called in and read it to them; then the father retired and the daughter wrote; the Indians were wonder-struck but not entirely satisfied. See-quah-yah then proposed that the tribe should select several youths from among their brightest young men that he might communicate the mystery to them. This was at length agreed to, although there was some lurking suspicion of necromancy in the whole business. John M—(his Indian name I have forgotten,) a full blood, with several others, were selected for this purpose. The tribe watched the youths for several months with anxiety, and when they offered themselves for examination the feelings of all were wrought up to the highest pitch. The youths were separated from their master, and from each other, and watched with great care. The uninitiated directed what master and pupil should write to each other, and the tests were viewed in such a manner, as not only to destroy their infidelity but more firmly fix their faith. The Indians on this ordered a feast, and made See-quah-yah conspicuous at it. How nearly alike is man in every age! Pythagoras did the same on the discovery of an important principle of geomtry. See-quah-yah became at once schoolmaster, professor, philosopher, and chief. His countrymen were proud of his talents, and held him in reverence as one favored by the Great Spirit. The inventions of early times were shrouded in mystery. See-quah-yah disdained all quackery.

"He did not stop here, but carried his discoveries to numbers. He, of course, knew nothing of the Arabic digits, nor the power of Roman letters in the science. The Cherokees had mental numerals to one hundred, and had words for all numbers up to that, but they had no signs or characters to assist them in enumerating, adding, subtracting multiplying or dividing. He reflected upon this until he had created their elementary principles in his mind, but he was at first obliged to make words to express his meaning, and then signs to explain it. By this process he soon had a clear perception of numbers up to a million. His great difficulty was at the threshold—to fix the powers of his signs according to their places. When this was overcome, his next step was in adding up his different numbers, in order to put down the fraction of the decimal, and give the whole number to its next place; but when I knew him he had overcome all these difficulties, and was quite a ready arithmetician in the fundamental rules. This was the result of my interview, and I can safely say that I have seldom met a man of more shrewdness than See-quah-yah. He adhered to all the customs of his country, and when his associate Chiefs on the mission assumed our costume, he was dressed in all respects like an Indian. See-quah-yah is a man of diversified talents; he passed from metaphysical and philosophical investigation to mechanical occupations with the greatest ease. The only practical mechanics he was acquainted with were a few bungling blacksmiths, who could make a rough tomahawk or tinker the lock of a rifle; yet he became a white and silversmith without any instruction, and made spears and silver spoons with neatness and skill, to the great admiration of the Cherokee nation. See-quah-yah has also a great taste for painting. He mixes his colors with skill; taking all the art and science of his tribe upon the subject, he added to it many chemical experiments of his own, and some of them were very successful and would be worth being known to our painters. For his drawings he had no model but what nature furnished, and he often copied them with astonishing faithfulness; his resemblances of the human form, it is true, are coarse, but often spirited and correct; and he gave action and sometimes grace to his representation of animals. He had never seen a camel-hair pencil when he made use of the hair of animals for his brushes. Some of his productions discovered a considerable practical knowledge of perspective; but he could not have formed rules for this. The painters in the early ages were many years in coming to a knowledge of this part of their art; and even now they are more successful in the art than perfect in the rules of it. The manners of the American Cadmus are the most easy, and his habits are those of the most assiduous scholar; and his disposition is more lively than that of any Indian I ever saw. He understood and felt the advantages the white men had long enjoyed, of having the accumulation of every branch of knowledge, from generation to generation, by means of a written language, while the red man could only transmit his thoughts to uncertain tradition. He reasoned correctly when he urged this to his friends as the cause why the red man had made so few advances in knowledge in comparison with us, and to remedy this was one of his great aims, and one which he accomplished beyond that of any other man living, or, perhaps, any one who ever existed in a rude state of nature.

"It perhaps may not be known that the Government of the United States had a fount of type cut for his alphabet, and that a newspaper printed partly in the Cherokee language and partly in the English, has been established at New Echota, and is characterized by decency and good sense; and thus many of the Cherokees are able to read both languages. After putting these remarks on paper, I had the pleasure of seeing the head Chief of the Cherokees, who confirmed the statement of See-quah-yah, and added that he was an Indian of the strictest veracity and sobriety."

THE PET LAMB.

Every one who has been at Alesbury, has heard the story of the Pet Lamb. Many summers ago a sweet little blue eyed girl was to be seen each morning, as soon as the dew was off the grass, sporting to the meadow, along the brook that runs between the village and the iver, with the only companion in which she appeared to ake delight, a beautiful snow white lamb. It was the gift of a deceased sister; and the little girl was now an rphan. Her family had been wealthy and respectable in arly life, when they lived in Philadelphia; but her father having met with some very severe losses in trade, vent to try his fortune in the East Indies, and the first ews the family received afterwards was of his decease at ava. They were destitute and being driven from the ity by the breaking out of a malignant disease were hrown by chance into the residence of a venerable old dy, who, having buried her mother and sister came to lesbury to spend her remaining days with her only arge, this engaging orphan. Left in this situation thus rly in life, no wonder, poor girl, that she loved her little mb, the only token of a sisters affection, for that sisters ke, no wonder that all the affections of her innocent heart should cling to the last object left to her desolate youth, and grow fresher and fresher as the gross grows greener over the sod that pressed the ashes of her kindred friends.

The little creature was perfectly tame and would follow its young mistress, when permitted, through the village wherever she went: and when she used to go to schoo on the village green, it would lie down in the shade o the trees until she was ready to return home with it. She washed its soft fleece, and fed it with her own hands every day; and so faithful was she always in her attention to her pretty favorite, that the villagers all loved her, and many a warm hope was expressed that she, like tha helpless lamb, might find a fond and devoted protector when the friend who was now her foster mother, and was fast wasting away beneath the weight of years should go down to the shades of the still tomb, and leave her young and inexperienced, in a world of selfishness and vice.

During the time her kind patron lived, Clarissa was treated as a daughter.

Contiguous to their dwelling was the residence of a well living farmer, whose little son used frequently to clamber over the stiles into the meadow to see Clarissa and her lamb; and in process of time their young hearts became knit together by a tie more tender than that which bind a brother and sister. It was thought they would be married—and they perhaps thought so too; for Charles' father often hinted that a union of the two places would be a delightful thing. But the old lady died, and her will fell into the hands of rogues, who succeeded in geting possession of the property.

This was the death blow to Clarissa's hopes, the intercourse between her and Charles was instantly broken of by his father—he was sent to a medical school at a distance, and she was forced to put herself out to service among families who had scarcely before considered themselves her equals. It was a bitter fortune; but she bore it with heroic fortitude at first—for still she received through a private channel, frequent and affectionate letters from her brother Charles as she called the young companion of her brighter fortunes, and still she had her fa vorite lamb. But at last this secret correspondence was discovered and broken off, and all possibility of further intercourse prevented, and last of all they took from her, her only remaining friend and favorite, the memorial of a dying sister's love—her little Pet Lamb. She tried all the means in her power to prevent a separation, but in vain, the only privilege granted her was to have her name, (Clarissa Beaumont Alesbury,) marked on its fleece in beautiful gold letters, and then she kissed it for the last time, and saw it delivered to a drover who was proceeding with a large stock to the city.

For a month the deserted and unfortunate girl gave herself up to the destroying influence of a melancholy spirit; sickness and sorrow preyed upon her delicate frame —she was no longer the gay and sporting belle of the village, attracting the admiration of every one, and courted by all. Often at the parties of her old associates she now stood a poor unnoticed servant, and she felt how bitter a portion was cheerless poverty, when it invades and takes possession of hearts once rich and happy—she felt with how much meanness of pride the world delights to trample, when it can on every thing of virtue, or beauty, or loveliness that is superior to its own. She felt how treacherous was hope, how vain the promises of youth, how vanishing the friendship of an interested and selfish world. But in process of time her native strength of mind, and that "untaught innate philosophy," unknown to the ow and vulgar, triumphed even over her misfortunes. She resolved that since it was the will of heaven to allot o her the humblest sphere in life, she would strive the etter to improve her narrow privileges, and to resign erself to her fate without one rebellious murmur. She lid so, but still she often shed a tear over the memory of er poor Pet Lamb.

We now beg pardon of our Alesbury friends, while we o with the reader a little trip to Philadelphia. On the xtensive commons which lay towards the Schuylkill, a rge collection of cattle was exhibited by a company of aders; as the sight was a very fine one, many persons om the city came out to see it. Among the rest was a gen- emen whose demeanor and features were strikingly emblematical of a deep and fixed sorrow. He walked slowly along surveying, with a downcast eye, the moving, bustling group—his hands behind him, and his dress rich, but hanging carelessly about him. As he cast his eye over the passing flocks, he thought he saw a lamb with the name of Clarissa Beaumont on its neck; and suddenly arousing from a lethargy, he plunged into the crowd and seized it. He was not mistaken in the name—and when he inquired about its history, and was told it came from Alesbury, he purchased it, and had it conveyed to town. His conduct, which was wholly inexplicable to the bystanders who crowded round him at the time, was not rendered the less so to those who knew that the next day he set out in company with the lamb he had purchased for the interior of Pennsylvania.

It was a holyday among the young people at Alesbury, on account of the anniversary of the birth of my landlady of the inn's eldest daughter, and a large party was assembled around the tea table, in the afternoon, in the full glow of hilarity and mirth. Poor Clarissa Beaumont, the prettiest of them all was there—not as a companion, but as a servant, the butt of a vulgar jeer, secretly scorned and openly insulted by those who were jealous of her splendid superiority of intellect and beauty of person and manners, and exposed to a hundred impertinent liberties from those who had once courted her favor, and grown proud on receiving a smile from her sweet lips. She was there, still treasuring up the bitter lesson that love and friendship and respect, have no foundation in any thing but wealth—when a noble carriage and two beautiful bays drove up to the door of the inn. The attention of the company was arrested, all were at the window, and lo, an old gentleman stepped from it while his servant handed him down Clarissa Beaumont's Pet Lamb! The astonished girl flew to embrace it, but before she could clasp its neck the arms of the noble stranger were open to encircle her—she fell into them and fainted—it was her father!!! The report of his death in the East Indies was unfounded—he had returned within a month to Philadelphia, with an ample fortune, and after having been led to suppose that all his family were deceased, this accident brought him to new life and joy in the recovery of a darling child, the image of an idolized wife, and the last pledge of her fervent love.

The scene that followed may be imagined. Clarissa was again the angel of the village—but she treated the fulsome fawing and congratulations of her old acquaintances with as little attention now as she had their scoffs before. Her father took her in a few days to Philadelphia, where she lived in the bosom of luxury and splendour, yet as kind as amiable, and lovely as she had ever been. And even then true to her early effections she did not forget her faithful Charles, whose true heart had never changed through all his father's persecutions and humiliation, but when his father lost his estate, and his family were reduced to abject want, she married him and all were restored to plenty and happiness again.

LOO CHOO ISLANDERS.

In the year 1816, Lord Amherst was sent as an Ambassador from Great Britain to China. While he remained at China, two armed vessels—the frigates Alcesta and the brig Lyra—which accompanied his Lordship, visited the island called Loo Choo. The Alcesta was commanded by Capt Maxwell, and the Lyra by Capt Hall.

Capt Hall and a surgeon of one of the vessels, wrote each of them a narrative of the voyage, and an account of the people of Loo Choo. From their narrative the following particulars have been collected.

"The Island of Loo Choo is about 60 miles long and 20 broad; it is situated in the happiest climate of the globe. Refreshed by the sea-breezes which blow over it at every period of the year, it is free from the extremes of heat and cold which oppress many other countries. The people seemed to enjoy robust health; for we observed no diseased objects, nor beggars of any description."

"On the approach of the ships, the astonished natives were perched on the surrounding rocks and heights, gazing on the vessels as they entered. Soon after several canoes came along-side, containing some people in office, who wished to know to what country we belonged, and the nature of our visit."

Being informed that the ships had been with an Ambassador to China—that they needed repairs &c.; the natives immediately sent carpenters to assist, but were assured that there were carpenters on board, and that an asylum was all that they required during the time of the repair, with permission to take on board provisions and water.

An immediate supply of bullocks, pigs, goats, fowls, eggs, and other articles followed this intimation. Supplies of the same description being sent on board as often as was necessary, for about six weeks; but the chief authorities who sent them, refused any pay or remuneration whatever.

It was intimated to this people that it was necessary to have a party on shore, such as ropemakers and smiths. They requested that this might not be done till they could hear from their king. But after a visit from one of the chiefs, several officers went on shore to an entertainment provided for them.

"About this time a mutual friendship began to exist between us; confidence took place of timidity; and now instead of permitting only a few to visit the shore at a time, they fitted up the garden of a temple as a general arsenal for us."

"Many of these islanders displayed a spirit of intelligence and genius. They all seemed to be gifted with a sort of politeness, which had the fairest claim to be termed natural; for there was nothing constrained, nothing stiff or studied in it."

"It was interesting to observe, indeed, how early the gentle and engaging manners of all classes here won upon the sailors no less than upon the officers. The natives from the first were treated with entire confidence; no watch was kept over them, nor were they excluded from any part of the ships; and not only was nothing stolen, but when any thing was lost, nobody even suspected for an instant that it had been taken by them."

"That proud and haughty feeling of national superiority, so strongly existing among the common class of British seamen, which induces them to hold all foreigners cheap, was at this island completely subdued and tamed by the gentle manners and kind behaviour of the most pacific people in the world."

"Although completely intermixed and often working together, both on shore and on board, not a single quarrel or complaint took place on either side during the whole of our stay. On the contrary, each succeeding day added to friendship and cordiality."

"It was very interesting to observe the care which the natives took of the sick, whom they assisted all the way from the beach to the temple; a number of people attended to support such of them as had barely strength enough to walk.

"When they were safely lodged, eggs, milk, fowls, and vegetables were brought for them; and whenever any of them were tempted by the beauty of the scenery to walk out, several of the natives were ready to accompany them."

"The administration of the government seems to partake of the general mildness of the people, and yet it appears highly efficient, from the very order which is always maintained, and the general diffusion of happiness."

"Crimes are said to be very unfrequent among them, and they seem to go perfectly unarmed; for we observed no warlike instruments of any description! not even a bow or an arrow was to be seen." "And the natives always declared they had none. They denied having any knowledge of war, either by experience or tradition."

"We never saw any punishments inflicted at Loo Choo; a tap with a fan, or any angry look, was the severest chastisement ever resorted to, as far as we could discover. In giving orders, the chiefs were mild, though firm; and the people always obeyed with cheerfulness."

"When they saw the effect of our fowling pieces in the hands of some of the gentlemen, they begged that they might not kill the birds, which they were always glad to see flying about their houses. An order was immediately issued to desist from this sort of sporting."

"The period of our departure being now fixed, all our stores were embarked on the evening of the 26th October. The next morning, the Loo Choos, as a mark of respect, arrayed themselves in their best apparel, and proceeding to the temple, offered up to their gods a solemn sacrifice, invoking them to protect the Englees, to avert every danger, and restore them in safety to their own land.

"In the manner of this adieu, there was an air of sublimity and benevolence, by far more touching to the heart, than the most refined compliments of a more civilized people. It was the genuine benignity of artless nature, and of primitive innocence.

"Immediately following this solemnity, our particular friend, crowded on board to shake hands and say—FAREWELL! whilst the tears, which many of them shed, evinced the sincerity of their attachment."

"We stood out seaward, and the breeze being favorable, this happy island soon sunk from our view; but it will be long remembered by the officers and the crews; for the kindness and hospitality of its inhabitants have fixed upon every mind a deep and lasting impression of gratitude and esteem."

A GLORIOUS EXAMPLE OF WASHINGTON.

Washington was stationed at Alexandria with a regiment, of which he was Colonel. At an election for members of the Assembly, Washington was in favor of Colonel G. Fairfax, and Mr W. Payne headed the friends of William Elzey.

In the course of the contest, Washington *grew warm*, and said something offensive to Mr Payne, who elevated his shelalah, and at one blow, extended our hero on the ground.

News was soon carried to the regiment that their commander was murdered by the mob. In a moment the whole regiment was under arms, and in rapid motion towards the town, burning for vengeance. During this time, Washington was so far recovered as to go out and meet his enraged soldiers, who crowded around him with joy to see him alive.

After thanking them for such evidence of attachment, he assured them that he was not hurt, and begged them by their love to *him* and their *duty*, to return peaceably to their barracks.

Feeling himself the aggreesor, he resolved to make Mr Payne the honorable reparation of asking his pardon. Early next morning he wrote a polite note to Mr Payne, to meet him at the tavern.

Payne took it for a challenge, and repaired to the tavern in full expectation of smelling gunpowder. But what was his surprize, on entering the chamber, in lieu of a brace of pistols, a decanter of wine and a pair of glasses on the table.

Washington rose to meet him, and offering his hand with a smile, began—"Mr Payne, to err sometimes is nature, to rectify error is always glory: I believe I was wrong in the affair of yesterday; you have had, I think, some satisfaction, and if you deem that sufficient, here is my hand, let us be friends."

An act of such sublime virtue, produced its proper effect on the mind of Mr Payne, who from that moment became the most enthusiastic admirer and friend of Washington.

Abridged from the Baltimore Patriot.

REMARKS.

"He that ruleth his own spirit is better than he who taketh a city." In the first instance Washington was overcome by his passions: but in the second, he was the conqueror. Of the many anecdotes of this great man, I recollect no one in which he appears to better advantage.

In no other instance, perhaps, did he ever make a greater display of true courage and magnanimity. Compared with the course which he adopted, how mean and contemptible would he have appeared, had he sought revenge by a duel, and added sin to sin!

How cowardly and barbarous then is the conduct of duelists in general, when compared with the just, humane, and dignified conduct of Washington, in retracting his own wrong and presenting the hand of friendship to one who had rendered him evil for evil—a severe blow for an offensive word.

Let it be the care of Christians to give proper celebrity to such examples of magnanimity and self command—such elevation of mind above the influence of barbarous customs: then duelling and war will soon cease to be popular, and be banished from the world.

ARCHBISHOP SHARPE AND THE ROBBER.

It was a custom with Archbishop Sharpe in his journeys, generally to have a saddle horse attending his carriage, that in case of feeling fatigued with sitting, he might take the refreshment of a ride. In his advanced age, a few years before his death, as he was going in this manner his episcopal residence, and was got a mile or two in advance of his carriage, a decently dressed, good looking young man on horseback came up to him, and with a trembling hand, and faultering tone of voice, presented a pistol to his Grace's breast, demanding his money.

The archbishop, with great composure turned round, and looking stedfastly at him, desired that he would remove that dangerous weapon and tell him fairly his condition. "Sir, Sir," cried the youth with great agitation, "no words, 'tis not a time for words now, your money instantly." "Hear me young man," said the venerable prelate "come on with me. I, you see, am a very old man, and my life is of little consequence; yours seems far otherwise. I am Sharpe, the Achbishop of York; my carriage and servants are behind, but conceal your perturbations and tell me who you are and what money you want, and on the word of my character, I will not injure you, but prove a friend.

"Here, take this, (giving him a purse of money) and now tell me how much you want, to make you independent of so dangerous and destructive a course as you are now engaged in." "Oh, Sir," replied the man, "I detest the business as much as you do; I am—but—but—at home there are creditors who will not wait; fifty pounds, my lord, would indeed do what no thought or tongue besides my own can feel or express."

"Well, sir, I take it at your word; and upon my honor if you will compose yourself for a day or two, and then call on me at——, what I have given you shall be made up that sum; trust me I will not deceive you."

The highwayman looked at him, was silent, and went off; and at the time appointed, actually waited on the Archbishop, received the money, and assured his lordship that he hoped his words had left impressions which no inducement could ever efface. Nothing more transpired of him for a year and a half; when one morning a person knocked at his Grace's gate, and with a peculiar earnestness of voice and countenance desired to see him.

The Archbishop ordered the stranger to be introduced. He had scarcely entered the room, when his countenance changed, his knees tottered, and he sunk almost breathless on the floor. On recovering, he requested an audience in private: this being granted, he said, "My lord, you cannot have forgotten the circumstance of relieving a highwayman. God and gratitude will never suffer it to be obliterated from my mind. In me, my Lord, you now behold that once most wretched of mankind; but now, by your inexpressible humanity, rendered equal, perhaps superior, to millions. Oh, my lord, 'tis you 'tis you that have saved me, body and soul; 'tis you that have saved a much loved wife, and a little brood of children, whom I loved dearer than my own life.

"Here my lord is the fifty pounds; but never shall I find language to express what I feel; God is your witness, your deed itself is your glory; and may heaven be your present and everlasting reward." The Archbishop was refusing the money, when the gentleman added; 'My lord, I was the younger son of a wealthy man; your Grace knew him, I am sure, my name is———; my marriage alienated the affection of my father, who left me to sorrow and penury.

"My distresses—but your Grace already knows to what they drove me. A month since my brother died a bachel-

or, and intestate; his fortune has become mine; and I, spared and preserved by your goodness from an ignominious death, am now the most penitent, the most grateful, and the happiest of human beings." [*Percy Anecdotes.*

Shenstone the poet, and Rev Rowland Hill, were each of them robbed, and each of them by kindness rescued his robber from impending destruction, and placed him in circumstances to provide for himself and his family.

NATURAL AND MARTIAL VOLCANOES COMPARED.

A description of the desolations made by natural volcanoes, excite a degree of astonishment, sympathy, and horror.

But there is another species of volcano, far more destructive to mankind than those which have been described; many of which have existed in Europe, and in other quarters of the globe.

An ambitious, blood-thirsty war-maker is a martial volcano, whose eruptions have been more horrible than any which have been recorded of Etna, Cotopaxi, or any other natural volcano of the earth.

One Tamerlane or Ghengis Khan—one Alexander or Cesar—one Edward III or Charles V—one Frederic of Prussia or Philip of Spain—one Louis XIV or Napoleon of France, has probably caused more misery and desolation, than all the volcanoes of Europe, or of any other quarter of the world.

An earthquake, which should swallow up all Europe, would produce less misery, and less destruction of human life, than has been caused by the martial volcanoes of that part of the globe.

Yet such has been the infatuation of our race, that no other men have been so much praised as these military destroyers. The murderers of millions have long been held in admiration, if not adored, by a deluded world.

Who is not astonished, when he hears that Etna or Cotopaxi has sent forth rivers of burning lava to the extent of 20 or 30 miles, spreading ruin and horror throughout its course!

But what is all this when compared with the extent to which the flaming lava has spread, which has issued from the crater of a wanton volcanic Prince!

The eruptions of one martial volcano have desolated whole provinces, and spread the flames of destruction for hundreds, and even thousands of miles in various directions.

In one eruption of Tomboro the ashes of the explosion extended to Java, a distance of 300 miles, and filled the nhabitants with consternation and dismay; but the explosions of a martial volcano have caused the death and uin of multitudes of men, more than 3000 miles from the rater.

"Volcanoes bellow ere they disembogue!"

Their eruptions too are preceded by terrific, menacing moke, which indicates an explosion. It is thus with vol-anic Princes.

For a considerable time previous to a violent eruption, ich princes cause to be heard in all the adjacent counies loud bellowings of complaints, and cries of insult and inger.

Next is seen a smoking manifesto—"breathing out reatenings and slaughter"—the heat of which clearly dicates an infernal origin.

This is soon followed by the explosion of volcanic, igted substances, and boiling lava, which overspreads hole countries with misery, death, and horror, lamentaon and wo.

Thus one martial volcano, not more than six foot high, s done more mischief in *one year*, than Etna has done in *centuries*, with a height of two miles, and a "crater dom less than a mile in circuit."

The name *volcano* was probably derived from Vulcan, fabulous "god of subterranean fire." It may then h justice be applied to the military destroyer, whose "tongue is a fire, a world of iniquity, that setteth on fir the course of nature, and is set on fire of hell."

CURIOSITY.

In the great circle of human affairs, there is room fo every one to be busy and well employed in his own province, without encroaching upon that of others. It is th province of superiors to direct; of inferiors to obey; o the learned, to be instructive; of the ignorant, to be docile; of the old, to be communicative; of the young to b advisable and diligent. Art thou poor? Show thyself active and industrious, peaceable and contented. Art tho wealthy? Show thyself beneficent and charitable, condescending and humane. If thou livest much in the worl it is thy duty to make the light of a good example shin conspicuously before others. If thou livest private ar retired, it is thy business to improve thine own min and to add, if thou canst do no more, one faithful subject to the Messiah's kingdom. There is no man s sequestered from active life, but within his own narro sphere he may find some opportunities of doing good; cultivating friendship, promoting peace, and dischargin many of those lesser offices of humanity and kindnes which are within the reach of every one, and which w owe to one another. In all the various relations whic subsist among us in life, as husband and wife, masters ar servants, parents and children, relations and friends, rule and subjects, innumerable duties stand ready to be performed; innumerable calls to virtuous activity prese themselves on every hand, sufficient to fill up with advantage and honor the whole time of a man.

These are much worthier and nobler objects of your attention, than any of those trifling varieties which you ca explore and discover in the character of those amon whom you live. By lifting your view to so high a standard, you will be preserved from descending to those futi and corrupted employments of thought, which occupy th idle, the vain and the malignant. It is incredible, ho much time and attention are thrown away by men in examining the affairs of others, and discussing their conduct. Were only their time and attention thrown away, the evil would in some degree, be less. But they are worse than thrown away; they are not merely fruitless, but productive of much mischief. Such a habit of thought is connected with a thousand vices. It is the constant source of rash and severe censure. It arises from envy and jealousy. It foments ill nature and pride. It propagates misunderstanding and discord. All those evils would be prevented, if the reproof which our Lord administers in the text, came oftener home, with proper authority to the reflection of man; 'What is that to thee?' Each of us have more material and important business of our own to fulfil. Our task is assigned, our part allotted. Did we suitably examine how that part was performed, we should be less disposed to busy ourselves about the concerns of others. We should discover a disorder to be corrected at home; many a weed to be pulled out from our own grounds; much remaining to be done, in order to render ourselves useful in this world, and fit for a world to come.

Wherefore, instead of being critics on others, let us employ our criticism on ourselves. Leaving others to be judged by Him who searcheth the heart, let us implore his assistance for enabling us to act well our own part, and to follow Christ.

That idle curiosity, that inquisitive and meddling spirit, which leads men to pry into the affairs of their neighbors, is reprehensible on three accounts. It interrupts the good order, and breaks the peace of society. It brings forward and nourishes several bad passions. It draws men aside from a proper attention to the discharge of their own duty.

It interrupts, I say, the order, and breaks the peace of society. In this world we are linked together by many ties. We are bound by duty, and we are prompted by interest, to give mutual assistance, and to perform friendly offices to each other. But those friendly offices are performed to most advantage, when we avoid interfering unnecessarily in the concerns of our neighbor. Every man has his own part to act, has his own interest to consult, has affairs of his own to manage, which his neighbor has no call to scrutinize. Human life then proceeds in it most natural and orderly train, when every one keep within the bounds of his proper province ; when, as lon as his pursuits are fair and lawful, he is allowed, withou disturbance, to conduct them in his own way. That y study to be quiet, and to do your own business, is the apostolical rule, and indeed the great rule, for preservation o harmony and order. But so it is, that in every age, a se of men have existed, who, driven by an unhappy activit of spirit, oftener perhaps than by any settled design o doing ill, or any motives of ambition or interest, love t intermeddle where they have no concern, to inquire int the private affairs of others, and, from the imperfect information which they collect, to form conclusions concernin their circumstances and character. These are they who in Scripture, are characterised as tattlers, and busy bodie in other men's matters, and from whom we are called t turn away.

Though persons of this description should be prompte by nothing but vain curiosity, they are, nevertheless dangerous troublers of the world. While they conceiv themselves to be inoffensive, they are sowing dissensio and feuds. Crossing the lines in which others move, they create confusion, and awaken resentment. For every ma conceives himself to be injured, when he finds another intruding into his affairs, and, without any title, taking upon him to examine his conduct. Being improperly and unnecessarily disturbed, he claims the right of disturbing in his turn those who wantonly have troubled him. Hence many a friendship has been broken; the peace of many a family has been overthrown ; and much bitter and lasting discord has been propagated through society.

[*Pierpont*.

THE GOVERNOR AND NOTARY.

In Former times there ruled, as Governor of the Alhambra, in Spain, a doughty old cavalier, who, from having lost one arm in the wars, was commonly known by the name of el Gobernador Manco, or the 'one armed governor.' He, in fact, prided himself in being an old soldier, wore his mustachios curled up to his eyes, a pair of campaigning boots, and a toledo as long as a spit, with his pocket-handkerchief in the basket hilt.

He was moreover, exceedingly proud and punctilious, and tenacious of all his privileges and dignities. Under his sway, the immunities of the Alhambra, as a royal residence and domain, were rigidly exacted. No one was permitted to enter the fortress with fire arms, or even with a sword or staff, unless he was of a certain rank; and every horseman was obliged to dismount at his gate and lead his horse by the bridle.—Now as the hill of the Alhambra rises from the very midst of the city of Grenada, being, as it were, an excrescence of the capitol, it must, at all times, be somewhat irksome to the captain-general who commands the Province, to have thus an imperium in imperio, a petty independent post in the very centre of his domains. It was rendered the more galling, in the present instance, from the irritable jealousy of the old governor which took fire on the least question of authority and jurisdiction, and from the loose vagrant character of the people, that had gradually nestled themselves within the fortress as in a sanctuary, and from thence carried on a system of roguery and depredation at the expense of the honest inhabitants of the city.

Thus there was a perpetual feud and heart burning between the captain-general and the governor, the more virulent on the part of the latter inasmuch as the smallest of the two neighboring potentates is always the most captious about his dignity. The stately palace of the captain-general stood in the Plaza Nueva, immediately under the hill Alhambra, and here was always a bustle and parade of guards and domestics, and city functionaries. A beetling bastion of the fortress overlooked the palace and public square in front of it; and on this bastion the old governor would occasionally strut backwards and forwards, with his toledo girded by his side, keeping a wary eye down upon his rival, like a hawk reconnoitering his quarry from his nest in a dry tree.

Whenever he descended into the city, it was in grand parade, on horseback, surrounded by his guards, or in his state coach, an ancient and unwieldy Spanish edifice, of carved timber and gilt leather, drawn by eight mules, with running footmen, out-riders, and lacquies, on which occasion he flattered himself he impressed every beholder with awe and admiration, as vice-regent of the king, though the wits of Grenada, particularly those who loitered about the palace of the captain-general, were apt to sneer at his petty parade, and in allusion to the vagrant character of his subjects, to greet him with the appellation of king 'of the beggars.' One of the most fruitful sources of dispute between those two doughty rivals, was the right claimed by the governor, to have all things passed free of duty through the city, that were intended for himself or garrison. By degrees, this privilege, had given rise to extensive smuggling. A nest of contrabandists took up their abode in the hovels of the fortress and the numerous caves in its vicinity, and drove a thriving business under the connivance of the soldiers of the garrison.

The vigilance of the captain-general was aroused. He consulted his legal adviser and factotum, a shrewd, meddlesome escribano or notary, who rejoiced in an opportunity of perplexing the old potentate of the Alhambra, and involving him in amaze of legal subleties. He advised the captain-general to insist upon the right of examining every convoy passing through the gates of his city, and he penned a long letter to him in vindication of the right.—Governor Manco was a straight forwad cut-and-thrust old soldier, who hated an escribano and this one in particular worse than all escribanos.

'What!' said he, curling up his mustachios fiercely, 'does the captain-general set his man of the pen to practic confusions upon me? I'll let him see that an old soldier is not to be baffled by school-craft.'

He seized his pen, and scrawled a short letter in a crabbed hand, in which, without deigning to enter into argument, he insisted on the right to transmit free of search, and denounced vengeance on any custom-house officer who should lay his hand on any convoy protected by the flag of the Alhambra. While this question was agitated between the two pragmatical potentates it so happened, that a mule laden with supplies for the fortress, arrived one day at Xenil, by which it was to traverse a suburb of the city on its way to the Alhambra.—The convoy was headed by a testy old corporal, who had long served under the governor, and was a man after his own heart; as rusty and staunch as an old toledo blade. As they approached the gate of the city, the corporal placed the banner of the Alhambra on the pack-saddle of the mule and drawing himself up to a perfect perpendicular advanced with his head dressed to the front, but with the wary side glance of a cur passing through hostile ground, ready for a snap and a snarl.

'Who goes there?' said the sentinel at the gate.

'A soldier of the Alhambra,' said the corporal without turning his head.

'What have you in charge?'

'Provisions for the garrison.'

'Proceed.'

The corporal marched straight forward followed by the convoy but had not advanced many paces, before a posse of custom-house officers rushed out of a small toll-house.

'Hallo there!' cried the leader, 'muleteer halt, and open those packages.

The corporal wheeled round, and drew himself up in battle array. 'Respect the flag of the Alhambra,' said he, 'these things are for the governor.'

'A fig for the governor, and a fig for his flag. Muleteer, halt, I say.'

'Stop the convoy at your peril!' cried the corporal, cocking his musket, 'muleteer proceed.'

The muleteer gave his beast a hearty thwack; the custom-house officer sprang forward, and seized the halter; whereupon the corporal levelled his piece and shot him dead.

The street was almost immediately in an uproar.

The old corporal was seized, and, after undergoing sundry kicks, and cuffs and cudgelings, which are generally given impromptu by the mob in Spain, as a foretaste of the after penalties of the law, he was loaded with irons, and conducted to the city prison while his comrades were permitted to proceed with the convoy, after it had been rumaged, to the Alhambra.

The old governor was in a towering passion when he heard of this insult to his flag and capture of his corporal. For a time, he stormed about the moorish halls, and vapored about the bastions, and looked down fire and sword upon the palace of the captain-general. Having vented the first ebullition of his wrath, he despatched a message, demanding the surrender of the corporal, as to him belonged the right of sitting in judgment on the offences of those under his command. The captain-general aided by the pen of the delighted escribano, replied at great length, arguing that, as the offence had been committed within the walls of his city, and against one of the civil officers, it was clearly within his jurisdiction. The governor rejoined by a repetition of his demand; the captain-general gave a sur-rejoinder of still greater length and legal acumen; the governor became hotter and more peremptory in his demands, and the captain-general cooler and more copious in his replies; until the old lion-hearted soldier absolutely roared with fury at being thus entangled in the meshes of legal controversy.

While the subtle escribano was thus amusing himself at the expense of the governor he was conducting the trial of the corporal, who mewed up in a narrow dungeon of the prison, had merely a small grated window at which to show his iron-bound visage, and receive the consolations of his friends.

A mountain of written testimony was diligently heaped up, according to the Spanish form by the indescribable escribano.—The corporal was completely overwhelmed by it. He was convicted of murder and sentenced to be hanged.

It was in vain the governor sent down remonstrance and menace from the Alhambra. The fatal day was at hand, and the corporal was put in capilla, that is to say in the chapel of the prison, as is always done with culprits the day before execution, that they may meditate on their approaching end, and repent them of their sins.

Seeing things drawing to an extremity, the old governor determined to attend to the affair in person. For this purpose, he ordered out his carriage of state, and, surrounded by his guards, rumbled down the avenue of the Alhambra into the city.—Driving to the house of the escribano, he summoned him to the portal.

The eye of the governor gleamed like a coal at beholding the smirking man of the law advancing with an air of exultation.

'What is this I hear,' cried he, 'that you are about to put to death one of my soldiers?'

'All strictly according to law—all in due form of justice,' said the self-sufficient escribano chuckling and rubbing his hands. 'I can show your excellency the written testimony in the case.'

'Fetch it hither,' said the governor.—The escribano bustled into his office, delighted with having another opportunity of displaying his ingenuity at the expense of the hard-headed veteran.

He returned with a satchel full of papers, and began to read a long deposition with professional volubility. By this time, a crowd had collected, listening with outstretched necks and gaping mouths.

'Prythee, man, get into the carriage, out of the pestilent throng, that I may the better hear thee,' said the the governor.

The escribano entered the carriage, when in a twinkling, the door was closed, the coachmen smacked his whip—mules, carriage, guards, and all, dashed off at a thundering rate, leaving the crowd in gaping wonderment; nor did the governor pause until he had lodged his prey in one of the strongest dungeons of the Alhambra.

He then sent down a flag of truce in military style, proposing a cartel or exchange of prisoners—the corporal for the notary.—The pride of the captain-general was piqued; he returned a contemptuous refusal, and forthwith caused a gallows, tall and strong to be erected in the centre of the Piazza Nueva, for the execution of the corporal.

'Oho! is that the game?' said the governor. He gave orders, and immediately a gibbet was reared on the verge of the great beetling bastion that overlooked the Plaza. 'Now' said he, in a message to the captain-general, ‘ hang my soldier when you please ; but at the same time that he is swung off in the square, look to see your escribano dangling against the sky.’

The captain-general was inflexible ; troops were paraded in the square ; the drums beat, the bells tolled. An immense number of amateurs had collected to behold the execution. On the other hand, the governor paraded his garrison on the bastion, and tolled the funeral dirge of the notary from the Torre de la Campans, or Tower of the bell.

The notary’s wife pressed through the crowd, and throwing herself at the feet of the captain general, implored him not to sacrifice the life of her husband, and the welfare of herself and her numerous little ones, to a point of pride, ‘ for you know the old governor too well’ said she, ‘ to doubt that he will not put his threat in execution, if you hang the soldier.’

The captain-general was overpowered by her tears and lamentations, and the clamor of her children. The corporal was sent up to the Alhambra, under a guard, in a gallows garb, like a hooded friar, but with head erect, and a face of iron.—The escribano was demanded in exchange according to the cartel. The once bustling and self sufficient man of the law was drawn forth from his dungeon more dead than alive. All his flippancy had evaporated ; his hair, it is said had nearly turned grey with affright, and he had a down-cast, dogged look, as if he still felt the halter around his neck.

The old governor placed his one arm a-kimbo, and, for a moment, surveyed him with an iron smile. ‘ Henceforth, my friend,’ said he, ‘ moderate your zeal in hurrying others to the gallows ; be not too certain of your own safety, even though you should have the law on your side ; and above all, take care how you play off your school-craft another time upon an old soldier.’—*Washington Irving.*

THE WILD GIRL.

In 1731, as a nobleman was shooting, at Songi, near Chalons, in Champagne, ha saw at a distance in the water, omething which he took for a couple of birds, and at which he fired.

The supposed birds avoided the shot by diving, and rising at another place, made to the shore, when it appeared hat they were two children, nine or ten years of age.

One of these children returned to the river and was nevr afterwards seen; the other went to the village of Songi. The inhabitants were frightened at her singular appearance.

They set a great dog at her; but she waited his attack without stirring from her place, and as soon as he was within reach, gave him such a blow with her club as laid him dead at her feet.

Unable to gain admission into any house, she returned nto the fields, climbed up a tree, and there took her repose.

The Viscount d'Epinoy offered a reward to any one who would catch this wild girl. At length she was allured to come down by a woman who walked under the tree with a child in her arms, and offered her fish and roots.

When she had descended, some persons lying in wait eized her and conveyed her to the Viscount's seat. At irst she was taken into the kitchen, where she fell upon ome wild fowl, and ate them up before the cook missed hem.

The Viscount delivered her to the care of a shepherd, ecommending him to be extremely attentive to her, under a promise of paying him well for his trouble.

It cost a great deal of trouble to render her a little tame. Once she eloped in a severe frost, during a heavy fall of now, and after a long search was found sitting on a tree n the open fields.

Nothing was more astonishing than the swiftness and gility with which she ran. She did not take long steps ike other people, but her run was rather a flying trip, which was more like gliding than walking.

Several years after she had been caught she was capable of outstripping wild animals, which she proved to the queen of Poland in 1737; being taken out on a hunting party, she ran after rabbits and hares that were started, caught them presently, and brought them to the queen.

In her savage state she had no language, but a sort of wild scream, which sounded frightfully when she was in anger, and particularly when a stranger attempted to take hold of her.

Long afterwards her speech had something wild, abrupt and childish; but when she was a little civilized, she appeared to be a quick, lively girl.

There was nothing, from which she was more difficult to be weaned, than eating flesh and vegetables raw. Her stomach could not bear dressed victuals.

Once the Viscount had a large company, and she sat at table with them. None of the high seasoned dishes being to her taste, she started up, vanished like lightning, filled her apron with live frogs from the nearest pool, hastened back, and bestowed them among the guests with a liberal hand, joyfully exclaiming—" here, here, take some!"

In the year 1732, this remarkable girl was baptized by the name of Maria le Blanc. On account of the change in her mode of life, she was often ill, and, after the death of her patron, spent the remainder of her days in a convent.

How this child came into that wild state, and in what country she was born, could never be ascertained with certainty. It was conjectured that she was an Esquimaux brought to Europe in some ship.

When she had learned to talk, she said that she had twice crossed the sea—gave a description of boats resembling those of the Esquimaux; and when she was shown a series of delineations of people of different countries, she seemed agreeably suprized on coming to that in which the Esquimaux were represented. [*Pleasing Preceptor.*

AMIABLE TRAITS IN THE CHARACTER OF THE INDIANS.

There is no nation in the world who pay greater respect
old age than the American Indians. From their infan-
they are taught to be kind and attentive to aged per-
ns and never to let them suffer for want of necessaries
comforts.

The parents spare no pains to impress upon the minds
their children the conviction that they would draw
wn upon themselves the anger of the Great Spirit, were
ey to neglect those whom in his goodness, he had per-
itted to attain an advanced age.

It is indeed a moving spectacle to see the tender and
licate attentions which, on every occasion, they lavish
on aged and decrepid persons.

When going out a hunting, they will put them on a
rse or in a canoe, and take them into the woods to their
nting ground. in order to revive their spirits, by mak-
g them enjoy the sight of a sport in which they can no
ger participate.

At home, the old are as well treated and taken care of
if they were favorite children. They are cherished,
d even caressed ; indulged in health and nursed in sick-
ss ; and all their wishes and wants are anticipated.

Their company is sought by the young, to whom their
nversation is considered an honor. Their advice is ask-
on all occasions : their words are listened to as oracles.

Nay, even the second childhood, often attendant on ex-
me old age, is never with the Indians a subject of ridi-
e or laughter. Respect, gratitude and love, are too pre-
ninant in their minds to permit any degrading idea to
x with these truly honorable and generous feelings.

nsanity is not common among the Indians ; yet I have
own several who were afflicted with mental derange-
nt.

Men in this situation are always considered as objects
pity.

Every one, young and old, feels compassion for their
fortune ; to laugh or scoff at them would be considered
crime, much more so to insult or molest them.

The nation or color of the unfortunate object makes no difference ; the charity of the Indian extends to all, and no discrimination is made in such a lamentable case.

Suicide is not considered by the Indians either as an ac of heroism or of cowardice, nor is it with them a subjec of praise or blame. They view this desperate act as th consequence of mental derangement, and the person wh destroys himself is to them an object of pity.

The first step that parents take towards the educatio of their children, is to prepare them for future happiness by impressing upon their tender minds, that they are indebted for their existence to a great, good and benevolen Spirit, who not only has given them life, but has ordaine them for certain great purposes.

The parents next proceed to make them sensible of th distinction between good and evil, that good acts are pleasing to the good Spirit ; all that is bad proceeds from th bad Spirit, who had given them nothing.

Instruction is given in the gentlest and most persuasiv manner ; nor is the parent's authority ever supported b harsh, compulsive means ; no whips, no punishments, n threats are ever used to enforce commands or compel obedience.

A father needs only say in the presence of his childre "I want such a thing done ; I want one of my childre to go upon such an errand, let me see who is the goo child that will do it."

This word *good* operates, as it were, by magic, and th children vie with each other to comply with the wishes their parent. In this manner of bringing up children, t parents are seconded by the whole community.

If a child is sent from his father's dwelling to carry dish of victuals to an aged person, all in the house will joi in calling him a *good* child. If a child is seen leading a old person, the villagers call on one another to look c and see what a *good* child that must be. When a chi has committed a *bad* act, the parent will say, "Oh ! ho grieved I am that my child has done this *bad* act. I ho he will never do so again." This is generally effectua particularly if said in the presence of others.

[*Heckwelder.*

CROWNING THE WISEST.

Not many years ago, it happened that a young gentleman from New-York visited London. His father being connected with several of the magnates of the British aristocracy, the young American was introduced into the fashionable circles of the metropolis, where either in consequence of his fine personal appearance, or that his father was reported to be very rich, or that he was a new figure on the stage, he attracted much attention, and became quite the favorite of the ladies. This was not at all relished by the British beaux, but as no very fair pretext offered for a rebuff, they were compelled to treat him civilly. Thus matters stood when the Hon. Mr——(M. P.) and lady made a party to accompany them to their country seat in Cambridgeshire, and the American was among the invited guests. Numerous were the devices to which these devotees of pleasure resorted in order to kill that stubborn old fellow who will measure his hours, when he ought to know they are not wanted, and the ingenuity of every one was taxed to remember or invent something novel.

The Yankees are proverbially ready of invention, and the American did honor to his character as a man accustomed to freedom of thought. He was frank and gay, and entered into the sports and amusements with that unaffected enjoyment which communicated a part of his fresh feelings to the most worn-out fashionist in the party. His good nature, would have been sneered at by some of the proud cavaliers, had he not been such a capital shot, and he might have been quizzed had not the ladies, won by his respectful and pleasant civilities, and his constant attention in the drawing room and saloon, always showed themselves his friends.

But a combination was at last formed among a trio of dandies, staunch patrons of the Quarterly, to annihilate the American. They proposed to vary the eternal evening waltzing and piping by the acting of charades and playing various games, and having interested one of those indefatigable ladies, who always carry their point in the scheme, it was voted to be the thing.

After some few charades had been disposed of, one of the gentleman begged leave to propose the game called ‘Crowning the wisest’ This is played by selecting a Judge of the game, and three persons, either ladies or gentlemen, who are to contest for the crown by answering successively, the various questions which the rest o the party are at liberty to ask. The one who is declared to have been the readiest and happiest in his answers receives the crown.

Our American much against his inclination, was chosen among the three candidates. He was aware that his position, in the society with which he was mingling required of him to sustain himself. He was, to be sure, treated with distinguished attention by his host and hostess, and generally by the party, but this was a favor to the individual, and not one of the company understood the character of republicans or appreciated the Republic. The three worthies had arranged that their turn for questioning him should fall in succession, and be the last. The first one was a perfect exquisite, and with an air of most ineffable condescension he put his question.

‘If I understand rightly the government of your country you acknowledge no distinctions of rank, consequently you can have no court standard for the manners of a gentleman—will you favor me with information where your best school of politeness is to be found.

‘For your benefit,’ replied the American, smiling calmly, ‘I would recommend the Falls of Niagara—a contemplation of that stupendous wonder teaches humility to the proudest, and human nothingness to the vainest. It rebukes the trifler, and arouses the most stupid; in short it turns men from their idols; and when we acknowledge that God only is Lord, we feel that men are our equals. A true christian is always polite.

There was a murmur among the audience, but whether of applause or censure the American could not determine, as he did not choose to betray any anxiety for the result by a scrutiny of the faces which he knew were bent on him.

The second now proposed his question. He affected to be a great politician, was mustachioed and whiskered like a diplomatist, which station he had been coveting.

His voice was bland, but his emphasis was very significant.

'Should I visit the United States, what subject with which I am conversant would most interest your people and give me an opportunity of enjoying their conversation?'

'You must maintain as you do at present, that a monarchy is the wisest, the purest, the best government which the skill of man ever devised, and that a democracy is utterly barbarous. My countrymen are fond of argument, and will meet you on both these questions, and if you choose argue with you to the end of your life.'

The murmur was renewed, but still without any decided expression of the feeling with which his answer had been received.

The third then rose from his seat, and with an assured voice which seemed to announce a certain triumph said.—

'I require your decision on a delicate question, but the rules of the pastime warrant it, and also a candid answer. You have seen the American and the English ladies—which are the fairest?'

The young republican glanced around the circle. It was bright with flashing eyes, and the sweet smiles which wreathed many a lovely lip might have won a less determined patriot from his allegiance. He did not hesitate, hough he bowed low to the ladies as he answered,—

'The standard of female beauty is, I believe, allowed o be the power of exciting admiration and love in our ex—consequently those ladies who are the most admired, nd beloved, and respected by the gentlemen must be the airest. Now I assert confidently that there is not a naion on earth where woman is so truly beloved, so tenerly cherished as in the Republic of the United States—herefore the American ladies are the fairest. But,—and e again bowed low—'if the ladies before whom I have ow the honor of expressing my opinion, were in my ountry we should think them Americans.'

The applause was enthusiastic, and after the mirth was ubsided so as to allow the Judge to be heard he decreed he crown to the Yankee. [*Ladies Magazine.*

CAPT. MORRELL'S VISIT TO A SLAVE SHIP.

On a Southern voyage of trading and discovery, Capt. Benjamin Morrell, Jr. visited a slave ship off the Coast of Africa, of which he has given the following account.

I have already informed the reader, that when I entered the Bay of Benguela, there were no less than four slave dealers from Brazil, waiting to complete their cargoes.—One of these receptacles of human misery lay at anchor within fifty fathoms of the Antartic; and I was so distressingly annoyed by the shrieks and groans of its hapless inmates, the wretched victims of unfeeling avarice, that I resolved to visit the vessel, and make an offer of such medical aid as might have a tendency to alleviate the anguish of the sufferers. With this determination, I ordered a boat to be manned, and boarded the brig without ceremony.

I was received by the officers on deck with a certain degree of courtesy, not unmingled with surprise; which, when I made known the object of my visit, assumed an expression of derision or contempt. Firmly adhering to my original purpose, however, I insisted upon seeing, and if necessary, administering to those sufferers whose audible complaints had so powerfully excited my sympathy The captain gave orders that my demand should be complied with; and gracious Heaven! what a horrible spectacle was presented to my view!

If the reader has ever been on board of a Hudson River market sloop, loaded with calves and sheep for the city slaughter houses, he may form some idea of the Brazilian slave brig. A range of pens, or bins, occupied each side of the main-deck, from the cat head to the main chains, in which were confined such a number of slaves as were permitted to come on deck at one time. In a line with the main hatchway, on each side, was erected a bulk-head, or partition separating the men from the women; while a narrow passage remained open to the gangway, abaft the sternmost pen, or between that and the quarter deck.

The slaves, perfectly naked, were stowed in rows, fore and aft, in a sitting or crouching posture; and most of the men had their faces between their knees, either indulging

n a moody silence or mournfully chanting in a low voice,
ome plaintive song of their native villages. The feelings
f the females were of course more clamorously expressed,
n spite of all their tyrants' exertions to keep them quiet.
n passing along the deck between these two ranges of
espairing human beings, I encountered such mute implo-
ing glances, such appalling looks of misery, such piteous
pplicating expressions of countenance, such torrents of
ars, that looked like pearls on ebony, as completely and
tally unmanned me. My own tears fell like rain, and
e poor negroes gazed on the strange phenomenon of a
hite man's sympathy with wonder, doubt and admira-
on. Even the females had not been allowed a rag to
ver their nakedness.

After having taken a cursory view of the whole heart-
ckening scene, my attention was attracted to the after
nge of pens on the starboard side, which contained about
lf the females then on deck. Here, as on the opposite
de of the deck, the two sexes were separated by a par-
tion or bulk-head eight feet in height; near which were
vo women evidently writhing in the agonies of death.
artly from the officers and partly from their fellow suf-
rers, I gathered the shameful facts that these dying
retches had been reduced to their present situation by
peated applications of the lash, as a punishment for their
teous cries and heart-rending wailings. This worse
an brutality had elicited those shrieks and groans which
st arrested my attention on board the Antartic. They
ere wives and mothers; their infants had been torn from
eir breasts and thrown upon the ground, either to perish
th hunger among the grass, or to become the prey of
asts or the reptiles—or, possibly, to be preserved and
urished by strangers. In the phrenzied paroxisms of
ternal anguish, they had called for their infants—for
eir husbands—for their parents—for their brothers, sis-
s and friends; and for this natural involuntary ebulli-
n of feeling, their bodies had been cruelly lacerated with
ipes, until nature sank exhausted, no more to revive.

On learning these facts, indignation enabled me to sup-
ss those softer feelings which were before nearly cho-

king me ; while the hardened barbarians around me wer sardonic smiles upon their faces. The captains of tw vessels were present, and several officers. For the moment, I impiously wished to be armed with the lightnin of heaven, to punish the guilty, and terminate the sufferings of their victims on the spot. As this was not practicable, however, I gave vent to my feelings in a torren of invective, pouring upon them volleys of vituperation I cannot recollect what I said ; but for some time I gav them broadside after broadside, without receiving a singl shot in return. They received my fire in silent astonishment suffering me to rake them fore and aft, until m magazine became exhausted, and I paused for lack of ammunition.

In the mean time, the two special objects of my compassion were released from their sufferings by death ; an just as the visiting captain had attempted some observ tion in excuse or palliation of their conduct, our attentio was arrested by another object. One of the captives, well made good looking man, of about twenty-five yea of age, had contrived, manacled as he was, to scale th bulk-head, from the top of which, being unable to use h hands, he fell into the female's apartment, where his hea struck a ring bolt, with such force as to fracture his scu It was the husband of the youngest of the two wom who had just breathed their last. For a few moments h lay senseless from the effects of the blow ; but soon cam to himself sufficiently to understand what was said to hi In the next moment he recognized the dead body of h wife, which he franticly strove to clasp in his manacl arms, and, with a yell of despair, endeavored to awak her with his caresses from the sleep of death, while t wound in his head was pouring forth a torrent of blood the inanimate object of his piteous lamentations.

The captain of the brig now spoke, and ordered one the officers to tear the poor fellow from the corpse of h wife, and to stow him on the other side of the deck. H raised his mute imploring eye to me, in which I read speedy termination of his miseries, and an ardent des to expire on the bosom of his wife. The officer advanc to seize him ; but this was too much for me to witness. I sprang before the dying man, drew my dirk, and ordered the officer to desist on the peril of instant death.

'Hold !' I exclaimed 'you shall not molest him. Back ! back ! back ! on your life ! No man shall touch him unless he cut his way through my body. You have butchered the wife of his bosom ; he is now dying from the effect of your savage barbarity, and they shall not be separated until his spirit is united with her's, in that blessed world where fiends of hell like you can never come. Back ! or your blood shall mingle with the negro's ! !'

The officer recoiled a few paces, while the others stood gazing at me and each other in mute amazement. I stood fixed in my purpose, however, and not one of the conscience-struck, guilt-appalled, cowardly wretches, could muster up sufficient courage to oppose my single arm. The dying captive's struggle was short. In a few minutes more he breathed his last, on the cold inanimate lips of her he loved more than he feared death. I then returned my dirk into its sheath, and again addressed the embarrassed officer :—

'Step forward, inhuman monster ! and contemplate the effects of your cruel barbarity—your triple murder. Look there ! on the remains of those three poor victims of your varice and cruelty ! Think too of their hapless infants ; which, if not happily already gone to meet their parents n a better world, are fated never to enjoy a parent's tenderness in this. How will you answer for crimes like hese before the God of justice ? I do not marvel at your owardice, the inseparable concomitant of guilt like yours. do not wonder that you turn pale at my just rebuke, and remble there like culprits at the gangway. But how uch more will you tremble when you are arraigned be-ore the bar of Divine Justice, and hear the voice which rought the universe into existence—'Inasmuch as ye ave not shown mercy to one of the least of these, ye ave not done it unto me.'

With these words I advanced to the gang-way, and as about to depart, when the captain of the brig expressed a hope that I would not leave them in anger, but that I would walk below and join them in a glass of wine. I promptly declined the proffered courtesy, assuring him that it gave me very unpleasant feelings to breathe the same air with men engaged in this abominable traffic; but were I to drink with them, I should feel guilty of an act of wanton impiety that had stained the untarnished lustre of the flag under which I sailed.

They retorted with a most provoking assurance, that great numbers of American vessels were at that moment engaged in the same traffic: vessels which they knew were owned in the United States, commanded by American captains, and manned by American and English seamen.'

CHOANG AND HANSI.—A CHINESE STORY.

[*From Goldsmith's Citizen of the World.*]

Choang was the fondest husband, and Hansi the most endearing wife in all the kingdom of Corea: they were a pattern of conjugal bliss; the inhabitants of the country around saw, and envied their felicity; wherever Choang came, Hansi was sure to follow; and in all the pleasures of Hansi, Choang was admitted a partner.

Their love was so great, that it was thought nothing could interrupt their mutual peace; when an accident happened, which in some measure, diminished the husband's assurance of his wife's fidelity; for love so refined as his, was subject to a thousand little disquietudes.

Happening one day to go among the tombs that lay at some distance from his house, he there perceived a lady dressed in the deepest mourning, (being clothed all over in white,) fanning the wet clay that was raised over one of the graves with a large fan which she held in her hand; Choang, who had early been taught wisdom in the school of Lao, was unable to assign a cause for her present employment; and coming up, civilly demanded the reason. Alas! replied the lady her eyes bathed in tears, how is it possible to survive the loss of my husband, who lies buried in this grave? he was the best of men, the tenderest of husbands; with his dying breath, he bid me never marry again, till the earth over his grave should be dry; and here you see me steadily resolving to obey his will, and endeavoring to dry it with my fan. I have employed two whole days in fulfilling his commands, and am determined not to marry till they are punctually obeyed, even though his grave should take up four days in drying.

Choang, who was struck with the widow's beauty, could not, however, avoid smiling at her haste to be married; but, concealing the cause of his mirth, civilly invited her home, adding, that he had a wife who might be capable of giving her some consolation. As soon as he and his guest were returned, he imparted to Hansi in private what he had seen, and could not avoid expressing his uneasiness, that such might be his own case, if his dearest wife should one day happen to survive him.

It is impossible to describe Hansi's resentment at so unkind a suspicion. As her passion for him was not only great, but extremely delicate, she employed tears, anger, frowns, and exclamations, to chide his suspicions; the widow herself was inveighed against; and Hansi declared she was resolved never to sleep under the same roof with a wretch, who, like her could be guilty of such bare-faced inconstancy. The night was cold and stormy; however, the stranger was obliged to seek another lodging, for Choang was not disposed to resist and Hansi would have her way.

The widow had scarcely been gone an hour, when an old disciple of Choang's, whom he had not seen for many years, came to pay him a visit. He was received with the utmost ceremony, placed in the most honorable seat at supper, and the wine began to circulate with great freedom. Choang and Hansi exhibited open marks of mutual tenderness and unfeigned reconciliation: nothing could equal their apparent happiness: so fond a husband, so obedient a wife, few could behold without regretting their own infelicity; when lo! their happiness was at once disturbed by a most fatal accident. Choang fell lifeless in an apoplectic fit upon the floor. Every method was used, but in vain, for his recovery. Hansi was, at first, inconsolable for his death: after some hours, however, she found spirits to read his last will. The ensuing day, she she began to moralize and talk wisdom; the next day she was able to comfort the young disciple; and, on the third, to shorten a long story, they both agreed to be married.

There was now no longer mourning in the apartments; the body of Choang was thrust into an old coffin, and placed in one of the meanest rooms, there to lie unattended, until the time prescribed by the law for his interment. In the mean time, Hansi and the young disciple were arrayed in the most magnificent habits; the bride wore in her nose a jewel of immense price, and her lover was dressed in all the finery of his former master, together with a pair of artificial whiskers that reached down to his toes. The hour of their nuptials was arrived; the whole family sympathized with their approaching happiness; the apartments were brightened up with lights that diffused the most exquisite perfume, and a lustre more bright than noon day. The lady expected her youthful lover in an inner apartment with impatience; when his servant, approaching with terror in his countenance, informed her, that his master was fallen into a fit, which would certainly be mortal, unless the heart of a man lately dead could be obtained, and applied to his breast. She scarce waited to hear the end of his story, when, tucking up her clothes, she ran with a mattock in her hand to the coffin where Choang lay, resolving to apply the heart of her dead husband as a cure for the living: she, therefore, struck the lid with the utmost violence. In a few blows the coffin flew open, when the body, which to all appearance had been dead began to move. Terrified at the sight, Hansi dropped the mattock, and Choang walked out, astonished at his own situation, his wife's unusual magnificence, and her more amazing surprize. He went among the apartments, unable to conceive the cause of so much splendor. He was not long in suspense before his domestics informed him of every transaction since he first became insensible. He could scarce believe what they told him, and went in pursuit of Hansi herself, in order to receive more certain information, or to reproach her infidelity. But she prevented his reproaches: he found her weltering in blood, for she had stabbed herself to the heart, being unable to survive her shame and disappointment.

Choang, being a philosopher, was too wise to make any loud lamentations; he thought it best to bear his loss with serenity; so, mending up the old coffin where he had lain himself, he placed his faithless spouse in his room; and, unwilling that so many nuptial preparations should be expended in vain, he, the same night, married the widow with the large fan.

As they were both apprised of the foibles of each other before hand, they knew how to excuse them after marriage. They lived together for many years in great tranquility; and not expecting rapture, made a shift to find contentment.

THE WITCH.

When Lord Chief Justice Holt presided in the Court of King's Bench a poor decrepid old creature, equally bowed down by age, poverty and infirmity, was brought before him charged as a criminal, on whom the full severity of the law might be visited with exemplary effect. The terrors of impartiality never set on any judge's brow with more impressive dignity or threatening aspect than on that of Judge Holt. The trembling culprit was overwhelmed with her fears. The charges were opened. 'What is her crime?' asked his lordship. 'Witchcraft.' How is it proved?' 'She uses a powerful spell.' 'Let me see it.'—The spell was handed to the bench; it appeared a small ball of variously colored rags of silk bound with threads of as many different hues; these were unwound and unfolded, until there appeared a scrap of parchment, on which were written certain characters now nearly illegible from much use. 'The prosecutor averred it was the spell;' the judge, after looking at this potent charm a few moments, adressed himself to the terrified prisoner: 'Prisoner, how came you by this? 'A young gentleman, my lord, gave it to me to cure my child's ague.' 'How long since!' 'Thirty years my lord'— 'And did it cure her.' 'O yes, and many others.' 'I am glad of it.' The judge paused a few moments, and addressed himself to the jury; Thirty years ago I and some companions as thoughtless as myself went to this woman's dwelling, then a public house; and after enjoying ourselves found we had no means of discharging our reckoning. I had recourse to a stratagem. Observing a child ill of an ague, I pretended I had a spell to cure her. I wrote the classic line you see, on a scrap of parchment, and was discharged of the demand on me by the gratitude of the poor woman before us, for the supposed benefit; nature doubtless did much for the patient, the force of imagination the rest. This incident but ill suits my present character and the seat in which I sit, but to conceal it would be to aggravate the folly for which it becomes me to atone.'

LIFE OF A LOOKING GLASS.

It being very much the custom, as I am informed, even for obscure individuals, to furnish some account of themselves, for the edification of the public, I hope I shall not be deemed impertinent for calling your attention to a few particulars of my own history. I cannot, indeed, boast of any very extraordinary incidents; but having, during the course of a long life, had much leisure and opportunity for observation, and being naturally of a *reflecting* cast, I thought it might be in my power to offer some remarks that may not be wholly unprofitable to your readers.

My earliest recollection is that of a carver and gilder's shop, where I remained for many months, leaning with my face to the wall; and, having never known any livelier scene, I was very well contented with my quiet condition. The first object that I remember to have arrested my attention, was, what I now believe, must have been a large spider; which, after a vast deal of scampering about, began, very deliberately, to weave a curious web all over my face. This afforded me great amusement; and not then knowing what far lovelier objects were destined to my gaze, I did not resent the indignity.

At length when little dreaming of any change of fortune, I felt myself suddenly removed from my station; and immediately afterwards underwent a curious operation, which, at the time, gave me considerable apprehensions for my safety; but these were succeeded by pleasure, upon finding myself arrayed in a broad black frame, handsomely carved and gilt; for you will please to observe, that the period of which I am now speaking, was upwards of fourscore years ago. This process being finished, I was presently placed in the shop window, with my face to the street; which was one of the most public in the city. Here my attention was at first distracted by the constant succession of objects, that passed before me. But it was not long before I began to remark the considerable degree of attention I myself excited; and how much I was distinguished, in this respect, from the other articles, my neighbors, in the shop-window. I observed, that passengers, who appeared to be posting away upon urgent business, would often turn and give me a friendly glance as they passed. But I was particularly gratified to observe, that while the old, the shabby, and the wretched, seldom took any notice of me, the young, the gay, and the handsome, generally paid me this compliment; and that these good-looking people always seemed best pleased with me; which I attributed to their superior discernment. I well remember one young lady, who used to pass my master's shop regularly every morning in her way to school, and who never omitted to turn her head to look at me, as she went by; so that at last we became well acquainted with each other. I must confess, that at this period of my life, I was in great danger of becoming insufferably vain, from the regards, that were paid me; and, perhaps, I am not the only individual, who has formed mistaken notions of the attentions he receives in society.

My vanity, however, received a considerable check from one circumstance; nearly all the goods by which I was surrounded in the shop window (though many of them much more homely in their structure, and humbler in their destinations) were disposed of sooner than myself. I had the mortification of seeing one after another bargained for and sent away, while I remained, month after month, without a purchaser. At last, however, a gentleman and lady from the country, (who had been standing sometime in the street, inspecting, and, as I perceived, conversing about me,) walked into the shop and after some altercation with my master, agreed to purchase me; upon which, I was packed up, and sent off. I was very curious, you may suppose, upon arriving at my new quarters, to see what kind of a life I was likely to lead. I remained, however, sometime unmolested in my packing case, and very *flat* I felt there. Upon being, at last, unpacked, I found myself in the hall of a large lone house in the country. My master and mistress, I soon learned, were new married people, just setting up house-keeping; and I was intended to decorate their best parlor, to which I was presently conveyed; and after some little discussion between them in fixing my longitude and latitude, I was hung up opposite the fire-place, in an angle of ten degrees from the wall, according to the fashion of those times.

And there I hung, year after year, almost in perpetual solitude. My master and mistress were sober, regular old fashioned people; they saw no company except at fair time and Christmas day; on which occasions only, they occupied the best parlor. My countenance used to brighten up, when I saw the annual fire kindled in that ample grate;—and when a cheerful circle of country cousins assembled round it. At those times I always got a little notice from the young folks; but those festivities over, and I was condemned to another half year of loneliness. How familliar to my recollection at this hour, is that large, old fashioned parlor! I can remember, as well as if I had seen them but yesterday, the noble flowers on the crimson damask chair covers and window curtains; and those curiously carved tables and chairs. I could describe every one of the stories on the Dutch tiles that surrounded the grate; the rich China ornaments on the wide mantlepiece; and the pattern of the paper hangings, which consisted alternately of a parrot, a poppy, and a shepherdess, —a parrot, a poppy and a shepherdess.

The room being litle used, the window shutters were rarely opened; but there were holes cut in each, in the shape of a heart, through, which, day after day, and year after year, I used to watch the long dim, dusty, sunbeams, streaming across the dark parlor. I should mention, however, that I seldom missed a short visit from my master and mistress on a Sunday morning, when they came down stairs ready dressed for church. I can remember how my mistress used to trot in upon her high-heeled shoes, unfold a leaf of one of the shutters, then come and stand straight before me; then turn half round to the right, then to the left; never failing to see if the corner of her well starched handkerchief was pinned exactly in the middle. I think I can see her now in her favorite dove colored lustring (which she wore every Sunday in every summer for seven years at least,) and her long full ruffles and worked apron. Then followed my good master, who, though his visit was somewhat shorter, never failed to come and settle his Sunday wig before me.

Time rolled away; and my master and mistress, with all that appertained to them, insensibly suffered from its influence. When I first knew them, they were a young, blooming couple as you would wish to see; but I gradually perceived an alteration. My mistress began to stoop a little; and my master got a cough, which troubled him more or less to the end of his days. At first, and for many years, my mistress' foot upon the stairs was light and nimble; and she would come in as blithe and brisk as a lark; but at last, it was a slow, heavy step; and even my master's began to totter. And, in these respects, every thing else kept pace with them: the crimson damask that I remembered so fresh and bright, was now faded and worn; the dark polished mahogany, was, in some places, worm-eaten; the parrot's gay plumage on the walls grew dull; and I myself, though long unconscious of it, partook of the universal decay. The dissipated taste I acquired, upon my first introduction to society, had long since subsided; and the quiet, sombre life I led, gave me a grave meditative turn. The change which I witnessed in all these things around me, caused me to reflect much on their vanity; and when, upon the occasions before mentioned, I used to see the gay, blooming faces of the young, saluting me with so much complacency, I would fain have admonished them of the alterations they must soon undergo; and have told them how certainly their bloom must fade away as a flower. But alas! you know, Sir, looking-glasses can only *reflect*.

After I remained in this condition, to the best of my knowledge, about five and forty years, I suddenly missed my old master: he came to visit me no more; and by the change in my mistress' apparel I guessed what had happened. Five years more passed away; and then I saw no more of her! In a short time after this, several rude strangers entered my room; the long, rusty screw, which had held me up so many years, was drawn out; and I together with all the goods and chattels in the house, were put up to auction in that very apartment which I had so long peaceably occupied. I felt a great deal hurt at the very contemptuous terms in which I was spoken of, by some of the bidders; for, as I said, I was not aware that I had become as old fashioned as my poor old master and mistress. At last, I was knocked down for a trifling sum, and sent away to a very different destination.

Before going home to my new residence, I was sent to a workman to be refitted in a new gilt frame; which, although it completely modernized my appearance, I must confess, at first set very uneasily upon me. And now, although it was not till my old age, I for the first time became acquainted with my natural use, capacity and importance. My new station was no other than the dressing room of a young lady, just come from school. Before I was well fixed in the destined spot, she came to survey me, and with a look of such complacency and good will, as I had not seen for many a day. I was now presently initiated into all the mysteries of the toilet. O, what an endless variety of laces, jewels, silks, and ribbons; pins, combs, cushions, and curling irons; washes, essences, powders, and patches, were daily spread before me! If I had been heretofore almost tired with the sight of my old mistress' everlasting lustring, I really felt still more so with the profusion of ornament and preparation.

I was, indeed, favored with my mistress' constant attentions; they were so unremitting as perfectly to astonish me, after being so long accustomed to comparative neglect. Never did she enter her room on the most hasty errand, without vouchsafing me a kind glance; and at leisure hours I was indulged with much longer visits. Indeed, to confess the truth, I was sometimes quite surprised at their length; but I do not mean to tell tales. During the hour of dressing, when I was more professionally engaged with her, there was, I could perceive, nothing in the room—in the house—nay, I believe nothing in the world, of so much importance in her estimation as myself. But I have frequently remarked with concern, the different aspect with which she would regard me at those times, and when she returned at night from the evening's engagements. However late it was, or however fatigued she might be, still I was sure of a greeting as soon as she entered; but instead of the bright, blooming face I had seen a few hours before, it was generally pale and haggard, and not unfrequently bearing a strong impression of disappointment or chagrin.

My mistress would frequently bring a crowd of her young companions into her apartment; and it was amusng to see how they would each in turn come and pay heir respects to me. What varied features and expresions in the course of a few minutes I had thus had an pportunity of observing! upon which I made my own uiet *reflections*.

In this manner I continued some years in the service of ny mistress, without any material alteration taking place ither in her or in me; but at length I began to perceive hat her aspect towards me was changed, especially when compared it with my first recollections of her. She now ppeared to regard me with somewhat less complacency; nd would frequently survey me with a mingled expreson of displeasure and suspicion as though some change ad taken place in *me*, though I am sure it was no fault of ine; indeed I could never *reflect* upon myself for a moent, with regard to my conduct towards any of my owns; I have been a faithful servant; nor have I once, in e course of my whole life, given a false answer to any one I have had to do with. I am, by nature, equally averse to flattery and detraction; and this I may say for myself, that I am incapable of misrepresentation. It was with mingled sensations of contempt and compassion, that I witnessed the efforts my mistress now made, in endeavoring to force me to yield the same satisfaction to her as I had done on our first acquaintance. Perhaps, in my confidential situation, it would be scarcely honorable to disclose all I saw; suffice it then to hint, that to my candid temper it was painful to be obliged to connive at that borrowed bloom, which after all was a substitute for that of nature; time, too, greatly baffled even these expedients, and threatened them wholly ineffectual.

Many a cross and reproachful look had I now to endure; which, however, I took patiently, being always remarkably smooth and even in my temper. Well remembering how time had spoiled the face of my poor old mistress, I dreaded the consequences if my present owner should experience, by and by, as rough treatment from him; and I believe she dreaded it too: but these apprehensions were needless. Time is not seldom arrested in the midst of his occupations; and it was so in this instance. I was one day greatly shocked, by beholding my poor mistress stretched out in a remote part of the room, arrayed in very different ornaments from what I had been used to see her wear. She was so much altered that I scarcely knew her; but for this she could not now reproach me. I watched her thus for a few days, as she lay before me as cold and motionless as myself; but she was soon conveyed away, and I saw her no more!

Ever since, I have continued in quiet possession of her deserted chamber; which is only occasionally visited by other parts of the family. I feel that I am now getting old, and almost beyond further service. I have an ugly crack, occasioned by the careless stroke of a broom, al across my left corner; my coat is very much worn in several places; even my new frame is now tarnished and ol fashioned; so that I cannot expect any new employment

Having now, therefore, nothing to reflect on but th past scenes of my life, I have amused myself with givin you this account of them. I said I had made physiognomy my study, and that I have acquired some skill in thi interesting science. The result of my observations will at least be deemed impartial, when I say that I am generally best pleased with the character of those faces, which appear the most so with mine. And I have seen occasion so far to alter the opinions of my inexperienced youth, that for those who pass the least with me, and treat me with little consideration, I conceive the highest esteem; and their aspect generally produces the most pleasing *reflections.* [*Jane Taylor.*

SUPERIORITY OF TALENT.

Keimer, a printer in Philadelphia, and Franklin's employer, had contracted to furnish the blanks for an emission of paper money by the government of New-Jersey. 'Fearing that our Philadelphia printers,' says the author, 'might strike off more money bills than they had desired, the New-Jersey legislature thought proper to send two or three Commissioners to superintend the press. These gentlemen, all of the shrewd sort, and constantly with them while at work, soon found out the difference between the master and the young journeyman,—Keimer, though a printer, had never been a reader; Franklin had devoted all his leisure hours to reading. The one had ever courted pleasure in the furniture of his mind; the other, popularity in the decorations of his body. The shape of his whiskers, the cock of his hat, the cut of his coat, were great things with Keimer; every trick at easy outside show was caught up by him. But it would not do. While Ben, stripped to the buff, was heaving at the press, Keimer would stand by stately as a prince at his levee—with his gilt snuff box nicely poised in his left hand, and his right, be-spangled with rings, tastily carrying the fragrant Macaba to his nostrils, courting the commissioners. Yet as before said, it would not do. The commissioners wanted new ideas, and Keimer had none to give them. Presently they turned to Ben, whom, by the by, they hardly thought it worth while to interrogate, considering the character of his master, and his young and raw appearance. But in place of the old *yes* and *no* of master

Keimer, he gave them such answers as at once surprised and delighted them. He was slow to speak, but when the commissioners, curious to explore his intellect, which had so unexpectedly startled them, purposely put a number of deep questions to him on the subject of their paper money, such as its effects upon agriculture and commerce. and the laws that should regulate its quantity, he answered all in his own peculiar way of sagacious brevity, that made them declare he must have studied nothing else all his life. The reports which these gentlemen made in his favor, produced their natural effect. Ben, was invited every where, and treated with the most flattering attention;—Keimer, though his employer, was entirely neglected, or invited only as a compliment to Ben.'

ESCAPE OF WASHINGTON.

[*From the Manuscript, a periodical published in N. Y.*]

> Washington's a watch-word, such as ne'er
> Shall sink, where there's an echo left to air. Byron.

The name of Washington is dear to every American. Distinguished, not only for bravery and intelligence, but for the purest virtues which can adorn the human heart, he has been venerated in the memory of distant nations, and immortalized by the blessing he shed upon his country. He resembles the orb of day imparting his twilight long after he is set, and invisibly dispensing his light and cheering warmth to the world. Cautious and prudent, he was never surprised by the most disheartening failures, nor alarmed into compliance by the most daunting threats. His eye could penetrate the darkest designs, and his powers of invention enabled him to escape the most formidable stratagems. The very means employed by the enemy to incommode him, were frequently in his own hands the instruments of their ruin. As an illustration of his eagle eyed caution, I will briefly narrate his escape from a singular plot, which I learned from the lips of a venerable man several years since deceased.

When the American army was stationed at West-Point, during the revolutionary war, the British Head-Quarters were not many miles distant on the Hudson ; and each were waiting, like the figures on a Chess-Board, for some favorable movement, to disconcert and thwart the operations of the other. Scouting parties would engage in frequent skirmishes, and waggons of provisions, ammunition and clothing would fall into the power of those, superior in number and address. On one of these occasions a quantity of English uniform was seized by an American detachment ; and several notable advantages obtained by the latter, inspired the enemy with a desire to retaliate.

About this time, while at West-Point, General Washington had an intimate acquaintance, resident not far distant from the army, in whose family he enjoyed the kindest hospitality, as well as relief from sterner engagements which harrassed his weary mind. As every circumstance was food to either army, a visit like this, not many miles from their camp could not escape the cognizance of the English : and to possess such a prisoner as Washington, would tend, in their opinion, to shorten the period of the war. But the undertaking was difficult ; there were guards advanced to cover the American commander, and there was no mode of discovering his visits except by winning over some one of the family.

The friend whom the general visited was once thought o have espoused the interests of the British ; but he had aken a decided stand in favor of America, and though a rave man, he professed the strictest neutrality, alleging s his reason—his years and his dependent family.

During the intimacy of the general, it was rumored in he American army, that his friend had been seen often eturning from the British camp. Washington seemed to isregard the account, for he never ceased to visit the famly, and apparently mingled as cordially with the host, as f no suspicion had crossed his mind.

At length, one day, as the general was taking leave, is friend earnestly requested him to dine with him. He eminded him of the uncommon delight which his intimacy onferred—begged him to lay aside every formality, and egard his house as his home, and hinted that he did not hink that the general considered it in that light ; as the guard that always accompanied him seemed to indicate that he was not visiting a friend. "By no means, dear Sir," exclaimed the worthy patriot; "there is no man I esteem more than yourself; and as a proof of the confidence which I repose in you, I will visit you alone to-morrow, and I pledge my sacred word of honor that not a soldier shall accompany me." "Pardon me, general," replied the host, "but why so serious on so trifling a subject? I merely jested." "I am aware of that," said the hero, smiling; "but what of that? I have long consider- the planting of outposts unnecessary, inasmuch as they may have excited the suspicion of the enemy; and although it be a trifle, that trifle shall not sport with the friendship you indulge for me." "But then—the hour, general!" "Oh, yes, two o'clock." "Precisely," returned the other.

At one o'clock on the following day, the general mounted his horse, and proceeded alone upon a by road which conducted him to the hospitable mansion. It was abou half an hour before the time, and the bustling host received him with open arms; in addition to the greetings o the delighted family. "How punctual, kind Sir!" exclaimed the warm-hearted friend; "Punctuality," replie Washington, "is an angel virtue, embracing minor a well as important concerns. He that is not punctual wit a friend, that friend may doubt his integrity." The hos started; but recovering himself, he added—"Then your is a proof that we enjoy your fullest confidence."—Washington proposed a promenade upon the piazzi previous t dinner. It overlooked a rough country several miles i in extent; fields of grain sweeping beneath the sides o black hills producing nothing but rocks and grass: shallow runlets of water flowing along the hollows of the uneven waste—then hidden by woodlands intercepting prospect of the country beyond—spotted now and the with several glimpses of the Hudson, stealing through th sloping grounds below, and conquered on both sides b the dim, purple highlands frowning sometimes into hoa battlements, and tapering again into gentle valleys, hardl illuminated by the sun. "This is fine bold scenery! exclaimed General Washington, apparently absorbed i the beauty of the prospect. "Yes, Sir," replied his friend, looking wishfully around as if expecting some one's approach; but, catching the piercing glance of Washington, his eyes were turned with confusion to the floor.

"I must rally you, my friend," observed the general: Do you not perceive yonder point that boldly rises from the waters, and suddenly is lost behind the hill which obstinately checks the view?' "I do," returned the absent listener, engaged in something else than the subject of enquiry. "There," continued the hero, "my enemy lies encamped; and were it not for a slight mist I could almost fancy that I perceive his cavalry moving; but hark! that cannon! Do you not think that it proceeds from the head-quarters of the enemy?"

While pointing out to his friend the profile of the country, the face of the latter was often turned the opposite way, seemingly engrossed in another object immediately behind the house. He was not mistaken: it was a troop seemingly of British horse, that were descending a distant hill, winding through a labyrinth of numerous projections and trees, until they were seen galloping through the plain below—and then they were hidden by a field or forest that swelled along the bosom of the landscape.

"Would it not be strange," observed the general, apparently unconscious of the movement behind him, "that after all our toils, America should forfeit her liberty?"—"Heaven forbid," said his warm-hearted friend, becoming less reserved, and entering more warmly into the feelings of the other. "But," resumed Washington, "I have heard of treachery in one's own camp; and, doubtless, you know that it is possible to be "wounded in the house of one's own friend." "Sir," demanded the down-cast host, unable to meet the searching glance of the noble Washington; "who can possibly intend so glaring a crime?" "I only meant," replied the general, "that treachery was the most hideous of crimes; for Judas-like, it will sell its Lord for money!" "Very true, dear sir," responded the anxious host, as he gazed on a troop of British horse, winding round the hill, and riding post haste towards the hospitable mansion. "Is it two o'clock yet?" demanded Washington, "for I have an engagement this afternoon at the army, and I regret that my visit must be shorter than intended." "It lacks a full quarter," said his friend, seemingly doubtful of his watch, from the arrival of the horsemen. "But bless me, Sir! what cavalry are those, that are so rapidly approaching the house?" "Oh they may possibly be a party of British light horse," returned Washington, "which mean no harm, and if I mistake not, they have been sent hither for the purpose of protecting me."

As he said this, the captain of the troop was seen dismounting from his horse, and his example was followed by the rest of the party.—"General!" returned the other, walking to him very familiarly, and tapping him on his shoulder, "General you are my prisoner!" "I believe not," said Washington looking calmly at the men who were approaching the steps; "but friend," slapping him in return on the arm, "I know that you are mine! Here, officer, carry this treacherous hypocrite to the camp, and I will make him an example to the enemies of America."

The British General had secretly offered an immense sum to this man to make an appointment with the hero at two o'clock, at which time he was to send a troop of horse to secure him in their possession. Suspecting his intentions, Washington had directed his own troop to habit themselves as English cavalry, and arrive half an hour precisely before the time he was expected.

They pursued their way to the camp, triumphing in the sagacity of their commander who had so astonishingly defeated the machinations of the British General. But the humanity of Washington prevailed over his sense of justice. Overcome by the tears and prayers of the family he pardoned his treacherous friend, on condition of his leaving the country forever; which he accordingly did; and his name was ever after sunk in oblivion.

THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE.

In a small town in one of the New England States, there resided some years ago, two young men, whose subsequent fortunes, serve forcible to show the advantage of personal application to study and business on the one hand, and the folly of relying on ancestral honors and extensive patrimonies on the other. Samuel Ledyard was the only favorite son of a gentleman, who, in point of riches and honors, stood confessedly at the head of the aristocracy of that section of the country. Nature had done much for Samuel's person, though she had not been remarkably generous towards him in the bestowment of her mental gifts. The fact, however, that he was the darling son of the rich and Honorable Judge Ledyard, was enough in his estimation, not only to make up for what nature had refused to grant him, but to give him a great superiority over his less favored neighbors. The best that the fashions of this world can give was abundantly provided to gratify the vanity of Samuel. That he was superior to every one else none dared openly to deny, as all feared to incur the haughty frowns of the patrician father; and it is not astonishing that Samuel should presume himself to be all which the flatterers of his family insisted that he should be.

Within a few rods of the stately mansion of Judge Ledyard, stood the humble dwelling of Peter Le Forest, the house joiner. Peter had a son of the same age of Samuel. Stephen Le Forest, however was but a poor boy; and what added, if possible still more to his shame, (in the estimation of the Ledyards) he was a joiner, a laboring man. Though Samuel and Stephen were near neighbors from their birth, little acquaintance and less intimacy was allowed between them. If Samuel. in his great condescension ever did speak to Stephen, it was to remind him of his father's greatness and the obscurity of Stephen's, and to insult him by any other means at hand.

These boys, for most of the time from six to sixteen, went to school but not together. A select establishment must be prepared for the children of the Judge, while Stephen, with his scanty supply of books, under the tuition of different masters, at the common schools, had to make the best progress he could. He applied himself, however, and made good proficiency. When these youths were at the age of sixteen, and as Samuel was about to

enter college, the Ledyards learned with surprise and i
dignation that it was the design of Peter Le Forest
send Stephen also to college, and at the same universit
where Samuel was to acquire his literary honors! St
phen Le Forest, however, had as good a right to go to co
lege as Samuel Ledyard, and the faculty being independe
of both, would receive the former as readily as the latte
The thought that Stephen was to be class mate with Le
yard was revolting to the pride of the Judge and his ari
tocratic son, but determining that Samuel should have n
intercourse with Stephen, and trusting that the grea
wealth of Ledyard would exalt the former in the good e
teem of the faculty and students over the latter, he wa
sent to Cambridge and entered the class with Stephen.

During the four years residence at college, Samuel adhe
ed strictly to his determination to have no intercourse wit
poor Stephen Le Forest, the laborer's son. To his fe
low students he professed to know *the thing*, and kne
him only to despise his poverty and obscurity. The pr
digality of Samuel was proverbial in the college, and i
more than one instance his violation of principle and neg
lect of study, subjected him to the reprimand of the Pres
ident.—Stephen pursued the even tenor of his way, atten
ed to his studies, recited his lessons well, and by his am
able and unpretending deportment, acquired the good wi
of the better part of the students and the approbation
others.

After leaving college, both Samuel and Stephen we
placed in situations to prepare for the bar. In due tim
Stephen was admitted to practice, and opened an office i
the village of his nativity. Samuel's father dying abo
this time, he abandoned his legal studies, presuming th
business would be unnecesary to him, so great was th
inheritance left him by his father. For some years h
made it his only business to dash about in stately prid
expending what he regarded as the inexhaustible riche
left him by his father. Time however, proved his mi
take. Before prodigality and dissipation, 'riches took t
themselves wings and flew away.' The gaming tab
made fatal inroads upon his property. He saw Stephe
flourishing in his profession and despised him, for thoug

in the course of a few years Stephen had accumulated more property than Samuel had remaining, still it was a circumstance sufficiently humbling in his view of the former, and sufficiently honorable in his view of himself, that Stephen was the son of Le Forest the carpenter, and he was the son of Ledyard, the judge.

In ten years Samuel had not a cent remaining. Harrassed by creditors, and having too much pride to stand in his humiliation before Stephen, now a man of wealth and influence, he left his native village and entered some pretty office on board of a ship in the Navy. Here his habits were such as caused him to be cashiered, and he was dismissed from the service in disgrace.

In the mean time by industry and perseverance, the joiner's son arose to eminence in his profession. Before Ledyard entered the Navy, Le Forest stood at the head of the bar in the country, and about the time of Samuel's leaving the service in disgrace, Stephen was appointed to the same honorable office which the senior Ledyard had formerly held. Since that time Samuel Ledyard has been sentenced to the State Penitentiary for his crimes, where he remained a miserable object of pity when I last heard from him. These are facts substantially from real life. The names only are fictitious. They seem to show how the wheel of fortune in a free country will carry the meritorious upwards, while it precipitates the profligate into ruins below.—We have no thought to adorn the tale by any fanciful embellishments. The desire not to tell too long a story has compelled us to leave out studied descriptions. We were present at the trial of Ledyard. Le Forest was the presiding Judge on the bench, and when his duty called him to pronounce upon the unhappy criminal, we saw the tear to steal down the manly cheek of the judge, and his voice faltered as he gave utterance to the dread language of the law.—For ourselves we could not so well command our passions. We thought of the past, we looked on the present, and wept. How could we help it? Oh, that youth, in every circumstance would learn, that 'pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall, while he that humbleth himself shall be exalted.'

CATHARINA ALEXOWNA.

Catharina Alexowna, was born near Derpat, a little city in Livonia. She was heir to no other inheritance than the virtues and frugality of her parents. Her father being dead, she lived with her aged mother in their cottage covered with straw ; and both, though very poor, were very contented. Here, retired from the gaze of the world, by the labour of her hands she supported her parent, who was now incapable of supporting herself. While Catharina spun, the old woman would sit by, and read some book of devotion. Thus, when the fatigues of the day were over both would sit down by their quiet fire side, and enjoy the frugal meal with vacant festivity.

Though her face and person were models of perfection, yet her whole attention seemed bestowed upon her mind ; her mother taught her to read, and an old Lutheran minister instructed her in the maxims and duties of religion. Nature had furnished her not only with a ready but a solid turn of thought ; not only with a strong but a right understanding. Such truly female accomplishments procured her several solicitations of marriage from the peasants of the country ; but their offers were refused ; for she loved her mother too tenderly to think of a separation.

Catharina was fifteen when her mother died ; she now, therefore, left her cottage, and went to live with the Lutheran minister, by whom she had been instructed from her childhood. In his house she resided in quality of governess to his children ; at once reconciling in her character, unerring prudence with surprising vivacity.

The old man, who regarded her as one of his own children, had her instructed in dancing and music by the masters who attended the rest of his family. Thus she continued to improve till he died; by which accident she was once more reduced to pristine poverty. The country of Livonia was at this time wasted by war, and lay in a most miserable state of desolation. Those calamities are ever most heavy upon the poor; wherefore Catharina, though possessed of so many accomplishments, experienced all the miseries of hopeless indigence. Provisions becoming every day more scarce, and her private stock being entirely exhausted, she resolved at last to travel to Marienburgh, a city of greater plenty.

With her scanty wardrobe packed up in a wallet, she set out on her journey on foot; she was to walk through a region miserable by nature, but rendered still more hideous by the Swedes and Russians, who, as each happened to become masters, plundered it at discretion; but hunger had taught her to despise the dangers and fatigues of the way.

One evening upon her journey, as she had entered a cottage by the way side, to take up her lodging for the night, she was insulted by two Swedish soldiers, who insisted upon qualifying her, as they termed it, *to follow the camp.* They might probably have carried their insults into violence, had not a subaltern officer, accidentally passing by, come in to her assistance: upon his appearing, the soldiers immediately desisted; but her thankfulness was hardly greater than her surprise, when she instantly recollected in her deliverer, the son of the Lutheran minister, her former instructer, benefactor and friend.

This was a happy interview for Catharina; the little stock of money she had brought from home was by this time quite exhausted; her clothes were gone, piece, by piece, in order to satisfy those who had entertained her in their houses: her generous countryman, therefore, gave her what he could spare to buy her clothes, furnished her with a horse, and gave her letters of recommendation to Mr Gluck, a faithful friend of his father's, and superintendant at Marienburgh.

Our beautiful stranger had only to appear, to be well received; she was immediately admitted into the superintendant's family, as governess to his two daughters; and though yet but seventeen, shewed herself capable of instructing her sex, not only in virtue, but politeness. Such was her good sense and beauty, that her master himself, in a short time offered her his hand, which to his great surprise, she thought proper to refuse. Actuated by a principle of gratitude, she was resolved to marry her deliverer only, even though he had lost an arm, and was otherwise disfigured by wounds in the service.

In order, therefore, to prevent further solicitations from others, as soon as the officer came to town upon duty she offered him her person; which he accepted with transport, and their nuptials were solemnized as usual. But all the lines of her fortune were to be striking; the very day on which they were married, the Russians lay siege to Marienburgh; the unhappy soldier had now no time to enjoy the well earned pleasures of matrimony; he was called off to an attack, from which he was never after seen to return.

In the mean time, the siege went on with fury, aggravated on one side by obstinacy, on the other by revenge. This war between the two northern powers at that time was truly barbarous; the innocent peasant, and the harmless virgin, often shared the fate of the soldier in arms.

Marienburgh was taken by assault: and such was the fury of the assailants, that not only the garrison, but almost all the inhabitants, men, women, and children, were put to the sword; at length, when the carnage was pretty well over, Catharina was found in an oven.

She had been hitherto poor but still was free: she was now to conform to her hard fate, and learn what it was to be a slave: in this situation, however, she behaved with piety and humility; and though misfortunes had abated her vivacity, yet she was cheerful. The fame of her merit and resignation reached even Prince Minzikoff, the Russian general; he desired to see her, was struck with her beauty, bought her from the soldier, her master, and placed her under the direction of his sister. Here she was treated with all the respect which her merit deserved, while her beauty every day improved with her good fortune.

She had not been long in this situation, when Peter the Great, paying the Prince a visit, Catharina happened to come in with some dry fruits, which she served round with peculiar modesty. The mighty monarch saw, and was struck with her beauty. He returned the next day, called for the beautiful slave, asked her several questions, and found her understanding even more perfect than her person.

He had been forced when young to marry from motives of interest; he was now resolved to marry pursuant to his own inclinations. He immediately enquired the history of the fair Lavonian, who was not yet eighteen. He traced her through the vale of obscurity, through all the vicissitudes of her fortune, and found her truly great in them all. The meanness of her birth was no obstruction to his design; their nuptials were solemnized in private; the prince assuring his courtiers, that virtue alone was the proper ladder to a throne.

We now see Catharina, from the low, mud-walled cottage, Empress of the greatest kingdom upon earth. The poor solitary wanderer is now surrounded by thousands, who find happiness in her smiles. She, who formerly wanted a meal, is now capable of diffusing plenty upon whole nations. To her fortune she owed a part of this preeminence, but to her virtues more.

She ever retained those great qualities which first placed her on a throne; and while the extraordinary Prince, her husband, labored for the reformation of his male subjects, she studied, in her turn, the improvement of her own sex. She altered their dress, introduced mixed assemblies, instituted an order of female knighthood; and at length, when she had greatly filled all the stations of Empress, friend, wife, and mother, bravely died without regret, regretted by all. [*Goldsmith.*

THE EXILE OF THE ALLEGANY.—BY J. S. L.

A few years since I was travelling in Pennsylvania. When I reached the base of the Alleganies, I left my horse in the care of a peasant, and ascended on foot. I climbed ridge after ridge, braced by the pure air, and excited by the increasing majesty of the scenery, until I wholly forgot the flight of hours and my remoteness from the inhabitants beneath. When I attained the summit, the day was fast waning, and the rising wind, moaning through the defiles of the hills and shaking the bare branches of the trees, warned me of a coming storm. I immediately began to descend, in the vain hope of reaching the foot of the mountain before night fall. Darkness had already gathered in the eastern vallies, and the last ray of light was leaning on the western ridge when I observed a rude cabin sheltered beneath the branches of a hemlock. I approached and raised the latch of the door, which was not barred, and though on my entrance I perceived the room to be unoccupied. The desertion, however, seemed only temporary for a few embers were decaying on the hearth. I threw some pieces of wood on the brands, and seating myself on the rough bench, began by the dim and imperfect light to scan the apartment. All around me spoke of barrenness and destitution; it seemed the very temple of poverty where she had gathered all the symbols of her worship. "What miserable out-cast," thought I, "can be the tenant of so comfortless a habitation? What could have induced the most poverty-stricken wretch to abandon the crowds of life, where the overflowings of the rich man's table may find their way to the poor man's board, and to dwell in this mountain solitude, whither the footsteps of charity cannot pursue him? Is it a crime, is it pride, or is it misanthropy?"

Musing on this theme, and fatigued with the toils of the day, I sunk into a reverie. The forest storm was now raging without in all its destructive violence, which, added to the loneliness and desolation of the spot, produced a feverish excitement of mind that encouraged wild and fantastic ideas. Shade after shade flitted across the dream of my imagination, and I could hear in the howlings of the gale, the cry of distress and the shout of rapine. All the vague apprehensions of an overhearted fancy came crowding and pressing on my heart, and although reason struggled for the mastery, yet she could not overcome them. While thus wrapped in a waking dream, with my eyes bent downwards, a shadow like the form of a man suddenly darkened the floor: I sprang hastily upon my feet, and the action recalled my scattered senses. A man coarsely clad, but of a majestic and venerable bearing, stood before me. In one hand he held a hunting gun, and in the other some forest game, which, little as it was, seemed a heavy burden upon his aged frame. "A stranger in my cabin!" he exclaimed in a tone of surprise, but not of apprehension. "A stranger," said I, "who is in need of hospitality." A slight flush apparently of pain rose to his cheek as he replied, "If a seat by my hearth-fire and a repast of mountain game, deserve the name of hospitality, you shall freely share them; they are all it is in my power to offer." With these words, he laid aside his burthen, and divested himself of his outer garments, kindled a light and sat down by the fire. I had now an opportunity of studying his appearance more narrowly; it was remarkable and interesting. His form was tall and graceful, though bent with years; his forehead high and bold, and his temples partially covered with locks that rivalled winter in whiteness. His clear grey eye had a military quickness in his motion, and it seemed as if it should belong to one who had watched the movement of armed bands rather than the flight of the forest bird, or the bound of the forest deer. His face had that educated expression which invariably characterizes the cultivated man, and that well bred-aspect which can only be obtained by habitual intercourse with polished society. Struck by the incongruity between such a man and such a habitation, I determined to learn, if possible, the cause of his situation and the history of his life.

With this design, after our frugal repast was ended, and conversation had inspired mutual confidence, I ventured to touch the string. The character of his mind as it became developed, and the style of his remarks had awakened an intense interest, which I had neither the power nor the design to conceal. I was confident that I was in the presence of no ordinary man. " How happens it," I said " that you have chosen this solitude, so bare and so comfortless, for the asylum of your age? Methinks that splendid mansions and courtly society might claim, and proudly too, a form and mind like yours for an inmate and an ornament. What can have driven you across the circle that encloses social life, to this solitary abode?" " Young man," the stranger replied, " it is but a common tale, and why should I obscure the fair light of youthful feeling with the shadow of aged suffering? My tale is one which, when told, will leave a dark remembrance, that will hang like a cloud on your brightest and happiest hours. It is one which I shall tell in sadness, not in wrath, but which you will hear with feelings swelled by both. Listen to my words, and if while I speak your voice should break forth in curses upon injury and ingratitude, remember that I curse not, but *forgive.* You ask what has made me an exile for life, and a tenant of this wild spot; my answer is the ingratitude of others and my own just pride. Could I have tamed my own high spirit, to bear insulting pity and scornful charity, I would never have forsaken the haunts of men, but I prefer the savage independence of a mountain hunter to the polished servitude of a courtly parasite. You will understand the reason of my exile from the events of my life.

" Young stranger, you see before you one whose name once sounded far and wide across the fields of America; one, whose banners your fathers followed to battle forty years ago; one who afterwards presided in the councils of your nation, and whose head was raised high among the great ones of the land. In the tenant of this wretched hut you behold a man of lofty ancestry and once a princely fortune; the last of a time-honored family, on which the cloud of misfortune has settled darkly and forever. What boots it that I should tell you that years and years ago, long ere the freedom of America was yet in embryo, the name which I bear was made famous by my gallant ancestors on fields where the British Lion waved bloodily and triumphantly—that the war-cry of our family was loudest in the conflict, and its flag foremost in the charge of the brave? To the young and untamed spirit, such recollections are like the rays of morning which herald a glorious and shining day; but on the old and withered heart they fall like sunset beams, fraught with memory but not with expectation. But to my story; my father left his European home for America, when America was yet an appendage of Britain. His wealth and his influence descended to me. I was in the prime of my days when the aggression and tyrannies of the English ministry gave birth to the revolution of the colonies. Although my inheritance placed me high in the aristocracy of Britain, and my fortune pleaded strongly against the perils and chances of such a struggle, I did not hesitate for a moment. I embraced the righteous cause, ardently and firmly; and from that instant, ancient ties were severed, and America was the land of my allegiance. I became one of the leaders of her armies. My country was then poor, and I was rich—the brave men whom I commanded were suffering for the necessaries of life; the treasury was bankrupt, and I advanced from my own purse the means of support to my soldiers who would otherwise have been compelled to disperse. The events of the revolutionary contest I need not relate to you, for they must be famil-liar to every man between the Misssippi and the Atlantic. After its triumphant termination, as the fortunes of my country were on the increase, my own were on the wane. Ill crowded on ill, and that destiny which overturns the haughtiest and the proudest families, decreed that mine should lie prostrate in the dust. When the last and deadliest vial of fate was poured upon me, and the last leaf of my prosperity had withered, and *not till then*, I applied to my country, not for charity, but for the repayment of a sacred obligation. I asked from her abundance a return of the money I had loaned her in her destitution; and how, think you, was I paid?"

"Surely," said I "with heartfelt gratitude and boundless liberality."

"With inhuman neglect and with heartless insensibility!" exclaimed the aged man; "the men who then represented the nation, were nursed in prosperity until their hearts were hardened, and they scorned and neglected the veteran warriors who had trampled the bravest and the best of England's chivalry to the earth, that their sons might be free."

"What," said I, "were not such claims as yours, which stood on the double foundation of justice and gratitude, promptly acknowledged and cheerfully cancelled."

"Promptly acknowledged!" he replied with mingled grief and irony, "know you not, that an American congress is a *deliberative* body, and that deliberation is never prompt? Cheerfully cancelled! know you not, that its ruling principle is *economy*, and that economy is never cheerful in parting with its ore?"

"But surely," I interrupted, "the nation was *just*, and paid its debts fully, if not with good will?"

"Listen to the sequel, and marvel at national justice," was the reply: "When I exhibited my accounts against the government there were some trifling items not sufficiently authenticated, which required examination. This examination was postponed from time to time; more interesting questions arose, on which members displayed their rhetorical abilities; congress did not choose to be hurried in its proceeding; the importunities of an aged, forlorn and famished man, were considered as froward obtrusions. I was friendless and uninfluential; I could neither uplift the aspiring, nor prop the falling; my prayer was as ineffectual as that of the oppressed Israelites to the stern Egyptian, and heaven did not interpose in my behalf its supernatural afflictions to force them to their duty. A winter past, and left my claims undecided; another and another rolled away, and still saw me neglected. True, I was lingering out a comfortless old age, obtaining subsistence in summer from the game of the woods, and inhabiting in winter a miserable lodging in one of the narrow alleys of the national metropolis. But what of that? the men who were to canvass my claims, fared sumptuously and lived in splendor, and felt not the wretchedness of justice deferred. Business must take its course, and my claim was an affair of business. One generous man, who had known me in better days, did not shrink from my adversity. He followed me one wintry day from the hall of the capital to my obscure retreat in the metropolis and with a benevolence that the proudest heart could not resist, forced me to his own house, and gave me the most honored seat at his own hospitable board. He would listen to no refusal, and I remained his guest until spring. If heaven has blessings in store for generous deeds, may the eye of heaven beam benignly on that generous man!

At last my claims were heard, after years of anxiety and endurance, during which I was once seized by the fangs of the law, and thrown, in mid winter, into a prison at Georgetown, which would have been my grave, but for he active and warm hearted charity of a woman. It is about a month since a pension of five hundred dollars a year was awarded to me, in lieu of my claim of some thousands."

"How," I exclaimed, "a pension! Then government has made a profitable bargain; for your exhausted frame lready leans over the grave, and long ere the receipts of he pension can equal the amount of your claim, the clod will rattle on your coffin." Little did I imagine how soon my prophecy was to be fulfilled; fate had already given he last turn to the hour glass of his life and its sands were nearly wasted.

"I came hither yesterday," continued he "to take a ast look of my mountain hut, and to prepare for removal few family memorials, the only valuables which it con-ains. I have pursued the game to-day for the last time n these wilds: to-morrow when we descend the moun-ain, I will acquaint you with other particulars in my ventful life, and I will then tell you who I am. And ow, good night, we both need repose."

That morrow dawned upon his lifeless body! I had ob-erved, during his recital, that his frame shook as if strug-ling between mental excitement and physical debility. aleness and flushes alternately crossed his cheeks as his xcited feelings contended with his languid frame. An ndefined foreboding hung like lead upon my heart as I ade him good night and entered the adjoining apartment. wrapped my cloak around me, and threw myself upon he floor, but I could not sleep. About midnight I was artled by a sound which seemed like the groan of one in ain. Was it the wind sighing through the trees, or was it the agony of suffering humanity? I listened, it was repeated again, in tones that struck thrillingly on my heart. I sprung to the door and entered the other room the hearth-fire was decayed, and I vainly stirred its brands for light. I opened the narrow casement; the night was dark and sullen, and cloud upon cloud rose in frowning masses from the horizon to the zenith. I could see nothing, but from a corner of the apartment the moans came distinctly to my ear. I groped my way to the spot—it was indeed the moan of that aged man. I laid my hand upon his brow; it was damp and cold—I touched his breast; the heart-pulse beat faintly and almost imperceptibly. "Merciful God!" I exclaimed, "he is dying here in solitude and in darkness, with no aid to cherish that spark of life which timely interference might yet keep burning." "Benevolent stranger," he murmured brokenly and faintly, "what can arrest the wheel of death, when it rolls over a form so aged as mine? My hour has come, and I have so lived that I can brave its horrors. The tardy justice of my country has come too late, and ——." His voice ceased; I heard the death rattle rising in his throat; I raised him gently in my arms and the heart broken veteran of the Revolution expired peacefully upon my bosom!

The storm was yet howling without, as I laid the dead softly upon its pillow, and approached the window of the hut. "Yes," I exclaimed, "on such a spot and in such a scene should an injured hero die; nature at least may mourn his death though cold and selfish man will learn it without emotion."

At last the gray dawn of light specked the horizon, and gradually ascended the east, ushering in the morrow on which the old man was to have quitted his rude cabin for a better home. He had indeed quitted it, and forever, for a home, where the memory of coldness and ingratitude cannot darken the brightness of the blessed; but the memory of his wrongs may yet, in the hour of retribution, be a pointed steel in the breasts of each and all of those whose neglect traced on his faded cheeks the furrows of anguish amidst those of time. He forgave, but heaven will punish.

I descended the mountain, after a last look at the dead, and stopping at the first habitation, gave the necessary orders for his burial; and the hero, whose bier should have been followed by a nation, was laid in the ground by a few hireling peasants. Such is national gratitude. Previously to my leaving the cabin, I observed on a small shelf a few books. I opened one that was old and worn and on the inner cover, I discovered a family escutcheon subscribed with these words, "ARTHUR ST. CLAIR."

THE DEMON OF THE CLOSET.

Frank Seymour was, for many years, my friend and companion. He was about thirty years old when I first met him, and was rising fast to eminence at the bar. He was the husband of one of the most charming women in the village, and the father of a bright flaxen-headed boy, upon whom he doated with all a father's fondness. He was the favorite of all who knew him, and his house, which was the prettiest in the neighborhood, was a frequent resort for all his friends who loved to visit a scene of such unmingled happiness as they there witnessed. Frank was justly proud of his beautiful wife, and was never so happy as when, released from the cares of his business, he could sit in his own snug parlor, with his boy on his knee, and listen, while she sung some favorite air o her piano, or join in the merry laugh that was so often heard from the cheerful group that gathered around his ire-side on a winter's evening. There never was a happier creature than his wife then seemed to be. Her heart seemed literally full of joy to overflowing.

The first time that I met Frank, was at a little party at his own house. I shall never forget the agreeable impressions which I received at that visit; and if ever there was a man whom I envied, it was he. He was not rich, but every thing around him wore such an air of comfort nd neatness, and there was such a finishing touch of taste pon every thing within and around his house, that no ne could fail of being struck with whatever he saw there.

There was no idle expense of decoration, but the furniture was so judiciously selected, and the ornaments so tastefully arranged, that his parlor was really a pleasanter object to the eye, than many a gorgeously furnished drawing room of a far more princely mansion.

He was not rich, as I have said, but he had been so far successful in business as to be above the fear of poverty, and he was sometimes suspected of an undue propensity to acquire wealth.

There was a closet which opened into his parlor in which he was understood to keep his private papers, and whatever money he might possess, the door of which was ever carefully locked; and, as his wife never made any inquiries into his pecuniary concerns, she never felt any curiosity to examine what his closet contained.

His fondness for money seemed to increase with its possesion, until it became a passion which could no longer escape the attention and remark of his friends. His visits to the place of the deposit of his wealth were observed to be more frequent, and with the growth of this passion, there came over his manner, in his ordinary intercourse with his friends, a change, which they could not describe, but could not fail to lament. Frank, however, was still the same noble fellow before the world that he had ever been and appeared at times with such a brilliancy and power as to surprise even his admirers; and whatever might have been the seeming coldness of his manner to his friends at one time, he was so ardent, so generous and fascinating at another, that they forgot his former coldness and were ready to forgive every weakness of his nature.

It had not occurred, however, at that time, to his wife that any change had taken place in her husband's manner or feelings. There was an indescribable something which at times made her sad; but it was a feeling so new to her that she did not know how to trace it, or to what to ascribe it. She often saw a frown upon her husband's brow, but she did not doubt it was that of care or thoughtful abstraction, which the perplexities of business might have planted there, and she was satisfied with this mental explanation. He had become less and less frequently the companion of her evening hours, but she knew that business engagements detained him, and she cheered the long and lonely hours which she spent in waiting his return, with a thought that it could not be long before this time of toil would give place to competency and ease, when she might again enjoy the society of one for whom she had cheerfully given up the world. And when she heard his well known step, she forgot the time she had impatiently watched his approach, and welcomed him with a wife's sweetest smile.

Not only had Frank's visits to his treasure become more frequent than formerly, but he appeared anxious to avoid the observation of others, especially of his wife, whenever he made them. Often did she hear him leave his bed at midnight, and listen to the sound of his footsteps as it was directed to this closet; and the sound of the bolt, as he unlocked the door, grated harshly on her ear at that still hour, when no other sound could be heard but the soft breathing of her infant, that slept undisturbed by her side. Nor could she fail to remark a wildness in his eye, and a hurried confusion of manner in her husband, whenever he returned from this secret haunt to his couch, which were alike strange and unaccountable to her. She did not, however, allow her thoughts to dwell on these appearances, and still struggled to be as happy as before.

Such was the state of things when the birth of a third child rendered it necessary for Frank to employ the services of one of those ancient matrons who become the repositories of village scandal, and whose early wrought fancies revel in creations of the wonderful and the strange. She had known Frank when he was the delightful father of his first-born, and she saw him now the cold, indifferent, and unfeeling parent of a third innocent and helpless infant. She saw, too, that there was a change in every thing around her. There was a paleness upon the cheek of his wife, which was something more than the hue of disease; and the fond yet timid look, which she cast upon her husband, as he sat moody and silent by her bed side, was something so different from what had once been the case, that even the crone, whose heart had long been callous to all the softer emotions, was touched by her altered appearance.

It was now June, but the little garden around the house was green with rank weeds, among which a scattered flower was here and there struggling to lift its head. The woodbines and honey-suckles had been beaten down from their decaying frames, and lay neglected amidst the grass that was springing up in the walks, which had once wound through the beautiful shrubbery that had sheltered and surrounded the house.

If Frank at any time broke his sullen silence in her presence, money, expense, and ruin were the topics of his conversation; and the oftener he sought this fatal closet, the more gloomy and morose he became.

The crone of whom I have spoken, at length resolved to discover the cause of this change. She had heard the hints and surmises already referred to. She had remarked his secret visit to a particular spot, and did not doubt if she could even peep within that secret and forbidden place, the mystery would be solved. She determined to make the attempt, and having waited till she heard him descend in the course of the night to the parlor, she followed him with a silent and stealthy step. The clock from the neighboring church tolled the hour of one as she entered the parlor, and heard the door of the secret closet creak on its hinges. Frank was just entering it, and the lamp which he held threw a dim light upon the deep darkness within, which was all she could distinguish, as the door was closed as soon as he had entered. She listened for a moment, and heard deep but indistinct mutterings of voices in the closet, and then all was still again. She listened still longer, and then heard the sound of hoarse and half suppressed oaths and curses which seemed to come from no earthly voices, and soon all was again silent. She could endure it no longer; her blood chilled with terror, and she hastened back to the sick chamber of his wife, not doubting that she had heard the unearthly sounds of no human dialogue; and had heard too, mingled with this, the *chink* and ring of the money for which Frank had sold his soul as he counted it over and deposited it in his secret hiding place. Her suspicions were confirmed beyond a doubt, when, in a few minutes, he looked into the chamber where she was sitting by the side of the suffering patient, on his way to his own apartment, and she saw a glare and wildnes in his blood-shot eyes, which no one could mistake for a human expression. Nor were her convictions weakened when she heard at intervals during the night, from the chamber to which he had retired, the uneasy tossing of his frame upon his bed, and the half articulate terms of blasphemy which he muttered to himself, or, to her excited imagination, addressed to the spirits that haunted his couch.

The terrors of that night were too great for her to endure a second time, and she abruptly left the house in the morning.—From that hour every one in the village studiously avoided Frank's presence; and if he was seen at all, it was generally after dark upon some unfrequented path, ruminating in silence or muttering to himself. His demeanor became more and more reserved and morose, and even to his former friends he was moody and repulsive. He was no longer seen at church on the Sabbath, nor at his office on week days, and no one doubted at last that a demon had possessed him.

About six months after the night of which I have spoken, I received a pressing note of request from Frank's wife to come to his house. I went, and I could not have imagined it possible that such a change could have taken place between what I then saw and what I had witnessed so few years before when I visited there. Frank was pacing the room with an unsteady step. His two eldest children stood shivering over an ill supplied fire, near which his wife was sitting with a feeble and sickly infant upon her knee, and presented at once the picture of terror and despair. Her beauty had all faded, and a haggard paleness had taken its place. Her husband had that morning received a letter which seemed to exasperate him to a paroxysm of rage, and under this excitement he had offered her personal violence. Domestics she had long been destitute of, and her children were too much terrified for her to dare to remain any longer alone. Every thing that I saw wore the aspect of cheerless misery. The piano that I had once listened to was gone; every ornament in the room had disappeared; and a few broken chairs and a shattered table were all the furniture that remained. I sat down in silence, and my eye rested on the once fine features of Frank Seymour. I had scarcely seen him for a year, and I shuddered at the change that I witnessed even within that period of time. I never before saw so much of the very fiend in human shape as his swollen visage and sunken eye presented. He muttered half stifled curses upon his family and the world, and sometimes a ghastly smile would steal over his livid countenance, and this would be succeeded by a darker frown upon his hard-knit brow.

I felt that my situation was becoming awkward and most painful, and was making an effort to break away from so revolting and heart-rending a scene, when a loud, quick knock was heard upon the door, and a stranger, without waiting to be bid, entered. Frank seemed to anticipate his business, and, in a sullen, dogged manner, demanded what he wanted? 'This will inform you,' said the stranger, showing him a paper, 'and by virtue of this, I take whatever is in this house into my own custody.' without waiting for any reply, he began to make a memorandum of whatever the room contained. He then proceeded to other parts of the house, and in a little while returned to the parlor, apparently dissatisfied and disappointed. 'You have other property than this,' said he, exhibiting a meagre list of a few nearly worthless articles. 'You have other property than this, and I must have it.' 'Nothing,' said Frank, who had by this time recovered in some measure from the stupor and confusion into which the entrance of the stranger had thrown him. 'Nothing —I have not a cent for you, nor will I bear your insolence any longer—so, leave my house, or,' with an oath, 'it shall cost you dear.' 'Mr Seymour,' said the stranger, coolly, but firmly, 'I know, and you know my duty too well to think I shall shrink from performing it.' 'That door,' pointing to the secret closet, 'is the only place which I have not examined, and I must examine there also.'—Frank's rage now became positively terrible; he foamed at the mouth, and trembled in every limb; and as the stranger advanced towards the closet, Frank, with a horrid oath, that no man living should ever open that door, sprung like a tiger upon him, and attempted to seize his throat. The stranger, who was a stout athletic man, recoiled so as to evade this attempt of Frank, and having with a single blow prostrated him upon the floor, rushed upon the door and burst it from its hinges. As the door fell, the mysteries of that place were disclosed. The stranger cast one glance and shrunk back, for there stood the Demon, to whom Frank had sold himself, soul and body ;—there was the Fiend, who had consumed his substance, beggared his family, and more than widowed his wife. There stood the altar, on which, like the ancient worshipper of Baal, he had immolated his children, and made himself an out-cast and a demon.

Reader you have anticipated me—for it is not fancy's picture—there stood his half-drained BOTTLE.

JAMES V. IN DISGUISE.

James V. had a custom of going about the country disguised as a private person, in order that he might hear complaints which might not otherwise reach his ears, and perhaps, that he might enjoy amusement of which he could not have partaken in his avowed royal character. This is also said to have been a custom of James IV. his father, and several adventures are related of what befel them on such occasions. One or two of these narratives may help to enliven our story.

When James V. travelled in disguise, he used a name which was known only to some of his principal nobility and attendants. He was called the Goodman (the tenant, that is,) of Ballengiech—Ballengiech is a steep path which leads down behind the Castle of Stirling.—Once when he was feasting in Stirling, the King sent for some venison from the neighboring hills.—The deer were killed and put on horses' backs to be transported to Stirling. Unluckily they had to pass the castle gates of Arnpryor, belonging to a chief of the Buchanans, who had a considerable number of guests with him. It was late, and the company were rather short of victuals, though he had more than enough of liquor. The chief seeing so much fat venison passing his very door, seized on it; and, to the expostulation of the keepers, who told him it belonged to King James, he answered insolently, that if James was King in Scotland, he Buchanan, was King in Kippen—being the name of the district in which the castle of Arnpryor lay. On hearing what had happened, the King got on horse-back, and rode instantly from Stirling to Buchanan's house, where he found a strong fierce-looking Highlander, with an axe on his shoulder standing sentinel at the door. This grim warder refused the King admittance, saying that the Laird of Arnpryor was at dinner, and would not be disturbed. 'Yet go up to the company my good friend,' said the King, 'and tell him that the Good man of Bailengiech is come to feast with the King of Kippen.' The porter went grumbling into the house, and told his master, that there was a fellow with a red beard, who called himself the Goodman of Ballengiech, at the gate who said he was come to dine with the King of Kippen. As soon as Buchanan heard these words, he knew that the King was there in person, and hastened down to kneel at James' feet, and to ask forgiveness for his insolent behavior. But the King who only meant to give him a fright, forgave him freely, and, going into the castle, feasted on his own venison which Buchanan had intercepted. Buchanan of Arnpryor was ever afterwards called the King of Kippen.

Upon another occasion, King James, being alone and in disguise fell into a quarrel with some gipsies, or other vagrants, and was assaulted by four or five of them.—This chanced to be very near the bridge of Cramond, which, as it was high and narrow, enabled him to defend himself with his sword against the number of persons by which he was attacked. There was a poor man threshing in a barn near by, who came out, on hearing the noise of the scuffle, and seeing one man defending himself against numbers, gallantly took his part with his flail to such good purpose, that the gipsies were obliged to fly. The husbandman then took the King into the barn, brought him a towel and water to wash the blood from his face and hands, and finally walked with him a little way towards Edinburgh, in case he should be again attacked. On the way the King asked his companion what and who he was. The laborer answered that his name was John Howieson, and that he was a bondsman on the farm of Braehead, near Cramond, which belonged to the King of Scotland. James then asked the poor man if there was any wish in the world which he would particularly desire should be gratified ; and honest John confessed, he should think himself the happiest man in Scotland were he but proprietor of the farm on which he wrought as laborer. He then asked the King in turn, who he was; and James replied, as usual, that he was the Goodman of Ballengiech, a poor man who had a small appointment near the palace; but he added, if John Howieson would come to see him on the next Sunday, he would endeavor to repay his manful assistance, and at least, give him the pleasure of seeing the royal apartments.

John put on his best clothes as you may suppose, and appearing at a postern gate of the palace, inquired for the Good man, of Ballengiech. The king had given orders hat he should be admitted; and John found his friend, he Goodman in the same disguise which he had formerly worn. The King still preserving the character of an inerior officer of the household, conducted John Howieson rom one apartment of the palace to another, and was mused with his wonders and remarks. At length he sked him if he should like to see the King, to which ohn replied, nothing would delight him so much, if he could do so without giving offence. The Goodman of Ballengiech, of course, told him the King would not be ngry.—'But,' said John, 'How am I to know his grace rom the nobles who will be all about him?—'easily,' replied his companion, 'all the others will be bareheaded, he King will wear his hat or bonnet.

So speaking, King James introduced the countryman nto a great hall, which was filled by the nobility and ofcers of the crown. John was a little frightened, and rew close to his attendant; but was still unable to distinuish the King. 'I told you that you should know him y his wearing his hat,' said his conductor—'Then,' said

John, after he had again looked round the room, 'it must be either you or me, for all but us two are bare-headed.

The King laughed at John's fancy; and, that the good yeoman might have occasion for mirth also, made him a present of the farm of Braehead, which he had wished so much to possess, on condition that John Howieson, or his successors, should be ready to present an ewer and basin for the King to wash his hands, when his Majesty should come to Holyrood palace, or should pass the bridge of Cramond. Accordingly, in the year 1822, when George IV. came to Scotland, the descendant of John Howieson, of Braehead, who still possesses the estate which was given to his ancestor, appeared at a solemn festival, and offered his Majesty water from a silver ewer, that he might perform the service by which he held his lands.

THE MYSTERIOUS WEDDING.

A DANISH STORY.

On the north west of Zealand stretches a small fertile peninsula, studded with hamlets, and connected with the main land by a narrow strip of waste ground. Beyond the only town which this little peninsula possesses, the land runs out into the stormy Cattegat, and presents an awful, wild and sterile appearance. The living sands have there obliterated every trace of vegetation; and the hurricanes which blow from all points of the ocean, are constantly operating a change on the fluctuating surface of the desert, whose hills of sand rise and fall with a motion as incessant as that of the waves which roar around them. In travelling through this country I spent upwards of an hour in this district, and never shall I forget the impression which the scene made upon my mind.

While riding through the desolate region a thunder storm rose over the ocean, towards the north; the waves roared, the clouds scudded along in gloomy masses before the wind, the sky grew every instant more dark, " menacing earth and sea:" the sand began to move in increasing volumes under my horse's feet, a whirlwind arose and filled the atmosphere with dust, the traces of the path became invisible, while air, earth and ocean seemed mingled and blended together, every object being involved in a cloud of dust and vapor. I could not discover the slightest trace of life and vegetation around the dismal scene; the storm roared above me, the waves of the sea lashed mournfully against the shores, the thunder rolled in the distance, and scarcely could the lurid lightning flash pierce the heavy cloud of sand which whirled around me. My danger became evident and extreme; but a sudden shower of rain laid the sand and enabled me to push my way to the little town. The storm I had just encountered was a horrid mingling of all the elements.

In this desolate country there existed in former times a village called Roerwig, about a mile distant from the shore. The moving sands have now buried the village; and the descendants of its inhabitants—mostly shepherds and fisherman—have removed their cottages close to the shore. A single solitary building, situated upon a hill, yet rears its head above the cheerless shifting desert. The building and the village church was the scene of the following mysterious transaction.

In an early year of the last century, the venerable cure of Roerwig was one night seated in his study, absorbed in pious meditations. His house lay at the extremity of the village, and the simple manners of the inhabitants were so little tinged with distrust, that bolts and locks were unknown amongst them, and every door remained open and unguarded.

The lamp burned gloomily,—and the sullen stillness of the midnight hour was only interrupted by the rushing noise of the sea, on whose waves the pale moon shone reflected, when the cure heard the door below opened, and the next moment heard the sound of men's feet upon the stair. He was anticipating a call to administer the last offices of religion to some one of the parishioners on the point of death, when two foreigners, wrapped up in white cloaks, entered the room. One of them approaching, addressed him politely: "Sir, you will have the goodness to follow us instantly. You must perform a marriage ceremony, the bride and bridegroom are already waiting your arrival at the church. ' And this sum," here the stranger held out a purse full of gold—" will sufficiently recompense you for the trouble and alarm our sudden demand has given you.

The cure stared in mute terror upon the strangers, who seemed to carry something fearful—almost ghastly in their looks,—the demand was repeated in an authoritative tone. When the old man had recovered from his great surprise, he began mildly to represent that his duty did not allow him to celebrate so solemn a rite without some knowledge of the parties, and the intervention of those formalities required by law.

The other stranger hereupon stepped forward in a menacing attitude: " Sir," said he, " you have your choice; follow us and take the sum now offered to you,—or remain and this bullet goes through your head." Whilst speaking he levelled his pistol at the forehead of the venerable old man, and coolly waited his anwser; whereupon the cure rose, dressed himself, and informed his visitants—who had hitherto spoken Danish, but with a foreign accent,—that he was ready to accompany them.

The mysterious strangers now proceeded silently through the village, followed by the clergyman. It was a dark autumn night, the moon having already set; but when they emerged from the village, the old man perceived with terror and astonishment, that the distant church was illuminated. Meanwhile his two companions, wrapped in their white cloaks, strode hastily on before him through the barren sandy plain.—On reaching the church they bound up his eyes; he then heard a side door opened with a well known creaking noise, and felt himself violently pushed into a crowd of people whose murmuring he heard all around him, while close beside him some persons carried on a conversation in a language quite unknown to him, but which he thought was Russian. As he stood helpless and blindfolded, he felt himself seized upon by a man's hand, and drawn violently through the crowd.

At last the bandage was removed from his eyes, and he found himself standing with one of the two strangers before the altar. A row of large tapers in magnificent silver candlesticks, adorned the altar, and the church itself was splendidly lighted up by a profusion of candles. The deepest silence now reigned throughout the whole building, though the side passages and all the seats were crowded to excess; but the middle passage was quite clear, and he perceived in it a newly dug grave with the stone which had covered it leaning against a bench. Around him were only male figures, but on one of the distant benches he thought he perceived a female form. The terrible silence lasted for some minutes, during which not a sound could be detected in the vast assembly. Thus when the mind is bent on deeds of darkness, a silent gloomy brooding of soul often precedes the commission of the horrid action.

At last a man, whose magnificent dress distinguished him from all the rest, and bespoke his elevated rank, rose and walked hastily up to the altar; as he passed along his step resounded through the building, and every eye was turned upon him,—he appeared to be of a middle stature, with broad shoulders and strong limbs, his gait was commanding, his complexion was of a yellowish brown, and his hair raven black,—his features were severe, and his lips compressed as if in wrath,—a bold aquiline nose heightened the haughty appearance of his countenance, and dark shaggy brows lowered over his fiery eyes. He wore a green coat, with broad gold braids, and a brilliant star. The bride, who also approached and knelt beside him at the altar, was magnificently dressed. A sky blue robe, richly trimmed with silver, enveloped her slender limbs, and floated in large folds, over her graceful form, —a diadem sparkling with diamonds adorned her hair, the utmost loveliness and beauty might be traced in her features, although despair expressed itself in them,—her cheeks were pale as those of a corpse,—her features unanimated,—her lips blanched,—her eyes dimned, and her arms hung motionless at her side as she kneeled before the altar; terror seemed to have wrapped her consciousness as well as her vital powers in deep lethargy.

The cure now discovered near him an old ugly hag in a party-colored dress, with a blood red turban upon her head, who stood gazing with an expression of malignant fury on the kneeling bride; and behind the bridegroom, he noticed a man of gigantic size and a gloomy appearance, whose eyes were fixed immoveable on the ground.

Horror struck by the scene before him, the priest stood mute for some time, till a thrilling look from the bridegroom reminded him of the ceremony he had come thither to perform. But the uncertainty whether the couple he was now about to marry understood his language, affordded him a fresh source of uneasiness. He ventured, however to ask the bridegroom for his name and that of his bride: "Neander and Fedora" was the answer returned in a rough voice.

The priest now began to read the ritual in faultering accents, frequently stopping to repeat the words, without, however, either the bride or bridegroom appearing to observe his confusion, which confirmed him in the conjecture that his language was almost unknown to either of them. On putting the question, "Neander wilt thou have this woman for thy wedded wife?" he doubted whether he should receive any answer; but to his astonishment the bridegroom answered in the affirmative, with a loud and almost screaming voice, which rung throughout the whole church, while deep sighs were heard from every quarter of the building, and a silent quivering like the reflection of distant lightning threw a transitory motion over the death pale features of the bride. When the priest turned to her with the interrogatory: "Fedora wilt thou have this man for thy wedded husband?" the lifeless form before him seemed to awake,—a deep convulsive throb of terror trembled on her cheeks,—her pale lips quivered,—a passing gleam of fire shone in her eye,—her breast heaved—a violent gush of tears flooded the brilliance of her eyes, and the "yes" pronounced like the scream of anguish uttered by a dying person, seemed to find a deep echo in the sound of grief which burst from the surrounding multitude. The bride then sunk into the arms of the horrid old hag, and after some minutes had passed in awful silence, the pale corpse-like female kneeled again as if in a deep trance, and the ceremony was finished. The bridegroom now rose and led away the trembling bride, followed by the tall man and the old woman. The two strangers then appeared again, and having bound the priest's eyes, drew him with violence through the crowd, and pushed him out at the door, which they bolted from within.

For some minutes the old man stood endeavoring to recollect himself, and uncertain whether the horrid scene with all its ghastly attendant circumstances might not have been a dream ; but when he had torn the bandage from his eyes, and saw the illuminated church before him, and heard the murmuring of the crowd, he was forced to believe its reality. To learn the issue he hid himself in a corner of the building, and while listening there he heard the murmuring within grow louder and louder,—then it seemed as if a fierce altercation arose, in which he thought he could recognize the rough voice of the bridegroom commanding silence,—a long pause followed,—a shot fell,—the shriek of a female voice was heard, which was succeeded by another pause,—then followed a sound of pick-axes which lasted about a quarter of an hour, after which the candles were extinguished, the door was flung open, and a multitude of persons rushed out of the church, and ran towards the sea.

The old priest now arose from his hiding place and hastened back to the village, where he awoke his neighbors and friends, and related to them his incredible and marvellous adventure : but every thing which had hithero fallen amongst these simple people, had been so calm and tranquil,—so much measured by the laws of daily rouine, that they were seized with a very different alarm ; hey believed that some unfortunate accident had deranged the intellects of their beloved pastor, and it was not without difficulty that he prevailed on some of them to accompany him to the church, provided with picks and pades.

Meanwhile the morning had dawned, the sun arose, nd the priest and his companions ascended the hill towards he church, when they saw a man of war under full sail owards the north. So surprising a sight in this remote istrict, made his companions already hesitate to reject his tory as improbable, and still more were they inclined to listen to him when they saw that the side-door of the church had been violently burst open. They entered full of expectation, and the priest showed them the grave which he had seen opened in the night time, it was evident that the stone had been lifted up and replaced again. They, therefore, put their implements in motion, and soon came to a new and richly adorned coffin, in which lay the murdered bride,—a bullet had pierced her breast right to the heart, the magnificent diadem which she had worn at the altar no longer adorned her brows, but the distracted expression of deep grief had vanished from her countenance, and a heavenly calm seemed spread over her features. The old man threw himself on his knees near the coffin, and wept and prayed aloud for the soul of the dead, while mute astonishment and horror seized his companions.

The clergyman found himself obliged to make this event instantly known with all its circumstances, to his superior, the bishop of Zealand; meanwhile until he got further instructions from Copenhagen, he bound all his friends to secresy by an oath. Shortly afterwards a person of high rank, suddenly arrived from the capital, he inquired into all the circumstances, visited the grave, commended the silence which had hitherto been observed, and stated that the whole event must remain forever a secret, threatening at the same time with severe punishment, any person who should dare to speak of it.

After the death of the priest, a writing was found in the parochial register narrating this event. Some believe that it might have some secret connexion with the violen political changes which occurred in Russia, after the deat of Catharine and Peter the first; but to resolve the dee riddle of this mysterious affair will ever be a difficult, i not impossible task.

THE CIRCLE OF HUMAN WISHES.

BY J. K. PAULDING.

When Horatio was a little boy at school he was always wishing himself a young man, 'for then,' thought he, 'I shall not be obliged to be forever at my book, and live in constant fear of the schoolmaster.'

When he became a young man, he left school with delightful anticipations of the pleasures he was about to enjoy. But from school he was placed in the office of a great lawyer, full of business, and from morning till night, he was employed in copying the same thing over and over again.

'I wonder,' he often said to himself, "I wonder what is the use of telling the same story so often. I wish to heaven I was out of my time, and then I should be my own master.'

At last his time was out. He passed examination, opened an office, and wrote esquire to his name. Here he would sit whole mornings, with his feet against the fenders or jambs, waiting for clients—but no clients came.

'I wish to heaven,' he would sigh to himself, 'I had something to do.'

In process of years he distinguished himself as a speaker, and business flowed in upon him, till he had hardly time to sleep or eat his meals.

"Zounds," cried he, 'one might as well be a galley slave. I wish I were a little boy at school they are so happy, no business to trouble them, and no cares on their minds.'

But as it was impossiblo to become a school-boy, again, Horatio turned his thoughts towards the future, and began to wish he was rich enough to retire from business, and be a gentleman.

Years passed on, and at length he became rich; so rich hat he thought he might leave off practice and enjoy himelf. Accordingly he did leave off practice, and for a litle while it was delightful to have nothing to do, and go where he pleased. But doing nothing tires a man at last. t is the hardest work imaginable.

'I wish,' said Horatio one day, as he was perplexing himself to death to know what he should do, I wish I had something to employ me.'

All at once he was seized with a desire to become a great man. As we advance in years the love of wealth often changes to the desire of power. He entered on the arena of politics, and his eloquence soon elevated him to distinction. He rose to the highest offices in the state, and at length, saw nobody above him.

'Well,' thought he, 'I have it at last. I am the greatest among the great, and now I shall be able to enjoy myself. In the first place I shall do just as I please.'

At that moment his secretary came to announce a person on business.

'I am not inclined to see any body just now; tell him to call again.'

'But, sir, it is a man of great consequence, and one of your best friends, he may be offended.

'Very well, let him come in.'

The man of consequence entered, talked three whole hours about the politics of his district, and ended by soliciting an insignificant appointment for himself or somebody else.

'Well,' said Horatio, 'thank heaven he's gone. I'll go and take a ride into the country before dinner.

Just as he had ordered his horse, the secretary came in to announce another person of consequence, who had very particular business, and whom it would be bad policy to offend. After a few wry faces from Horatio, he was let in.

The visitor being a knowing character sat a long time, became very facetious, cracked jokes, told excellent stories, and when he had tired Horatio to death, thought he had brought him into a humor to do any thing he desired. Accordingly he begged his interest in behalf of the people he represented, in favor of a great public improvement. Horatio had been specially instructed by divers old statesmen to give good words if he could give nothing else. So he flattered him with good words, and the knowing gentleman went his way chuckling at his happy knack of bringing great men into the humor of granting favors.

'I never met such a tiresome blockhead,' quoth Horatio. 'I'll make it a point to oppose his application.'

It was too late to ride out before dinner, and he sat down to his meal without appetite, thinking he would have the afternoon to himself, at all events. By the time he had dined, there were six people waiting to see him on particular business. It would not do to offend them, and besides he was the servant of the people. The particular business of each was to beg some particular favor. Horatio felt in an excellent humor for denying them all. But this would be impolitic; so he promised them all.

'What a tedious business!' said he. 'But I shall have a comfortable evening at all events.'

In the evening visitors dropped in, one after another, until he had quite a levee. Every one tried to make himself particularly agreeable, for each had a favor to ask; and they talked so much that Horatio thought he had a swarm of bees in his ears. After he had yawned three times in the face of his visitors, and promised all they asked, they went away.

'I wish to heaven somebody would call one of these times to give *me* something, instead of begging fovors as they all do; there would be a little variety in that.'

He rung for his slippers, but the sound of his bell was drowned by a violent ring at the outer door. The porter announced a stranger.

'Tell him to call to-morrow, I'm just going to bed.'

'He says he has most urgent business, and must see you to-night, sir.'

'Despatches from abroad, I suppose; show him in.'

The bearer of despatches entered, and after looking cautiously around, seeing that all doors were shut, and that nobody was under the sofa, hemmed three times and began:

'I beg pardon, sir, for this untimely visit, but I trust you will excuse me when you know the urgency of the occasion; I come, sir, to give you,—

'Heaven be praised,' thought Horatio, 'here is a man that has got something to give me at last.'

'I took the liberty, sir, as a devoted friend to your administration, to call and give you some advice about the course proper to be pursued, in order to defeat a plot of the opposition, of which I have just been confidentially apprised.'

'Sir,' said Horatio, 'I feel under infinite obligations; may I ask what it is?'

The adviser took till three in the morning to finish his communication and advice. Before he had ended, Horatio was two thirds asleep, but he awaked in time to express his gratitude, and promised to bear in mind this signal proof of regard, in calling so late at night out of pure good will.

Day after day, passed in these perpetual interruptions. Horatio had not a moment to spare, either for ease or exercise, and was tired to death.

'I wish to heaven,' said he, 'I was a private man, with nothing to do but just what I pleased. Ah! Mr Mirvan, I am glad to see you. It is a delightful thing to receive a visit from one who wants nothing.'

Mirvan was an old friend of Horatio, a rather eccentric person. Some people thought him wise, others a fool, for he seemed content with what he had, and what he was, though he was neither rich nor in power. He was a kind hearted man, though he had not the reputation of it; for he was apt to make a jest of what other people thought very serious misfortunes, and seemed to take little interest in what are called the ups and downs of life.

After the first friendly salutations, Mirvan assumed the privilege of age and intimacy, and inquired how he liked his new situation.

You neither look so well nor seem in such good spirits as when I used to see you in your office drawing pleas and declarations.

Horatio unbosomed himself to his friend. He detailed to him the progress of his wishes from boyhood upwards—from the time he wished he was free from the labor and confinement of school, till he realized them all, step by step, and became a great man, since when he had done little else than wish himself a school boy again.

'It is the history of mankind,' said Mirvan, after listening attentively; 'and of all living things I believe, if there be any truth in the fable—'

'What fable?' asked Horatio.

'I will tell you,' replied the old man, his eye lighting up with arch intelligence; will you promise to listen?'

'Provided you neither ask a favor nor give advice,' said the other, 'I have had enough of both lately,'

'Agreed. Once upon a time a certain atom which shared a portion of that spirit of intelligence which animates or at least in those days did animate all nature, being trod upon by a little insect, that has never been of sufficient consequence to be christened in English or Latin, exclaimed against his hard fate in being thus at the mercy of every creeping thing.

'If I were but an insect!' cried he, and the spirit of discontent possessed him from that moment. 'O, Jupiter Ammon, Jupiter Ammon,' he repeated, 'wouldst thou but change me into an insect, if it were but as big as that which just now insulted me, I could then get out of the way of danger.

'Jupiter, whom nothing escaped, laughed ready to die, at hearing this request, which he granted in a fit of good humor. The little atom was as proud as a peacock, and strutted about with great dignity until it chanced that he encountered an ant which walked right over him without ceremony, either accidentally or by design.

'O, Jupiter Ammon,' exclaimed the little insect without a name, 'what a thing it is to be so small that nobody can see you! Would I were an ant, and then nobody would dare to insult me.'

Again Jupiter laughed and granted his request. The little ant strutted about, who but he! prouder than ever, and flattered himself he was somebody.

'It is worth while to live thus with the eyes of the universe upon us,' cried he, when just at that instant a great wasp darted at him, and he narrowly escaped by running into his hole.

'Body o' me,' exclaimed he, panting with rage and fear; 'body o' me! what a misery is it to be nothing but an ant. O, Jupiter Ammon, would I were a wasp!'

'Jupiter as usual, granted his prayer, for he began to be highly amused with his little atom.

'The wasp frisked with his great tail and admired his little waist, until one day, not minding what he was about he got entangled in a large spider web, where he remained struggling while the spider sat trembling with eagerness, waiting till he should exhaust himself by his efforts, to pounce upon him. At length, supposing the moment arrived, he darted towards him, just as he made a last desperate effort and escaped the toils.

'Truly, a pleasant sort of life this,' quoth the wasp 'to be forever in danger of being caught and eaten up by spiders. O, Jupiter Ammon, if I could only be a speckled spider!' and a spider he became from that moment.

'Mercy upon us, what a big creature was he, and what havoc he made upon the wasps and flies, till a great moth, blundering his way in the twilight, bolted right through his fine web, as big round as a cart-wheel, dotted with imprisoned flies, and not only carried all away, but put the spider's life in jeopardy.

'Fire and fury!' exclaimed he, 'here is a month's provisions and an age's toil all swept away in a moment. O, Jupiter Ammon! make me a great moth, I beseech thee.' No sooner said than done, and a moth was he.

'Nothing was so happy as our new made moth. He flew from flower to flower, tasted their sweets, gamboled whithersoever he pleased, till one night seeing a candle, in an open window he became enamored of its splendor, and rushing towards it so tinged his wings and burned his body that he lay in the greatest agony.

'I am dying—O, Jupiter Ammon! make me an atom again,' and he perished with this humble request on his lips.

'And now for the moral of my story,' said Mirvan.

'I comprehend,' said Horatio; 'my own experience furnishes it. From an atom I have become a moth, flitting about the candle, and every moment in danger of scorching my wings and falling to the ground. But suppose the moth had become an eagle, and king of all the birds?'

'He would only have experienced the folly of being discontented with his former state, and sighed for the ease and insignificance of an atom.'

'But suppose he had become an atom again?'

'Then he would have longed to become an eagle once more. And thus ends the circle of human wishes.'

PREJUDICE REBUKED.

There was at Surate, a large city of Hindostan, a coffee house where many strangers frequently assembled. One day there came a Persian Seidre or doctor, who had written all his life on theology, but did not believe in the existence of God. 'Who is God?' said he, 'whence came he! who created him? whom is he? If he was substance we should see him; if he were a spirit, he would be intelligent and just; and he would not permit any to be wretched in the world. I myself, after laboring so much for his service, should be pontiff at Ispahan, and I should not be obliged to leave Persia where I was endeavoring to instruct the people. Therefore I am convinced here is no God.'

Thusthe doctor, misled by his ambition, by reasoning on the great first cause of all things, had lost his own eason, and believed that it was not his intelligence which no longer existed, but that which governed the universe. He had a Kaffer slave to attend him, who remained at he door of the coffee house, while his master drank his avorite beverage called coquenar. When this began to perate on his brain, he thus addressed the slave, who was itting on a stone in the sun entirely occupied in brushing ff the flies which almost devoured him. 'Miserable black! ost thou believe there is a God?' 'Who can doubt it?' nswered the Kaffer. As he said these words he drew rom the folds of his pagne (a piece of cotton cloth or wrapper, worn by the negroes,) a little wooden marmosette, and holding it up, said, 'Behold the God which has rotected me since I came into the world; it is made of a ranch of the fetish tree.' All the people of the coffee ouse were not less surprised at the answer of the slave, han at the question of the master. Whereupon a Bramin, shrugging his shoulders, said to the negro, 'Poor silly fool! how dost thou carry God in thy girdle? Know that there is no other God but Bramah, who created the world, whose temples are on the borders of the Ganges; the Bramins are his only priests, and it is by his peculiar protection that they have existed these hundred and twenty thousand years, notwithstanding all the revolutions of India. Immediately a Jew said, 'Do the Bramins believe that God has no temples but in India; and that he exists only for their tribe? I say that there is no other God but the God of Abraham, whose people are the children of Israel. He preserves them though dispersed through the whole earth; and they shall one day be gathered together at Jerusalem, when that temple shall be again raised up, which was formerly the wonder of the universe.'

As he ended these words the Israelite shed tears, and was going to speak again, when an Italian, in a great passion, thus addressed him. 'You make God unjust by saying that he loves only the children of Israel, He has rejected them for more than seventeen hundred years, which is evident enough by their dispersion. He now invites all men to the Romish Church, out of which there is no safety.

A protestant minister replied to the Catholic, and said, 'How can you confine the safety of men to your idolatrous communion? Know that there will be none saved but those who, according to the gospel love God in spirit and in truth.'

A Turkish officer of the Customs, who was smoking his pipe, and listening to the conversation of the two christians, in a very solemn manner, thus addressed them: 'Fathers, how can you limit the knowledge of God to your churches alone? The law of Jesus Christ has been abolished since the revelation of Mahomet. Your religion exists only in a few kingdoms: and it is over its ruins that ours is raised up in the finest portions of Europe, Asia and Africa. It is now seated on the throne of the Mogul, and has spread into China, that country of light. You acknowledge the reprobation of the Jews by their humiliation; then also acknowledge the mission of our Prophet by his victories! There will be none saved but the friends of Mahomet and Omar! As for those who follow Ali, they are infidels!'

At these words, the Seidre or doctor, who was from Persia, where the people follow the sect of Ali, began to smile, and a quarrel was about taking place on account of there being so many strangers who were of different religious and sects, all disputing upon the nature of God and his worship, and all maintaining that the only true religion was that which he professed. In a corner of the coffee house, there sat sipping his tea, a disciple of Confucius, who was travelling for his own instruction; as he had taken no part in the conversation, he remained unnoticed, but had listened attentively to every word that had been said. The Turkish officer observing him, called out in a loud voice to the following effect: 'Good Chinese, you know that a great many religions have spread into China, and I have been informed so myself by some merchants from your country, who all protested to me that the religion of Mahomet was the best. Pray what is your opinion of God and the religion of his prophet?' At this question the most profound silence reigned in the coffee house, and every one anxiously awaited the answer of the Chinese. The disciple of Confucius having crossed his hands upon his breast, appeared for a few moments entirely absorbed in reflection; suddenly recollecting himself, he spoke thus: 'Gentlemen, it is ambition which in all things causes men to disagree. If you will have the patience to hear me, I will relate a circumstance, still fresh in my mind, to elucidate it. When I left China to come to Surate, I embarked in an English ship which had circumnavigated the globe. On our passage here we came to anchor on the eastern coast of Sumatra. About noon I went on shore with several of the crew, and the sun being very hot, we sought the shade of some cocoa trees, where already reposed a number of men from different countries. In a short time there came along a man who had lost his sight by looking steadfastly at the sun. He had been foolish enough to endeavor to comprehend its nature by appropriating the light of it to himself. He had tried every optical and chemical means, and even necromancy, to enclose one of its rays in a bottle; but not

Y

being able to succeed, he said, 'The light of the sun is not a fluid, for it cannot be agitated by the wind; it is not a solid, for it cannot be separated in pieces; it is not a fire, for it is not extinguished in water; it is not a body, since it cannot be handled; so it is nothing at all.' In short, by means of looking at the sun and reasoning upon its light he became blind, and what was still worse, had lost his reason. He believed that it was not his own sight, but the sun, which no longer existed in the universe. He had a negro to conduct him, who causing his master to be seated in the shade near us, and the stranger I have mentioned, took a cocoa which had fallen from the tree, and began to make a lamp of the shell, a wick of the bark, and to express some oil from the nut to put in his lamp.

Whilst he was thus occupied, the blind man said to him fetching a deep sigh, 'Then there is no longer any light in the universe?' 'There is the light of the sun,' answered the negro. 'What is the sun?' replied the blind man. 'I know nothing of it,' said the black,' except that when he rises my labors begin, and end at his sitting. His light interests me less than the light of my lamp, for without it I could not serve you during the night;' then holding up his cocoa, he said, 'Here is my sun!' At these words, a man who walked with crutches began to laugh; and thinking the man who had lost his sight was born blind, thus addressed him: 'Learn that the sun is a globe of fire, which rises every morning from the sea, and sets far to the west in the mountains of Sumatra, which you might perceive yourself, if you enjoyed your sight.'

A fisherman said to the cripple, 'One may easily perceive that you never was far from your village. If you had legs and could walk round the island of Sumatra, you would be convinced that the sun does not sit in its mountains: but rises every morning from the sea, and returns into it at night, without being extinguished, which I witness daily along the coast.'

An inhabitant of the peninsula of India said to the fisherman, 'How can a man who has common sense believe that the sun is a globe of fire, and that he every day comes out of the sea and returns into it without being exguished ? Know the sun is a Deata or Deity of my country, who rides through the heavens daily, on a car, turning round the golden mountain of Merouwa, and when he is eclipsed, he is swallowed up by the serpents Ragoo and Keldo, and is delivered from them only by the prayers of the Indians, on the borders of the Ganges. It is very foolish for an inhabitant of Sumatra to believe that the sun gives light only to his island.'

A Lascar, who was captain of a trading vessel, replied, 'It is still more foolish to believe that the sun prefers India to all other countries of the world. I have been, said he, to the red sea, on the coast of Arabia ; to Madagascar, the Molaccas, and the Phillipine islands, and I perceived that the sun enlightened all those places as well as India. He does not turn round one mountain ; but he rises in the isles of Japan, which for that reason are called Jepon or Gepuen, birth place of the sun, and he sets far to the west behind the mountains of England ; I am very certain of it, for when I was a child I heard my grandfather say so, who had travelled to the ends of the sea.'

He was going to say more, when an English sailor of our crew interrupted him by saying, there is no country in the world where the sun's course is better known than in England. I say he does not rise and set any where ; he continually makes the circuit of the globe, of which I am still more certain, as we have just come from a voyage round the world, and we every where met him ; then taking an Indian reed from the hands of one of the auditors, he traced a circle on the ground and endeavored to explain to him the sun's course from one tropic to another ; but not being able to succeed, he appealed to the pilot of the vessel to confirm what he asserted. The pilot was a wise man, and had attentively listened to the whole dispute, without saying a word.

But when he perceived that all the auditors were silent, to hear his answer, he spake thus : 'Each of you is deceived. The sun does not revolve round the earth, but it is the earth revolves around the sun, presenting to him in 24 hours the isles of Japan, the Phillipines, the Molaccas, the Sumatra, Africa, Europe, and other countries. He does not enlighten one mountain, one island, one horizon, one sea, or even our earth only. He is the centre of the universe, and enlightens with the earth several other planets, which revolve also around him. Each of you would be convinced of these truths if he would look at the heavens in the night, when all these orbs revolve in the immensity of space, and banish from his mind the foolish idea that the sun shines only on his particular country.' Here the pilot ended, who had been round the world and observed the heavens. 'It is the same,' added the disciple of Confucius, 'with respect to God as with man. Each man believes that he alone possesses him in his own church, or at least in his own country. Each nation believes that it contains in its temples what the visible universe does not contain. But I will ask you, is there a temple to be compared to that which God has raised up to gather all into the same communion? All the temples of the world are made only to imitate nature! We find in most of them, columns, arches, lamps, statues, inscriptions, books of the law, sacrifices, altars, and priests. But in what temple shall we find columns so beautiful as the trees of the forest, or those of the orchards bending with fruit? Arches so elevated as the azure vault of heaven? A lamp so splendid as the sun? Where shall we see statues so interesting as sensible beings, who speak, love, and assist each other? Inscriptions so intelligible as the benefits of nature? A book of law so universal as the love of God founded on gratitude, and the love of our fellow creatures? In short, an altar so holy as the heart of the honest man, whose God is the sovereign pontiff? Thus, the more indulgence we have for others, the nearest shall we imitate his goodness. Let him then who enjoys the light of God which is diffused throughout the universe, despise not the superstitious who perceive but a small ray in his idol, lest as a punishment to his pride, it should happen to him as to the Persian, who, wishing to appropriate the light of the sun to himself, became blind, and was obliged to have the assistance of the lamp of a negro!' Thus ended the disciple of Confucius. And all the people of the coffee house, who were disputing upon the excellency of their religions, preserved the most profound silence.

THADDEUS KOSCIUSKO.

Among the remarkable men of modern times, there is perhaps, none whose fame is purer from reproach than that of Thaddeus Kosciusko. His name is enshrined in the ruins of his country, which, with heroic bravery and devotion, he sought to defend against oppression and foreign domination. Kosciusko was born at Warsaw about the year 1775. He was educated at the school of Cadets in that city, where he distinguished himself so much in scientific duties as well as in drawing, that he was selected as one of four students of that Institution, who were sent to travel at the expense of the state, with a view of perfecting their talents. In this capacity he visited France, where he remained for several years, devoting himself to studies of various kinds. On his return to his own country, he entered the army, and obtained the command of a company. But he was soon obliged to expatriate himself again, in order to fly from a violent but unrequitted passion for the daughter of the Marshal of Lithuania, one of the first officers of state of the Polish Court.

He bent his steps to that part of North America which was then waging its war of Independence against England. Here he entered the army, and served with distinction as one of the Adjutants of Gen. Washington. While thus employed, he became acquainted with La Fayette, Lameth, and other distinguished Frenchmen serving in the same cause, and was honored by receiving the most flattering praises from Franklin, as well as the public thanks of the Congress of the United Provinces. He was also decorated with the new American order of Cincinatus, being the only European, except La Fayette, to whom it was given.

At the termination of the war, he returned to his own country where he lived in retirement till the year 1789, at which period he was promoted by the Diet to the rank of Major General. That body was at this time endeavoring to place its military force upon a respectable footing, in the vain hope of restraining and diminishing the domineering influence of foreign powers, in what still remained of Poland. It also occupied itself in arranging the constitution of that unfortunate and ill-governed country—in rendering the monarchy hereditary—in declaring universal toleration—and in preserving the privileges of the nobility, while at the same time, it ameliorated the condition of the lower orders. In all these improvements, Stanislaus Poniatowski, the reigning king, readily concurred; though the avowed intention of the Diet was, to render the crown hereditary in the Saxon family. The King of Prussia, (Frederick William II.) who from the treaty of Cherson in 1787, between Russia and Austria, had become hostile to the former power, also encouraged the Poles in their proceedings; and even gave them the most positive assurances of assisting them in case the changes they were effecting occasioned any attacks from other sovereigns.

In the year 1807, Napoleon being about to invade Poland wished to use the name of Kosciusko, in order to rally the people of the country around his standard. The patriot aware that no real freedom was to be hoped for under such auspices, refused to lend himself to his wishes. Upon this the Emperor forged Kosciusko's signature to an address to the Poles; which was distributed throughout all the country. Nor would he permit the injured person to deny the authenticity of this act in any public manner. The real state of the case was however made known to many, through the private representations of Kosciusko: but he was never able to publish a formal denial of the transaction till after the fall of Napoleon.

When the Russians, in 1814 had penetrated into Champaigne, and were advancing towards Paris, they were astonished to hear that their former adversary was living in retirement in that part of the country. The commune in which Kosciusko lived was subjected to plunder, and among the troops thus engaged he observed a Polish regiment. Transported with anger he rushed amongst them, and thus addressed the officers:—'when I commanded brave soldiers they never pillaged; and I should have punished severely, subalterns who allowed of disorders such as we see around.—Still more severely should I have punished older officers who authorised such conduct by their culpable neglect.' 'And who are you,' was the general cry, 'that you dare speak with so much boldness to us?'—'I am Kosciusko.' The effect was electric; the soldiery cast down their arms, prostrated themselves at his feet, and cast dust upon their heads according to a national usage, supplicating his forgiveness for the fault which they had committed. For twenty years the name of Kosciusko had not been heard in Poland, save as that of an exile; yet it still retained its ancient power over Polish hearts; a power never used but for some good and generous end.

The Emperor Alexander honored him with a long interview, and offered him an asylum in his own country. But nothing could induce Kosciusko again to see his unfortunate native land. In 1815, he retired to Soleure, in Switzerland, where he died, October 16th, 1817, in consequence of an injury received by a fall from his horse.—Not long before, he had abolished slavery upon his Polish estate, and declared all serfs entirely free, by a deed registered and executed with every formality that could ensure the full performance of his intentions. The mortal remains of Kosciusko were removed to Poland at the expense of Alexander, and have found a fitting place of rest in the Cathedral of Cracow, between those of his companions in arms, Joseph Poniatowski, and the greatest of Polish warriors, John Sobieski.

CONFLAGRATION OF MOSCOW.

"On the 14th September 1812, while the rearguard of he Russians were in the act of evacuating Moscow, Na-oleon reached the hill called the Mount of Salvation, because it is there that the natives kneel and cross themselves at first sight of the Holy City. Moscow seemed ordly and striking as ever, with the steeples of its thirty hurches, and its copper domes glittering in the sun; its alaces of Eastern architecture, mingled with trees, and urrounded with gardens; and its Kremlin, a huge trian-ular mass of towers, something between a palace and a castle, which rose like a citadel out of the general mass of groves and buildings. But not a chimney sent up smoke; not a man appeared on the battlements, or at the gates.—After waiting two hours, he received from some French inhabitants, who had hid themselves during the evacuation, the strange intelligence that Moscow was deserted by its population. The tidings that a population of two hundred and fifty thousand persons had left their native city, was incredible. The signal was now given for the troops to advance, and the columns, still in a state of wonder at the solitude and silence which received them every where, penetrated through the assemblage of huts, mingled with palaces where it seemed that penury, which had scarce means to obtain the ordinary necessaries of life, had for her next door neighbor all the wealth and profuse expenditure of the East. At once the silence was broken by a volley of musketry, which some miserable fanatics poured from the battlements of the Kremlin on the first French troops that approached the palace of the Czars.—Bonaparte, as if unwilling to encounter the sight of the empty streets, stopped immediately on entering the first suburb. His troops were quartered in this desolate city. During the first few hours after their arrival, an obscure rumor, which could not be traced, but one of those which are sometimes found to get abroad before the approach of some awful calamity, announced that the city would be endangered by fire in the course of the night. The report seemed to arise from those evident circumstances which rendered the event probable, but no one took any notice of it until at midnight, when the soldiers were startled from their quarters with the report that the town was on fire.

"The memorable conflagration began amongst the coachmakers' warehouses and workshops in the Bazaar, or general market, which was the richest district of the city. It was imputed to accident, and the progress of the flames was subdued by the exertions of the French soldiers. Next day the flames had disappeared. But at night the flames again arose in the north and west quarters of the city. As far the greater part of the houses were built of wood, the conflagration spread with the most dreadful rapidity: This was at first imputed to the blazing brands and sparkles which were carried by the wind; but it was observed that as often as the wind changed, and it changed three times in that terrible night, new flames broke always forth in that direction, where the existing gale was calculated to direct them on the Kremlin. These horrors were increased by the chance of explosion. There was, hough as yet unknown to the French, a magazine of pow- ler in the Kremlin; besides that a park of artillery, with ts ammunition, was drawn up under the Emperor's win- low. Morning came, and with it a dreadful scene. Du- ing the whole night, the metropolis had glared with an ntimely and unnatural light. It was now covered with thick and suffocating atmosphere, of almost palpable moke. The equinoctial gales rose higher and higher upon he third night, and extended the flames, with which there 'as no longer any human power of contending. At the ead hour of midnight, the Kremlin itself was found to e on fire. Bonaparte was then, at length persuaded, by e entreaties of all around him, to relinquish his quarters the Kremlin, to which as the visible mark of his con- iest, he seemed to cling with the tenacity of a lion hold- g a fragment of his prey. He encountered both difficulty d danger in retiring from the palace, and before he could in the city gate, he had to traverse with his suite reets arched with fire, and in which the very air they eathed was suffocating. The fire continued to triumph opposed, and consumed in a few days what it had cost nturies to raise. It raged till the 19th with unabated olence, and then began to slacken for want of fuel. It said, four fifths of this great city were laid in ruins."

FATE OF HENRY HUDSON.

Among the numerous adventurers who have distinguish- themselves in the dangerous field of maratime enter- se, Henry Hudson will always hold an exalted rank. e straits and bay which he discovered on the northern st of America, having received his name, cannot fail to transmit it to the latest posterity. But while we admire his intrepidity, and pay a tribute of respect to the memory of an able, a successful, but an unfortunate navigator, it must always be accompanied with indignant feelings at the baseness of his crew, through whose inhumanity he was doomed to perish.

'The expanse discovered by Hudson was the great inland sea, called from him Hudson's Bay; and it was a grand discovery, although not exactly what he imagined. The 3d of August was now arrived, a season at which the boldest of northern navigators had been accustomed to think of returning. Little inclined to such a course he continued to sail along the coast on the left, which must have appeared to him the western boundary of America; hoping probably before the close of Autumn to reach some cultivated and temperate shore, where he might take up his winter quarters. The shores along this bay, however, though not in a very high latitude, are subject to a climate the most rigorous and inclement. Entangled in the gulfs and capes of an unknown coast, struggling with mist and storm, and ill seconded by a discontented crew, he spent three long months without reaching any comfortable haven. It was now the first of November, the ice was closing on all sides, and nothing remained but to meet the cheerless winter, which had actually begun. The sailors were too late in attempting to erect a wooden house; yet the cold, though severe, does not seem to have reached any perilous height; their chief alarm respected provisions of which they had brought only a six months' supply, and consequently had now only a small remnant left.—Hudson took active measures to relieve this want. He carefully husbanded the original stock, and propounded a reward to whoever should kill beast, fish, or bird; and 'Providence dealt mercifully, in sending such a supply of white patridges, that in three months they killed a hundred dozen.' In spring these birds disappeared, but were succeeded by flocks of geese, swans, ducks, and seal, not denizens of the spot, but on their flight from the south to north. When these were passed, the air no longer yielded a supply, but the sea began to open, and having on the first day taken five hundred fishes of tolerable size, they received good hopes; but this success did not continue; being reduced to great extremity, they searched the woods for moss, which they compare however, to pounded timber; they ate even frogs. The commander undertook an excursion with a view to open an intercourse with the natives, but they fled, setting fire even to the woods behind them. Parley was obtained with one, who was loaded with gifts yet he never returned. Discontents arose as to the distribution of the small remaining portion of bread and cheese, to allay which, the captain made a general and equal partition of the whole. This was a bad measure among such a crew, many of whom knew not how 'to govern their share, but greedily devoured it as long as it lasted.' One man even ate the whole in a day, and brought on a dangerous surfeit. Their distress becoming thus greater than ever, soon brought on a most fatal crisis.

'Hudson, as may be observed, had from the first to struggle with an unprincipled, ill-tempered crew, void of any concern for the ultimate success of the voyage. He had probably hoped, as the season should advance, to push southwards, and reach the next summer the wealthy regions which he was commissioned to search. The sailors, on the contrary, had fixed their desires on 'the cape where fowls do breed,' the only place where they expected to obtain both present supply and the means of returning to England. Ringleaders were not wanting to head this growing party of malcontents. At the entrance of the bay, the captain had displaced Ivet, the mate, who had shown strong propensities towards returning, and appointed Bylet in his room, a man of merit, and who had always shown zeal in the general cause. He had also changed the boatswain. But the most deadly blow was struck by Green, a wretch, whom, after he had been cast off by all his friends, Hudson, from humanity, had taken on board, and endeavored to reclaim and to restore to society.

'He was possessed of talents which made him useful, and even a favorite with his superiors; and among other discontents, it was reckoned one, that a veil had been thrown over several flagrant disorders of which he had been guilty. Yet some warm expressions of Hudson caused, it is said, by a misunderstanding about the purchase of a grea coat, so acted upon the fierce spirit of this ruffian, that renouncing every tie of gratitude, and all that is sacre among mankind, he became the chief in a conspiracy t seize the vessel, and expose the commander to perish.

'After some day's consultation, the time was fixed fo the perpetration of this horrible atrocity. On the 21st o June, 1611, Green and Wilson, the boatswain, came int Pricket, the narrator's cabin, and announced their fatal resolution ; adding, that they bore him so much good will a to wish that he should remain on board. Pricket aver most solemnly, that he exhausted every argument, which might induce them to desist from their horrid purpose, beseeching them not to do so foul a thing in the sight o God and man, and which would forever banish them from their native country, their wives and children. Green wildly answered, that they had made up their minds to g through with it or die, and that they would rather be hanged at home than to starve here. An attempt was made to negociate a delay of three, two, or even one day, bu all without effect. Ivet came next, of whom, as being a person of mature age, there seemed more hope ; but he was worse than Green, declaring that he would justify in England, the deed on which they had resolved. John Thomas and Michael Perse now came in, proving themselves 'birds of a feather,' and Mofer and Bennet having followed, an oath was administered to the following tenor 'You shall swear truth to God, your prince and country you shall do nothing but to the glory of God and the action in hand, and harm to no man.' Pricket complains o the reproach thrown upon him for having taken this oath the bare terms of which are certainly unexceptionable ; but the dark contest by which they were illustrated, marks them as containing an implied obligation to remain a least passive on this dreadful occasion. All was now ready, but Pricket persuaded them to delay till day light the accomplishment of their crime. They agreed, bu kept strict watch through the night, and held themselves ready to act at the first appearance of dawn.

'Daybreak approaching, Hudson came out of his cabin when he was instantly set upon by Thomas, Bennet, and

Wilson who seized him and bound his hands behind his back; and on his eagerly asking what they meant, told him that he should know when on board the shallop. Ivet then attacked King, the carpenter, known as the commander's most devoted adherent. That brave fellow having a sword, made a most desperate resistance, and would have killed his assailant, had not the latter been speedily reinforced. The mutineers then offered to him the choice of continuing in the ship, but he absolutely refused to be detained otherwise than by force, and immediately followed his master whom the conspirators were already letting down the sides of the vessel into the shallop. Then with a barbarity beyond all example, they called from their beds, and drove into it, not the firm adherents of Hudson, but the sick and infirm sailors who could afford no aid, and whose support would have been burdensome. They threw after them the carpenter's box, with some powder and shot.—Scarcely was this transaction completed, when they cut off the boat from the stern, 'out with their topsail,' and set off, flying as from an enemy. Hudson, thus abandoned was never heard of more; and his great navigator undoubtedly perished on these remote nd desolate shores, though the form or duration of the listress to which he fell a victim, must be forever unknown.

'The sailors, as soon as the guilty deed was done, fell ipon the ship as on a captured vessel, breaking open evry chest, and seizing on every remnant of food which ould be discovered. Green, however, who assumed the ommand, used some vigor in restoring order. He placed ie cabin and provisions under the charge of Pricket, who vas afterwards accused of a matter no less than treason,—hat of secreting some cakes of bread. As soon as the utineers had time to reflect, rueful musing began to rise. Even Green, admitted that England at this time as no place for them, nor could he contrive any better heme than to keep the high sea, till by some means or her, they might procure a pardon from under his Majes's hand and seal. The vessel was now embayed, and tained for a fortnight amid fields of ice, which extended ur miles around it, and but for some cockle grass found on an island, the crew must have perished by famine. Considerable disputes with respect to the steerage arose between Ivet and Bylet, who alone had any pretensions to skill; but the latter being justly viewed with the greatest confidence, at length guided them to Cape Digges, the longed-for spot, the breeding place of fowls, crowds of which accordingly continued still to darken the air. The party immediately landed, spread themselves among the rocks and began to shoot. While the boat was on shore, they saw seven canoes rowing towards them, whereupon they prepared themselves to meet opposition.

However the savages came forward beating their breasts, dancing and leaping, with every familiar and friendly sign. The utmost intimacy commenced, the parties went back and forward, showed each other their mode of catching fowls, and made mutual presents and exchanges. In short these appeared the most kind and simple people in the world, and 'God so blinded Henry Green' that he viewed them with implicit confidence. One day, amid the height of this insanity, Pricket, sitting in the boat, suddenly saw a man's leg close to him. Raising up his head, he perceived a savage with a knife uplifted, ready to strike. In attempting to arrest the blow, his hand was cut, and he could not escape three wounds, one on the breast, and one in the right thigh, by which time he got hold of the handle of the knife, and wrenched it from the assassin, whom he then pierced with his dagger in the left side. At the same time a general attack was made on the English crew, dispersed in different quarters. Green and Perse, came tumbling down wounded in the boat, which was pushed off, while Moter, seeing 'this medley,' leaped into the sea, swam out, and getting hold of the stern, was pulled in by Perse. Green now cried *corragio*, and he and Perse brandished their weapons so vigorously that the savages ceased attempting to enter the boat; but they poured in clouds of arrows, one of which struck Green with such force, that he died on the spot, and his body was thrown into the sea. At length the party reached the vessel; but Moter and Wilson died that day, and Perse two days after. Thus perished the chief perpetrators of a dreadful tragedy, visited by Providence with a fate not less terrible than that which they had inflicted on their illustrious and unfortunate victim.

'The crew, thus deprived of their best hands, were in extreme perplexity, obliged to ply the ship across the straits, and unable, without the utmost fear and peril, to venture on shore; which yet was absolutely necessary for obtaining provisions to carry them to England. They contrived, during some anxious and unhappy excursions, to collect three hundred birds, which they salted and preserved as the only stock whereupon to attempt the voyage. They suffered during the passage, the most dreadful extremities of famine, allowing only half a fowl a day to each man, and considering it a luxury to have them fried with candles, of which a weekly distribution was made for that purpose. Ivet, now the sole survivor of the ringleaders in the late dreadful transaction, sunk under these privations. The last fowl was in the steep-tub, and the men were becoming careless and desperate, when suddenly it pleased God to give them sight of land, which proved to be the north of Ireland. They complain that, on going ashore at Berehaven, they did not meet the sympathy and kindness which they so much needed; however, by mortgaging their vessel, they obtained the means of proceeding to Plymouth.' [*Edinburg Cabinet Library.*

ALGIERS.—BY MR SISMONDI.

All travellers who have seen Algiers, all the publications about that government, concur in describing it as the largest association for the purpose of rapine, that has ever existed on the earth. Since 1516, when the corsair Horuch Aruch, or Aroudji Barbarossa, (introduced into Algiers by the Moorish King of that country, Selim Euteny,) destroyed his benefactor and seized upon his throne, the sovereignty has always belonged to the band of brigands instituted by the pirate, organized by his brother and successor Haraiden, and recruited at a distance in the Levant, in such a manner as always to keep up about the number of 12,000 men. These Turks of the Levant, associated for the commission of crime, and selected from among those pursued by justice and banished from society, are so odious to their compatriots, that there is no instance of a Turkish female having so degraded herself as to marry an Algerine. Yet every one of these bandits when enrolled in the militia of Algiers calls himself an Effendi, or Lord, and considers himself as having a share in the Government. It is for him, and to increase his pay, swelling in amount in every year, that the Algerine Pirates rove on the sea, and the Beys at the head of their small army levy contributions on land. He rises by seniority successively in rank to the highest military offices; and, if favored by perfidy or the violence of factions, becomes seated on the elective throne of the Dey.—But none other can enter the Algerine army than a Levantine Turk, or renegade Christian. This is the title of nobility invented by Barbarossa, in imitation of the order of Malta. Whoever is born in the states over which that military corps holds dominion, is excluded from it forever.

Neither Moor, nor Arab, nor Berber, nor Jew, can be admitted. The children of the Effendis of the army, called *Kouloglis*, those of the Beys, and of the Dey himself, are perpetually excluded. Nothing can efface the stain of having been born of a moorish woman or slave.

The chief whom these robbers elect from among themselves to command them, whom they style their Dey, never mounts the throne save over the corpse of his assassinated predecessor. Each election is preceded and followed by numerous massacres. The aspirant, when crowned, suffers none of his competitors to live; and if he does not perish himself on the first day of his reign, he cuts off the heads of all his rivals; and it is but a painful dignity which he attains at such a price. His comrades, who have raised him above themselves to preserve discipline, end their disputes, and administer justice, leave him scarcely a moments rest. At sun-rise, every day in the week except Thursday and Saturday, he is seated on a lion's skin in the hall of the divan, occupied with affairs of state, and surrounded by his ministers, and afterwards with passing judgments and causing the sentences to be executed. He discharges these last functions with no regard for human life, with no moderation in awarding punishments and fines, but also without delay or expense and with the rough impartiality commonly found in a captain of robbers, a King of the Gypsies, or a commander of pirates, who, like the Dey, rules over bands leagued together for hostility against all mankind. The plundering system of Algiers has the same influence at sea and on land. The sovereign soldiery, or twelve thousand Turks, in whose name the Dey reigns, understand nothing of industry. They are banded only to despoil the weak, and divide the plunder. Piracy is considered as the first of the resources of the revenue of the state. The public treasury claims half of the profit of captured vessels, half of the lading, and half the value of captives, who are sold at auction in the public market, after having been made to run, jump, and carry burdens before the purchasers, and having had all personal defects examined with no respect for age or sex. They are fed in a Bagnio, with three black loaves of half a pound each per day, and a few olives in vinegar. They must gain their subsistence by labor in case they are not removed from the Bagnio to share the digraceful favors of their masters.

At the time when the power of Algiers was highest, under the two Barbarossas and their immediate successors, when their marine excelled all those of Europe, they carried on piracy indiscriminately against all christian nations; but they have declined by the natural effects of their manner of life and their crimes. Their navy consists of no more than a dozen or fifteen vessels, carrying 200 cannon; since which they have consented to bind themsevles by treaties, to respect the more formidable powers, while hey receive the annual presents they exact. But they make no treaties with those whom they do not fear, and without provocation or offence will make war on the Pope, the small Italian states, and Hanseatic towns: not that they have any complaint to make of being wronged, ut because their treasury is empty and must be filled. These pirates are out of the protection of the laws of naons, by their own will, and by having considered it a sufcient ground for war to say to a nation, 'we want your property, to divide, and your persons to be our slaves.' They have made any war lawful which may be waged against them, provided only it be declared. They now complain that the French consul has taken Roman subjects under his protection; for, France has consented by treaties, confirmed for the last time in March 1790, to the shameful terms of 'not lending its flag, and not protecting the vessels of foreign powers, which may be at war with the Algerine government.' But this government has had no other motive or pretext for declaring war against the Pope, than a desire to plunder his subjects. A like motive is sufficient for declaring war against itself.

The robber empire of the Algerine soldiery extends over all the country between the realms of Morocco and Tunis, the Mediterranean and great desert of Africa.—This region is designated as the realm of Algiers, though inhabited by a great number of independent tribes who are annually pillaged by the Algerines, but they defend themselves as well as they can. M. Perrot gives it 220 leagues in breadth and 120 in depth. M. Renaudot, 215 in breadth and 180 for its mean extent from north to south; while the chart of Dufour makes it 205 by 140, and containing 19,000 square leagues. The lowest of these calculations makes its extent as great as that of Italy, with a climate and soil superior to those of that beautiful peninsula; insomuch that it can support them; both when the province of Africa was the richest and happiest belonging to Rome, and when the Caliphs restored it a second time to civilization, and founded numerous Arabian Universities; making it the seat of literature, science and art, at a period when Europe was stationary in ignorance and barbarity. But such has been the irresistible pressure of military despotism, that it has reduced the population to two millions and a half, relics of ancient Berbers, Moors, Arabs, Moriscoes of Spain. The only rule of Government known to that of Algiers, is to take from the wretched people all that can be carried off from them.—The Kouloughs, children of Turks, who dwell in towns, with some remaining servile and degenerated Moors, and the Jews, are the only persons who enjoy a kind of protection and of justice within a narrow circuit round the villages where they have their improvements and gardens. The town once numerous and flourishing, possesses now neither industry, commerce or manufactures. Their population rapidly diminishes, and they are falling to ruin.—The most remote fields are cultivated by the Berbers and Moors, who only show themselves in the working season, and take refuge in the deserts and mountains after harvest, of which they carry a great part with them, and hide the rest in the earth; whilst, every year the three Beys of Oran, Titerie, and Constantine, lieutenants of the Dey, set out at the head of three bodies of Turkish troops, to levy the annual contribution on these people, or rather, to take away by main force all that can be removed. It is asserted that Algiers, and within the distance of three leagues from it, ten or 12,000 gardens or country seats may be counted. There the remarkable fertility of the soil is seen contending with the carelessness of the cultivators, who have let the productions of the soil degenerate. After passing these borders, and the precints of other large towns, the land has no proprietors, and the country no government. The first chance occupant sows the fields which he can only reap by stratagem, by flying with the booty, which he hides in the earth, as if he had borne it off as an enemy.

In this annually renewed war to levy contributions, and struggle between *brigandage* and barbarity, man has suffered still more in his moral nature than in his habits of industry. Though the scum of the Turkish nation, the sovereign soldiery are the least despicable portion of the Algerine population. In the midst of their vices and ferocity they preserve discipline and courage. Power has given a certain dignity to their manners. But all the subject tribes have terribly degenerated. The Kouloglis estimated by Renaudot at 150,000, give themselves up to every vice, and the most effeminate weakness. The Moors, Berbers and Moriscoes of Spain, disarmed by their oppressors, have preserved none of the courage of their ancestors. They have alike forgotten the art of war, the literature which they restored to Europe, their manufactures, and the agriculture in which they shewed their superiority in Grenada and Valencia. Those who live in towns have fallen into intemperance, and into slavery; those who cultivate the fields, and take refuge in mountains and deserts, into the lowest state of savage life. The Jews, repulsed and despised by all the other classes, placed in the social ladder of rank below the slaves, not allowed to drink at the public fountains till the meanest slave has done so, are more overwhelmed with insult and injustice, than they even were in the middle ages by intolerant Europe.

[Since the above was written, Algiers has been subdued by the French government.]

JOHN, DUKE OF BEDFORD.

In one of the morning excursions of John, Duke of Bedford, about the year 1765, he discovered a woman at a short distance from him, wringing her hands, weeping aloud, and discovering every mark of the deepest distress. Moved with sympathy, he immediately approached her, desired her to dry up her tears, and tell him the cause of her sorrow; promising at the same time to do her all the service in his power.

Seeing a man, in a plain genteel dress, looking at her with an air of benignity, and interesting himself in her sufferings, and being entirely ignorant of his rank, she communicated her story to him without reserve. "I have a large family; my husband is sick, and, being unable to pay our rent, the Duke of Bedford's steward has seized our stock, and left us nothing but the dismal prospect of unavoidable ruin; and I came out to this field to take my last sad sight of my poor cows, which are still feeding in the park there."

Deeply affected with her melancholy tale, he advised her to drive the cows home, and offered to set open the gate for her for that purpose. At this proposal she started, burst again into tears, and absolutely refused to meddle with them. "They are no longer my husband's," said she; "and if I drive them home, I shall be looked upon as a thief ; and for any thing I know, I may be hanged for it!"

Forcibly struck with the justice of her reasoning, and the honest simplicity of her language, he gave her some money, told her that he heartily pitied her, and would take the liberty to recommend her and her family to the Duke of Bedford, whom he knew to be a good natured sort of man, and he hoped he would do something valuable for her. Accordingly, he desired her to call next day at Woburn Abbey, and ask for John Russell, and he would introduce her to the Duke, and speak to him in her behalf. The good woman having returned him many thanks, and promising to meet him at the time and place appointed, they parted.

Next day, dressed in her best clothes, the poor woman went to the Abbey, and asked for John Russell ; she was shown into a room, and told that Mr Russell would be with her immediately. She had not waited long when several gentlemen, richly dressed, entered the room. She knew at first sight the features of him who had conversed with her the day before ; and strongly impressed with the idea of his being the Duke himself, she was ready to faint with surprise ; but his Grace walked up to her with a look of condescension and goodness, which reanimated her drooping spirits, while he assured her that she had no cause to be afflicted, but might keep herself perfectly easy.

He then called his steward, ordered him to write her a receipt in full, and to see every thing returned that had been taken from her husband. His Grace then put the receipt into her hand, and told her that he had inquired into her husband's character, and found that he was a very honest man, and had long been his tenant ; and giving her thirty guineas, he desired her to go home, and rejoice with her family, *Percy Anecdotes.*

THE PRECIPICE.—A NORWEGIAN TALE.

It is a custom, among the goatherds of Norway, to assemble and relate to each other their adventures among the mountians. On one of these occasions, having told their tales, an elderly hunter, who had sat in silence during their narratives, thus introduced himself to notice.

My young friends, you have been telling us some marvellous adventures; but as I am an old hunter, and therefore am fond of the spirit which leads you into them, I will not strive to sift the grain from the chaff, the exact facts, from the colors in which you have dressed them. But I will give you, in my turn, an account of an accident which, you all know by report, did actually happen to me, as the the limp in my gait can testify to this day.

It is now about twenty years since, I was hunting one day as usual. I had sight of a chamois, and was advancing upon him, when, having almost got within shot, I sprang across a chasm a few yards wide upon a ledge of snow opposite. The outer part of this was, alas! only of snow; it was frozen hard; but as I came upon it with considerable force, I felt it giving way beneath me. The man who says he never felt fear, never was in a situation such as this. The agony of terror, and what agony is greater? rushed through my frame. My first impulse was to spring forward, to reach the firm ground, but the very effort I made to save myself, accellerated my fate; the mass broke short off, and I fell!

I have often since been to view the spot, and standing in safety on its brink, my nerves have shivered, as I looked down the awful precipice. How I escaped being dashed into as many atoms as there are pebbles at its base, it is impossible to divine. The height is upwards of seventy feet; there was no projecting rock, no jutting tree to break my fall. Perhaps the snow, which fell along with me in vast quantities, and which crumbled as it fell served to protect me. When I perceived my footing yield, the earth as it were sink from under me, I felt the common hyperbole, that my heart sprang to my throat, almost cease to be one. One gasp of mortal agony, as it burst from my lungs, gave me the sensation of choking, which the phrase I have mentioned strives to express.

The feelings of my mind may be all summed in the exclamation which I believe escaped me—"Oh God!—I'm gone!" My next thought was a momentary appeal to that God's mercy,—and then I thought no more.

When I recovered my senses, day was beginning to close, and I lay enveloped in snow. My hunting spear was beside me broken; and, stretched upon my bosom, lay my faithful dog, spread out, as it were to protect me from the cold, and breathing upon my face, as if to communicate his life to bring back mine. Poor fellow, (the old man continued, and the tears glistened in his eye as he spoke,) poor fellow, he is dead long since, and his son, (stooping and fondling the dog at his feet,) is old now: but if I had but one crust of bread, and one cup of water in the world, old Thor should share them with me for his father's sake.

The dog looked up, as though he understood his master, for he smiled in his face with that expression of thankfulness which the countenance of his race alone shares with that of the human species.

I felt, continued the hunter, I felt numbed and stiffened, and in considerable pain, all over, so much so, that I could not distinguish any particular hurt as being more severe than the rest. I endeavored to rise, and that soon showed me where my chief injury lay. I fell back again instantly; the thigh was broken. In addition to this, two fingers of my right hand, and one of my left, were broken also, and I was bruised in almost every part. But I was alive! As I looked up to the pinnacle from which I had fallen, I could scarcely believe that to be possible.

The spot where I lay, was in a narrow cleft between two cliffs, which diverged from each other as they advanced, leaving a sort of triangular platform open between them and a third. A torrent threw itself, like a wild horse's mane, from the rock above me; but, in the numberless eddies which whirled in the hollow, it was dispersed into air before it reached the place, distant through its depth, where I lay.

Night now began to thicken fast; the faster on account of the deep den in which I was. The wind blew as if all the quarters of the heaven sent forth their blasts at once, and they all met and battled there. I had escaped one dreadful death, and I now began to fear another more dreadful still, because more slow, and more felt, I feared that I should die through cold, and hunger, and untended wounds. The cold, I now felt more severely; for shortly after I had given up, in despair, all attempts to extricate myself from my situation, my dog, after whining and yelping piteously for some time went off. As he turned the corner of the rock which hid him from my sight, I felt as if my last hold of life had gone from me; as though the friend of my bosom had left me to die. 'He too, abandons me,' I exclaimed, and I blush to confess it, I burst into tears. Being forsaken by one whom I thought faithful, cut me to the heart. Who, indeed, can bear *that* ?

The world now appeared to have closed upon my sight forever. My wife, my children, my dear home—I should see them no more! I figured to myself all the delights and charities of that home, and I felt how bitter it is to be torn from life while life is yet strong; all its ties firmly knit; all its affections glowing. As darkness settled round I thought of my wife anxiously listening for my step, or rather for the well known step of Thor, preceding me; and the bright fire gleaming upon smiling children's faces, the fairest ornament and the dearest comfort of a fireside; and the rosy lips held up for a father's kiss; and the little hand clinging round the knees, to attract a father's notice; and their mother's gladsome smile of welcome to me, and unchiding reproof to them. Such was the picture I drew mentally; such was the group which I knew was awaiting me. I looked around and the contrast of the reality flashed upon me in all its horrors. The wind raged and howled through the darkness, and in the lull, the spray of the torrent bedewed my face, and roze there. I was encompassed by awful precipices, here and there visible only by being covered with snow. Snow, also, was the bed on which I lay, the bed on which I was to die. And to die! oh God! to die thus! Alone, through pain and famine; through cold and the exhaustion of suffering nature! The terrors of tempest and of night were the precursors of the terrors of death. From hence I never was to stir more; this was to be my end!

We often forge for ourselves causes of unhappiness, and allow slight things to mar our quiet. But he who has undergone, not what I underwent that night, for who *has* done so? but, circumstances of peril and despair, in kind, if not in degree, like unto these, he, only, can know to what extent our nature *can* suffer.

"I lay, in pain of body and anguish, for a space of time which from these causes, seemed endless. At length hope dawned upon me. Along the top of the cliff to which I had leaped, and from which I had fell, passed as I knew, a path which led from the village in which I lived, to another about two leagues off. This had not appeared to me as a chance of escape; for, by night, it was very rarely traversed, and morning I never expected to see again. On a sudden, however, I saw a light gliding along this path, as though borne by some one; and I conjectured it to be, as in fact it was, the lantern of a villager returning homewards. "I shall be saved yet!" was the idea which thrilled through my heart, and I shouted with the whole strength of my voice, to realize the hope which had arisen. At that moment, a furious gust of wind swept through the chasm, and hurled back my cry against me, like the smoke of Cain's rejected sacrifice; I could *feel* that my voice did not ascend twenty feet above my head. The light glided onwards. Again I shouted with that desperate strength which none but the despairing possess. The light did not stop; no answering shout gladdened my ears; the light disappeared!

The agony of that moment, who can conceive? The drowning man as he struggles his last effort, and feels the water closing round him; the criminal as he mounts the scaffold, and sees his last hope melt from his grasp,—such persons may have experienced what I felt then, and such persons only.

My despair now became fixed and total. I felt that my last hour was come; I endeavored to turn my thoughts from this world, and fix them on the next. But the effort was dreadful. As I strove to prepare myself for death, the hope of life would flash across me again, and interpose between me and my prayer. If a sound caught my ear, I raised my head to listen; if the variation of a shadow passed over the surface of a rock, I strained my sight to look; but the sound would cease, and the sight would pass away,—and I sank again, upon the snow; and, again, I prepared myself to die.

At length, (to my dying day I shall recollect that moment,) at length a gust of wind brought to me a sound which I thought I recognized; I raised myself with an anxiety which almost choked me; I listened, all was still, the wind rose and made me doubtful whether I heard it a second time or not; a third, all doubt was over! It was the honest voice of faithful Thor, coming at speed, and barking as he came, to show, doubtless, the path to the spot in which I lay. Again his deep-mouthed bay sounded loud and distinct, as it approached the top of the precipice. There he paused and continued barking, till, at length, several lights flashed upon the path; along which he had come, and advanced rapidly towards him. A halloo came upon the wind, I strove to answer it as loudly as I could. This time it mattered little whether my voice reached the summit or not; for, as soon as the lights seemed at the spot where the dog stood, he dashed down the cliff, clinging to the irregular surface as he came, now holding by a stone, now sliding down with the rolling earth and snow, till he sprang into my bosom; and almost smothering me with his caresses, made the echoes of the cliffs ring again with his loud and ceaseless barking.

My companions now perceived where I was. They made a circuit of some little extent, and descended to me by a less precipitous, but still a difficult path. My young friends, unless you have experienced the transition from despair to safety, from abandonment to kind friendship, from death to life, you can form to yourself no idea of the flood of feelings, both rapturous and gentle, which then poured upon my soul. The chosen of my heart was now no widow! my children were not fatherless! I was restored to life, to the world, to hope, to happiness, and I owed it all to the loyalty and love of a poor hound! When your hand is next raised to strike your beast in anger, pause—and think upon the service which old Thor rendered to *his* master. That master had been a kind one.

MRS FRY.

The history of this excellent woman deserves to be deeply impressed on the hearts of her sex. It is from Madame Adile De Thou's history of the Quakers, a work of great interest. The picture of Mrs Fry is perfect in its simplicity, and brings the original before us with a vividness, and an actual presence, that seldom belongs to written descriptions.

Elizabeth Gurney, (now Mrs Fry,) the third daughter of Mr John Gurney, of Earlham Hall, in the county of Norfolk, was born 1780. She had the misfortune to lose her mother when very young, and was thus at an early period of her life, in some measure abandoned to her own guidance. Her father, though a member of the society of Friends, was by no means strict, and suffered his children to enjoy greater freedom than is usually admitted among individuals of that sect. Elizabeth Gurney was accustomed to mix much with society, and she enjoyed all the advantages of birth, fortune and education. She was about seventeen when she first visited London; was anxious to see every thing, and having participated for a period in the gay amusements of the capital, she returned to Norfolk. A short time after her return, some members of the Society, (as is customary among Friends) came to Earlham, to make a *family visit.* This suddenly brought a transformation in the habits of the whole family; all became more serious, and seemed to feel the influences of he holy visit; Elizabeth, in particular, was deeply penetrated by the evangelical lectures which she heard. In a mind like hers, a religious impression was not likely to be transitory. Too pious, and too well informed to confine herself to useless forms of devotion, she proved her faith by her labors; and soon prevailed on her father to convert one of the apartments of Earlham Hall into a school-room. Here she daily received four-and-twenty poor children, to whom she read and explained the Bible. She assumed the simple garb of the Quakers, and renounced all kinds of amusements.

In 1800 she married Mr Fry, whose generous and amiable character fully justifies her choice. Far from opposing her benevolent labors, he facilitates them, and affords her ample means of relieving the unfortunate by annually placing at her disposal, a considerable sum, which she applies entirely to the benefit of the poor.

Mrs Fry's life is devoted to acts of virtue, and her time almost wholly occupied in charitable missions. She makes no distinction ; the unfortunate are brothers, whatever be their country or religion ; sorrow is every where the same, and benevolence should be universal. Mrs Fry is at once a physician to the body and the soul ; she comforts and feeds the poor, and supplies them with clothes and Bibles ; and thus she explains and teaches the gospel. She even administers succor to criminals : she regards vice as a disease, and never withholds assistance from the sick.

Mrs Fry, in being informed of the deplorable state of the female prisoners in Newgate, resolved to relieve them. She applied to the governor for leave of admittance ; he replied that she would incur the greatest risk in visiting that abode of iniquity and disorder, which he himself scarcely dared to enter. He observed, that the language she must hear would inevitably disgust her, and made use of every argument to prevail on her to relinquish her intention.

Mrs Fry said that she was fully aware of the danger to which she exposed herself ; and repeated her solicitations for permission to enter the prison. The governor advised her not to carry in with her either her purse or her watch. Mrs Fry replied, "I thank you, I am not afraid ; I don't think I shall lose any thing."

She was shown into an apartment of the prison which contained about *one hundred and sixty women* ; those who were condemned, and those who had not been tried, were all suffered to associate together. The children who were brought up in this school of vice, and who never spoke without an oath, added to the horror of the picture. The prisoners ate, cooked their food, and slept all in the same room: it might have been truly said, that Newgate resembled a den of savages.

Mrs Fry was not discouraged. The grace of God is infinite; the true Christian never despairs. In spite of a very delicate state of health, she perserved in her pious design. The women listened to her, and gazed on her with amazement: the pure and tranquil expression of her beautiful countenance speedily softened their ferocity. It has been said, that if virtue could be rendered visible, it would be impossible to resist its influence; and thus may be explained the extraordinary ascendency which Mrs Fry exercises over all whom she approaches. Virtue has indeed become visible, and has assumed the form of this benevolent lady, who is the guide and consolation of her fellow-creatures.

Mrs Fry addressed herself to the prisoners:—"You seem unhappy," said she. "You are in want of clothes; would you not be pleased if some one came to relieve your misery?"

"Certainly," replied they, "but nobody cares for us, and where can *we* expect to find a friend?"

"I am come with a wish to serve you," resumed Elizbeth Fry, "and I think if you will second my endeavors, I may be of use to you."

She addressed to them the language of peace, and afforded them a glimmering of hope. She spoke not of their crimes; the minister of an all-merciful God, she came there to comfort and to pray, not to judge and condemn. When she was about to depart, the women thronged around her as if to detain her. "You will never come again," said they. But she who never broke her word promised to return.

She soon paid a second visit to their loathsome jail, where she intended to pass the whole day; the doors were closed upon her, and she was left alone with the prisoners.

"You cannot suppose,", said she addressing them, "that I have come here without being commissioned. This book, (she held a bible in her hand,) which has been the guide of my life, has led me to you. It directed me to visit the prisoners, and to take pity on the poor and the afflicted. I am willing to do all that lies in my power; but my efforts will be vain, unless met and aided by you."

She then asked them whether they would not like to hear her read a few passages from the book. They replied they would. Mrs Fry selected the parable of the lord of the vineyard, (Matthew, chap. 20,) and when she came to the man who was employed at the eleventh hour, she said, "Now the eleventh hour strikes for you; the greater part of your lives has been lost, but Christ is come to to save sinners!"

Some asked who Christ was; others said he had not come for them; that the time was passed, and that they could not be saved. Mrs Fry replied, that Christ had suffered, that he had been poor, and that he had come to save the poor and afflicted in particular.

Mrs Fry obtained permission to assemble the children in a school established within the prison, for the purpose of promoting their religious instruction. The female prisoners, in spite of their profligate and vicious habits, joyfully embraced the opportunity of ameliorating the condition of their children. Much was already effected, by restoring these women to the first sentiment of nature; namely, maternal affection.

A woman, denominated the *Matron*, was entrusted with the control of the prisoners, under the superintendence of the ladies of the society of Friends, composing the Newgate Committee.

Mrs Fry, having drawn up a set of rules of conduct for the prisoners, a day was fixed, and the lord mayor and one of the aldermen being present, she read aloud the articles, and asked the prisoners whether they were willing to adopt them: they were directed to raise their hands as a sign of approval. This constitution was unanimously received; so sincere were the sentiments of respect and confidence she had inspired.

Thanks to her perseverance, and the years she has devoted to her pious undertaking, a total change has been effected in Newgate prison; the influence of virtue has softened the horror of vice, and Newgate has become the asylum of repentance.

Strangers are permitted to visit the jail on Thursdays, when Mrs Fry reads and explains passages of the Bible to the prisoners. Her voice is extremely fascinating: its pure, clear tones are admirably calculated to plead the cause of virtue and humanity.

The late queen expressed a wish to see Mrs Fry, and in the most flattering terms testified the admiration she felt for her conduct. The thanks of the city of London were voted to her; and, in short, there is not an Englishman who does not bless her name.

Mrs Fry, who is as useful among the members of her own sect as she has been in Newgate, exercises, in her evangelical mission, that charitable indulgence which arises from sincere piety, and a pure conscience. Her eloquence penetrates the soul; no one can hear her without becoming more virtuous, or at least without feeling convinced that he may become so. She is not feared, but loved; and she is herself the example of what she teaches.

THE BEGINNINGS OF VICE.

BY MRS SIGOURNEY, OF HARTFORD.

Few of us are accurately aware how insidious are the approaches of evil, or with what fearful rapidity the mind traverses the downward road, its integrity of purpose once forfeited. This knowledge is probably best attained by the history of those who have been suffered to plunge deep into guilt. The map of their wanderings darkly illustrates the danger of the slightest deviations from duty, the briefest parley with the tempter. The chart of their voyage defines the force of that current which is able to sweep the boldest and the proudest man into the vortex of destruction. The plain of fresh and quiet verdure has been converted into a morass by a careless stroke of the laborer's spade; the inundation which has destroyed life, and poured its foaming torrent over buried cities, was at first a scarcely visible breach of the protecting barrier.

This train of reflection has been suggested by some features in the history of one of the inmates of a neighboring prison. He was the son of respectable parents, from whom he received the nurture of kindness, and the rudiments of education, without, however, the direct influence of religious principle. His first error was the theft of some sugar-candy from the bow-window of a confectioner. This sin of his boyhood was committed with extreme agitation. In recently mentioning it to the chaplain of the prison where he is now confined for life, he said,—"I was not able for sometime to breathe freely, and I felt a deep pain at my heart." This, the beginning of his sins, passed undetected, and possibly this impunity operated as an encouragement to the dark career, which was soon commenced. Early in life he left the parental roof, and having a fondness for the sea, became a rover upon that element. During parts of several years, he was attached to the crew of some of our ships of war, and in the last contest between Great Britain and this country, proved himself not deficient in courage. Yet he continued to be absorbed in such varieties of disgrace, that he wished his parents to believe him dead, rather than living, the victim of guilt, and caused a letter to be written them, conveying the false information, that he had perished in an engagement at sea, where his brother had indeed fallen, while fighting by his side. The strong talents with which nature had endowed him, were evinced in the adroitness with which he devised and executed evil, and the recklessness of his endurance when its penalties overtook him. Crime made him a tenant of the Connecticut State Prison, as it formerly existed, among the mines of Simsbury. Promiscuous intercourse with depraved spirits, rendered him still more hardened and refractory, until the severity of this system of physical discipline was exhausted upon him. The amount of punishment which he received, and which his desperation seemed to render necessary, has been pronounced sufficient to have destroyed the life of an ordinary man. Still he was unhumbled, unsubdued—proud of the false heroism with which he foiled his self-created adversities. When, at the expiration of his term of seclusion, he was again admitted to the community, it was evident that he had acquired no wisdom from his sufferings. So frequent and fearless became his acts of dishonesty, that in the confirmed, remorseless transgressor, who could have recognized the tremulous hand, the suffocating heart, that made their first essay in guilt at the bow-window of the confectioner?

He is, at present, an inmate for life of the State's Prison at Wethersfield Connecticut, where the mild, yet vigilant, moral influence which is brought to bear upon his mind, seems not to have been fully devoid of salutary effect. In the cell to which, after the toils of the day, he retires, meditation, and the discourse of his spiritual guide, exercise somewhat of a tranquilizing power. He occasionally employs himself in turning parts of the New Testament into homely verse, and fragments of coarse brown paper are seen scattered about his cell, covered with lines upon the subject of that blessed Book, whose meek and purifying spirit seems as yet to have had no decided operation upon his heart. He has recently written a letter to his parents, whom he has not seen for more than 20 years. A copy of it is connected with these remarks, as it was thought its unique style might interest our readers, though it exhibits rather the cunningness of excuse, which is familiar to the seared conscience of a practised offender, than the ingenuous penitence for which Charity seeks in the suffering sinner and the returning prodigal.

Wethersfield Prison, Connecticut.

"Father,—

After my grateful devoirs, I solicit these presents, to inform you, that I am at *this date extant*, and through the mere charity of God and good people, I stand like an oak in the forest, and display as yet a superiority over the reptile calamities that environ me. While I hope your candor will counterbalance my delinquencies in not writing to you during so many years absence, I frankly acknowledge it was wholly out of commiseration to my dear mother. For signal afflictions have been incessantly rushing in upon me, as water from a mighty stream, the origin of which, being so out of character, in an unjust cause, I thought it more cruel to acquaint you at parental expense, than to let you be under the belief of the fabulous information that I was killed on board the frigate at the time my brother fell a victim to grape-shot from the ship Shannon, Capt Broke, and whose last words were—"Don't give up the ship!" Whereas, through the pure mercy of Him who ever holdeth the destinies of war in his hands, I was preserved with only a mutilation in one hand and the stroke of a cutlass on the left side of the neck, with two or three other partial wounds, which will ever stand as a visible criterion of native rights.

I lament that I ever abandoned the sea. It has caused me to wade through a great sea of trouble, so characteristic, that pen and paper would fail me to describe it. And even if it were possible, I should shrink from the toil, as it is not my intention to *contristate* you, nor to sadden the heart of my dear mother. Therefore I will forbear, and only give you a short miniature of various years of confinement, with their alleged crimes, for you know it must be brief to fall within the bosom of a mere letter.

Whereas, lying nineteen weeks in the cock pit of the aforesaid frigate, I was discharged by the cartel flag of truce—the olive of peace then just peeping through the clarion of war. I then embarked for Boston, where I received eight months' pay in her service and eleven months arrears due from the ship Adams.

By the advice of my brother I abandoned the sea, and went to the shoe-making business. I did well till I contracted the habit of gambling, in a small factory near my shop, and on losing was induced to remove $27 from a merchant's desk, for which I was arrested and sent to jail. Here, while I waited my trial, the accident of a brand falling over the hand-iron, caused a wooden post to smoke, and awoke a family who lodged overhead, while I lay fast asleep. For this I was indicted for arson, and sent for nine years to the Newgate of Connecticut. From this place I was turned out, all but naked, in the winter, when no employment was to be had. In this situation, I took a coat and pantaloons from a tavern where I put up, and steered for New-Jersey. My feet beginning to swell, I took a horse and rode twenty miles. I hitched the horse at a hay-stack, and the next day was taken and proved guilty, and sent to the same prison for three years. After getting my liberty, I stole $10, for which I was sent to this new, humane prison, for all probation."

This letter was furnished by the chaplain of the prison where the writer is confined, and has sustained no correction, except in orthography. It exhibits the adroit and skilful habit of excuse which characterises a mind whose perceptions of moral rectitude are bewildered, and whose purposes are rather bent upon deceiving man, than speaking the sacred truth before God. It evinces considerable talent, and some knowledge of the power of language, but a proud, unhumbled spirit, is equally visible, seeking to disguise itself under a false pomp of diction, when its proper dialect would have been,—" Father! I have sinned against heaven, and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son."

The contrasts exhibited by this individual deserve serious attention. The hand that trembled, the heart that recoiled, at a dishonest appropriation of the sugared bait from the confectioner's window, could, without compunction, "remove $27 from a merchant's desk," and notwithstanding the sophistry with which the deed is enveloped, set fire to a building, in which helplessness and innocency slumbered.

THE WIDOW.

There is a little fairy lake in our village, a beautiful transparent sheet of water, unbroken by a single rock or islet.

It is surrounded by towering hills, and the shores are hidden by pendant willows. The only convenient approach to it is by a meandering path, cut through the heavy underwood and thick brush of the forest.

When we glide over the pure surface of that lonely lake, we see no lovely landscape of flower-jewelled meadows, white cottages and church spires—we are quite shut in by the tall trees and lofty hills, and may fancy ourselves in a world alone, a world of fancy or of mythology. The melody of the wood-robin comes sweet and clear over the smooth waters, and the fragrance of wild-roses and sweet-brier floats in the air above. The sun at noon-day looks deep into that pure mirror, and is reflected back by a thousand glittering stones.

I was standing at my uncle's door one summer night, watching the evening star, as it went rapidly down, almost lost in a flood of bright moonlight which seemed to hasten the departure of the retiring beauty. I was aroused by a hasty step behind me. 'T was Harry. 'Cousin,' cried he, 'will you go on the lake with me. 'Tis the loveliest evening in the world. We will take the little boat, which even you allow to be perfectly safe, and if you wish, I will ask the little widow to accompany us."

"Oh, the little widow—I know we *must* ask her, but she will make us so dull—"

"Oh cousin, with the bright moon above us and the blue lake beneath, can we ever be dull?"

In half an hour, we were rapidly skimming the lake before a breeze which just filled one sail. 'T was a scene of perfect magic. The blue heavens were over us, and the clear waters beneath. Their almost solemn quiet was only broken by the forest whip-poor-will. She sat in grateful silence until we had reached the middle of the lake, when the breeze died away and it was entirely calm. While the boat was quietly reposing on the bosom of the waves, the widow broke the silence by singing in a clear sweet voice,

"Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea." We sat in breathless stillness, listening to the melody as it swept over the waters, and at every pause we heard it faintly reverberated from the heavy woods which belted the lake.

When she had finished, we drew nearer to her and after thanking her for the song, tried to draw her into conversation. She was a stranger in our village, having recently come from Maine to recover some property which belonged to her deceased husband. I looked on her with deep interest when I reflected how much of suffering, and how much of romantic vicissitude, she must have known. She could not have been more than nineteen, and so lovely a creature. In the sad habiliments of mourning, she was more than ever lovely. Her rich Italian eye and complexion, were happily contrasted by their sombre hue.

Harry and I had often talked of her and wished to know more of her, but she was so very silent and reserved, we had given it up in despair. We only knew that she was a widow, with two little sons who were left to the care of their grand-parents. She had come to our village with her brother, who was gone to the southward and would shortly return to accompany her back to her own home. Whether it was the bewitching influence of our moonlight sail, or the kindness of our expressions that opened the widow's heart, I cannot say, but she soon began to converse with perfect unreserve, as if we had long been friends.

A cloud passed from over the moon, and the constellations which till then had been hardly perceptible, shone out with unwonted lustre, when Harry began to repeat part of a poem which was written by one of our school girls.

The widow listened attentively to the whole, but there was a wild light in her eye when he came to the last line.

'How familiar the word war sounds to me,' said she; 'my father was an officer at the time of the late war, and my two brothers fought for their country at his side; my grandfather was killed in the war of the revolution, with my mother's eldest brother. I came of a race of warriors,' added she with a smile, 'and the sound of war though dreadful in itself, awakens in my heart a momentary feeling of pride and gladness, connected, as it is in memory with so many revered and beloved names.

'And your *husband* too must have been,—said Harry checking himself before he had finished the sentence, thinking he had too rudely thrust upon her the remembrance of her sorrows.

The bright bloom faded slightly from the widow's cheek, but the wild lustre of her eye scarcely waned, when she replied, 'My husband was in the army during he last year of the war. He was then only seventeen, nd engaged in only a few skirmishes. He has often deeply regretted that he could find no opportunity of disinguishing himself. I used to regret it too, but I do not ow—he was proud enough; and he had cause of pride, if any mortal has cause for aught but self-abasement. He was one of God's noblest creatures in heart and mind.'

'How did he look?' Said I.

'He was elegantly tall; I leave you to judge of his face,' added she, drawing from her bosom a miniature likeness of him, 'of the features, I mean; the irradiating spirit is not here.'

'Twas a fine Grecian head, but the hair was perfectly flaxen. She continued—

'Frederic and I had been intimate from our childhood, although he was several years older than I; our feelings and sentiments had ever been the same, and we never had a single quarrel in the course of our long friendship. When he went to the wars, I wept bitterly, thinking I never should see him again, although I then felt for him as I should for a brother; and when he at length returned, we loved each other better than ever.

'We were perfectly congenial spirits, always happy in each other's society; and it rarely occurred to us that we might not live long and happy together. One fine day saw us walking by the river, with our little boy, in perfect health, and without one care or fear. The fourth day from that, *he* was laid in his cold grave, and *we were left.*'

She was silent for a few minutes, and neither Harry nor I ventured to speak. 'He died in humble, but firm dependence on the Savior,' resumed the widow in a steadier tone, 'and I think he was not deceived—I had then no consolation and no hope.

'The world to me was empty and dark. I thought of heaven, but it seemed to me as though time there would pass very wearily, and it only looked tolerable as a refuge from an abode of woe. I knew nothing of the good and beneficent one who reigns in that pure place, and to spend a *whole eternity* in singing his praises, appeared to me an insupportable weariness: I could not bear to think of it.

'But since I have learned to know and love the benign and good Father of us all, I believe the greatest enjoyment would be in his presence, and that in his service we could feel no fatigue. It is there where kindred spirits meet without fearing a melancholy termination of their happiness. Alas, how many sincere friends are here kept aloo from each other by untoward circumstances; the influence of friends, the difference in rank or wealth, and numberless other things which come between the heart's desire and its accomplishment.

'But *heaven* is the place where sincere and perrenial friendships will be formed, and kindred spirits will hold the sweetest intercourse. *Here*, the clearest sunshine of literature and science only serves to reveal to us our mental darkness; but *there*, our eyes shall be open to perceive "hidden mysteries," and we shall know even as we are known. There oppression and unkindness shall cease, and perfect love shall reign in every heart. Oh is not that a happy place "where the wicked cease from troubling and the *weary are at rest?*"'

'Indeed, Mrs Auburn,' said Henry 'you almost make me wish to go there. I always thought as you did, that it would be immensely stiff and tiresome to stand year after year, and sing psalms; but in the light of your description, it seems to me perfectly delightful, and I should submit to death with comparatively little reluctance, if I were assured we three should meet there.'

'Remember, my dear Sir,' replied the widow, in a very solemn yet kind tone, '*remember*, that "without holiness no man shall see the Lord" in his pure and beautiful heaven. But humbly devote your affections and your talents to your almighty Father, and seek of him pardon for your sins and purity for your heart, and then you will find your everlasting home in that abode of blessedness.'

Dark clouds rapidly passed over the sky: a heavy wind swept furiously down the lake and dashed the waves over us. We were rapidly nearing the shore, and it was well for us, as it was becoming so very dark and the storm so terrible, we must have sunk very soon. At the moment of our greatest alarm, my uncle appeared on the shore with a lantern, and after some time we were safely landed, and, with thankfulness to Heaven, we returned home, heedless of the storm, although it poured in torrents, and the lightning flashed vividly around us.

How short is the transition from pure enjoyment and fearlessness to sorrow and dismay. How brief too is the enjoyment of terrestial friendship! We saw the widow every day in the next week, until we loved her sincerely and tenderly. Then she departed to her distant home, and we shall probably never meet her again, unless indeed, we are so happy as to find her in the beautiful heaven whither her Frederic is already gone, and which even now, she delights to look upon as her beloved and blessed home. [*Lady's Magazine.*

THE HERO OF THE PLAGUE.

When the plague raged violently at Marseilles, every link of affection was broken; the father turned from the child—the child from the father; cowardice and ingratitude no longer excited indignation. Misery is at its height when it thus destroys every generous feeling—thus dissolves every tie of humanity! The city became a desert, grass grew in the streets, a funeral met you at every step.

The physicians assembled in a body at the Hotel de Ville, to hold a consultation on the fearful disease, for which no remedy had yet been discovered.

After a long consultation they decided, unanimously, that the malady had a peculiar and mysterious character, which opening a corpse might develope—an operation which it was impossible to attempt, since the operator must infallibly become a victim in a few hours, beyond the power of human art to save him, as the violence of the attack would preclude their administering the customary remedies.

A dead pause succeeded this declaration. Suddenly a surgeon named Guyon, in the prime of life, and of great celebrity in his profession, rose and firmly said: "Be it so: I devote myself for the safety of my country. Before this numerous assembly I promise, in the name of humanity and religion, that to-morrow, at the break of day, I will dissect a corpse, and write down, as I proceed, what I observe."

He left the assembly instantly. They admire him, lament his fate, and doubt whether he will persist in his design. The intrepid and pious Guyon, animated by all the sublime energy religion or patriotism can inspire, acted up to his word. He had married, and was rich; and he immediately made his will, dictated by justice and piety. He confessed, and at midnight received the sacraments.

A man had died in his house within four-and-twenty hours. Guyon, at day break, shut himself up in the same room; he took with him ink, paper, and a little crucifix. Full of enthusiasm ,never had he felt more firm or more collected. Kneeling before the corpse he wrote—"Mouldering tenement of an immortal soul, not only can I gaze on thee without horror, but even with joy and gratitude. Thou wilt open to me the gates of a glorious eternity. In discovering to me the secret cause of the terrible plague which destroys my native city, thou wilt enable me to point out some salutary remedy; thou wilt render my sacrifice useful. Oh God! (continued he,) thou wilt bless the action thou hast thyself inspired."

He began—he finished the dreadful operation, and recorded in detail his surgical observations. He then left the room, threw the papers into a vase of vinegar, and immediately sought the Lazaretto, where he died in twelve hours—a death ten times more glorious than the warrior, who to save his country, rushes on the enemy's ranks—since he advances with hope, at least, and is sustained, admired, and seconded by a whole army.

Physicians who remain firm in the discharge of their duties, while the fears of their fellow citizens are prompting them to fly from contagion, display that moral courage which is as far superior to the physical energy which sustains the soldier in batlte, as mind is superior to matter.

THE BOOK OF NATURE.

How wonderful is the book of nature! In all other volumes except one by the same Author, we discover traces of human imperfection—but here every page is faultless. No one who begins to read it can ever be weary; and yet, strange to tell, men can pore for ever over the productions of human genius, and seldom look into this. Whether we talk with the eloquent flowers, or the busy tribes of the animal world, or the quiet subjects of the mineral kingdom,—all is interesting and beautiful.

No wonder the naturalist is always an enthusiast. It is the inevitable result of his pursuits. It is impossible to study into the operations of Nature, in either of her three kingdoms, without being carried away with the joyous feeling which men call enthusiasm. It is said, " the mind makes its own place; the mind of a naturalist certainly may, for he can never get away from nature, and can never be at a loss for agreeable employment in watching her operations.

We will take, for example, a tree, and recollecting what vegetable physiology tells us, we will, in order to see these operations, imagine the trunk and branches are transparent. We see, in the centre of the trunk and of every branch, a slender column of pith; around it we see a cylinder of heartwood; next comes alburnum, or new wood. This wood abounds with minute longitudinal veins for the passage of the sap, which we observe is passing up, on the principle of capillary attraction, till a portion of it reaches the extremity of every leaf. The leaves are furnished with small pores for transpiration. Through these a part of the sap escapes, and if our eyes were opened, we should see a little pillar of fog constantly resting on every leaf.

Presently we observe a counter current; the sap is returning again to the root; but not in the channels in which it ascended. It ascended through the young wood, but its homeward passage is through the bark. As it proceeds, we observe that it is continually robbed by little absorbents stationed all along the way, who secrete from it the various substances which they require, to form the oils, resins, and gums.

In consequence of these repeated depredations, the sap is generally quite exhausted by the time it reaches the root again. But this is no matter, for the extremity of each fibre in a root is furnished with a little sponge with which it sucks up the juices from the earth—or, to speak more philosophically, through the pores of which sap rises in consequence of the vacuum formed by the ascent of the former sap.

After watching the ascent of the vital fluid till we are satisfied, we turn again to the leaves—we have noticed a mass of vapor rising from the *upper* surface of each—this is not all; we see also a volume of gas pressing into the pores on the *under* surface of the leaf: it is carbonic acid gas. As this is a heavy gas it it naturally rests on the surface of the earth—hence the propriety of the lower surface of the leaf being prepared to receive it. Part of the carbon goes to form the substance of the leaf, and part is evaporated during the night, through the pores on the upper surface of the leaf.

Through the day, every leaf of every tree and plant is busy in throwing off oxygen, which it is as constantly receiving from the sap and the carbonic acid—but they cannot afford to be always so lavish of this vital principle. In the night the order is reversed, and they absorb oxygen and throw off carbon. For this reason, plants should have a place in our parlors, but never in our sleeping apartments.

The principal result of decomposed animal and vegetable substances is carbonic acid. This, with water holding in solution the various earthy matters, constitutes the *sap*.

Every autumn we observe the leaves wither and fall, and very naturally suppose they are worn out with their summer work, and die of old age; but botanists give a very different reason for their fall. Instead of a natural death, it is found that the poor things absolutely die by starvation. Every soil contains more or less *silex*. This earth being insoluble in water, rises with the sap in distinct particles, and accumulating at the base of the footstalk, obstructs its progress, and consequently deprives the leaf of its accustomed nourishment.

THE WHIRLPOOL.

It is in the ocean that whirlpools are peculiarty dangerous, where the tides are violent and the tempests fierce.

To mention only one, that called the Maelstroom, upon the coast of Norway, which is considered as the most dreadful and voracious in the world.

The name it has received from the ntives, signifies the navel of the sea, since they suppose that a great share of the water of the sea is sucked up and discharged by its vortex. The body of waters that forms this whirlpool is extended in a circle about thirteen miles in circumference.

In the midst of this, stands a rock against which the tide, in its ebb, is dashed with inconceivable fury. At this time it instantly swallows up all things that come within the sphere of its violence, trees, timber, and shipping. No skill of the mariner. nor strength of rowing, can work an escape.

The sailor at the helm at first finds the ship go in a current opposite to his intentions. His vessel's motion, though slow in the beginning, becomes every moment more rapid.

It goes round in circles, still narrower and narrower, till at last it is dashed against the rocks, and instantly disappears. Nor is it seen again for six hours, till the tide flowing, it is vomited forth in the same violent manner in which it was drawn in.

The noise of this dreadful vortex still further contributes to increase its terror, which, with the dashing of the waters, and the dreadful valley, if it may be so called, caused by their circulation, makes one of the most tremendous objects in nature. [*Goldsmith.*

Even animals which have come too near the vortex, have expressed the utmost terror, when they have found the stream irresistible. Whales are frequently carried away, and the moment they feel the force of the water, they struggle against it with all their might, howling and bellowing in a frightful manner. [*Guthrie.*